

THE SEPTEMBER

MUNSEY 1896



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Frank A. Munsey 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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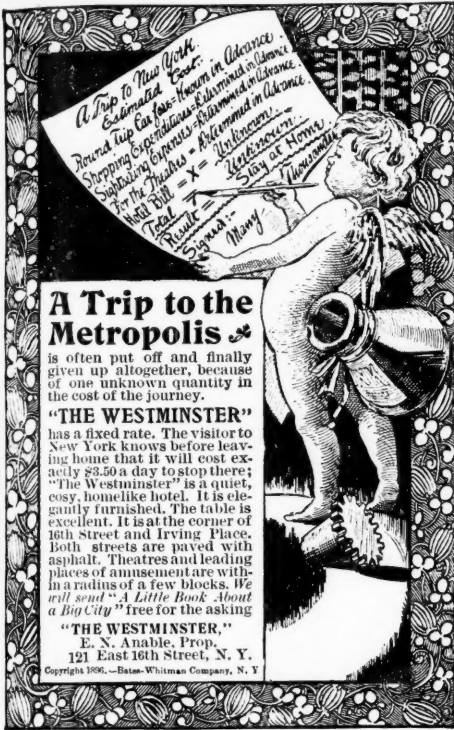
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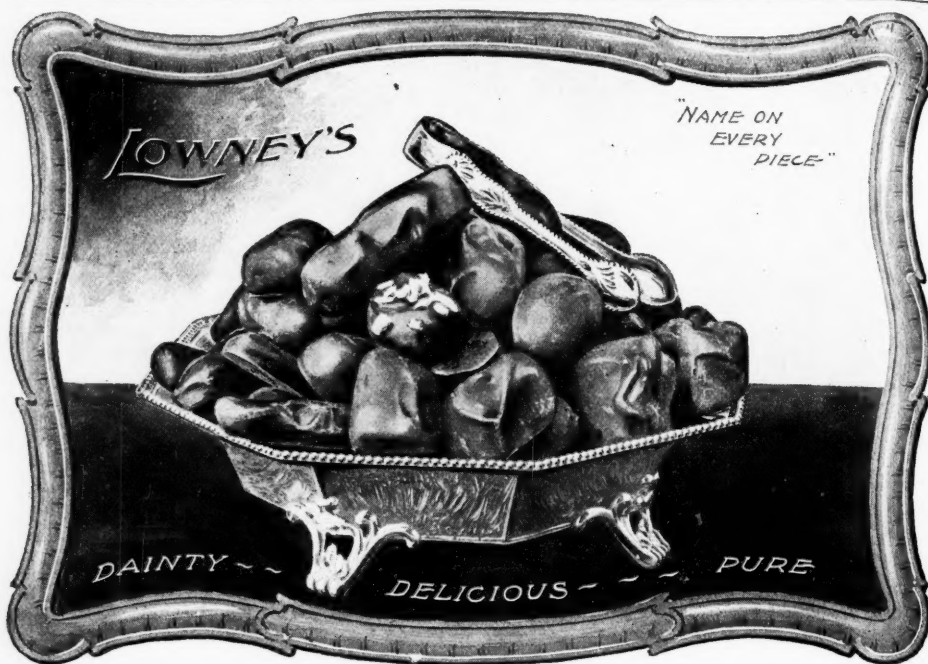
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SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER comes across the hills ;
Hark to her welcome, strong and free—
The diapason of the sea,
The treble music of the rills.

A flush dyes every vine and tree,
The sunlit land with rapture thrills ;
This is the autumn's jubilee !
September comes across the hills.

Fragrance with lavish hand she spills ;
Magician of the year is she,
To whom all nature bends the knee.
Announced by woodland scents and trills,
September comes across the hills !



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"A Path of Roses."

From the painting by Elhel Wright—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

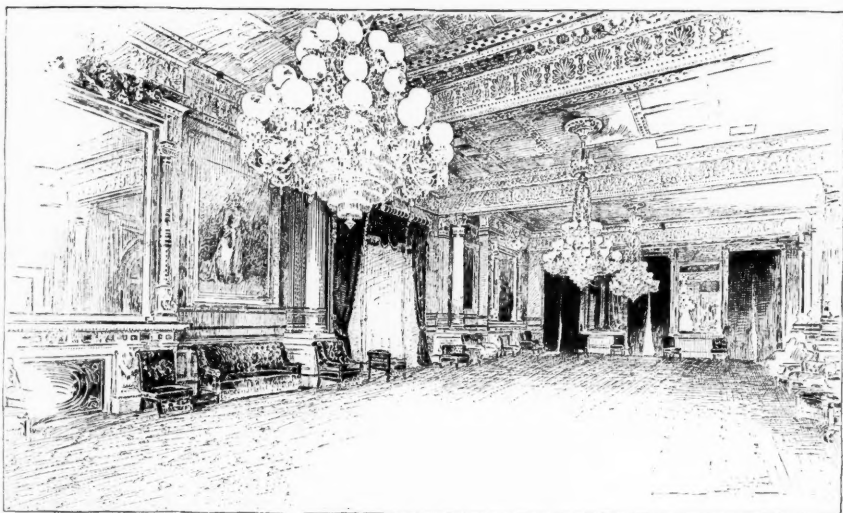
No. 6.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

OUR REPUBLICAN COURT, AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTIONS—THE BEAUTY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE THROGS THAT FILL ITS HISTORIC ROOMS.

ASIDE from the state dinners, there are at the White House, each season, three great evening functions for which cards are issued. At the first, the members of the diplomatic corps are the

and recover one's outer garments. This little journey in the White House world usually occupies a good share of the two hours—from nine to eleven—set apart for the reception, and the woes of *Pilgrim*,



The East Room of the White House.

guests of honor; at the second, Congress and the judiciary; at the last, the army and navy.

These three receptions might truly be described, as far as the guests are concerned, as three great struggles to perform three almost impossible acts. The trio of feats are to gain the dressing room and dispose of one's wrappings; to emerge from it and be received by the President and Mrs. Cleveland; and to regain the dressing room

with the Slough of Despond, the giant *Despair*, and all his other enemies and obstacles, were mere bagatelles compared to those of social travelers at the Executive Mansion on these occasions.

If it were required that the cards of invitation sent out for these gala times should be presented at the gates, there would be no such crush. But passports are not demanded, with the result that not only every one who is bidden goes, but also hundreds



President Cleveland.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by C. M. Bell, Washington.

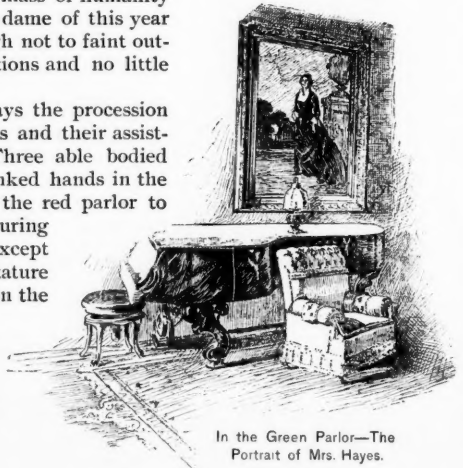
who are not. The consequence is a dense mass of humanity through which the befrilled and besleeved dame of this year of grace 1896 squeezes—if she is lucky enough not to faint outright—with great detriment to her decorations and no little trial to her temper.

The focus of the crowd, of course, is always the procession that marches in to greet the host and hostess and their assistants. This forms in the inner corridor. Three able bodied attachés of the White House stand with linked hands in the doorway that opens from the corridor into the red parlor to prevent an undue number of guests from pouring in at once. This precaution is effectual, except now and then when a lady of diminutive stature who has become separated from her party in the jam, outwits the custodians by dodging under their very arms, and joining her friends whether those guardians will or no.

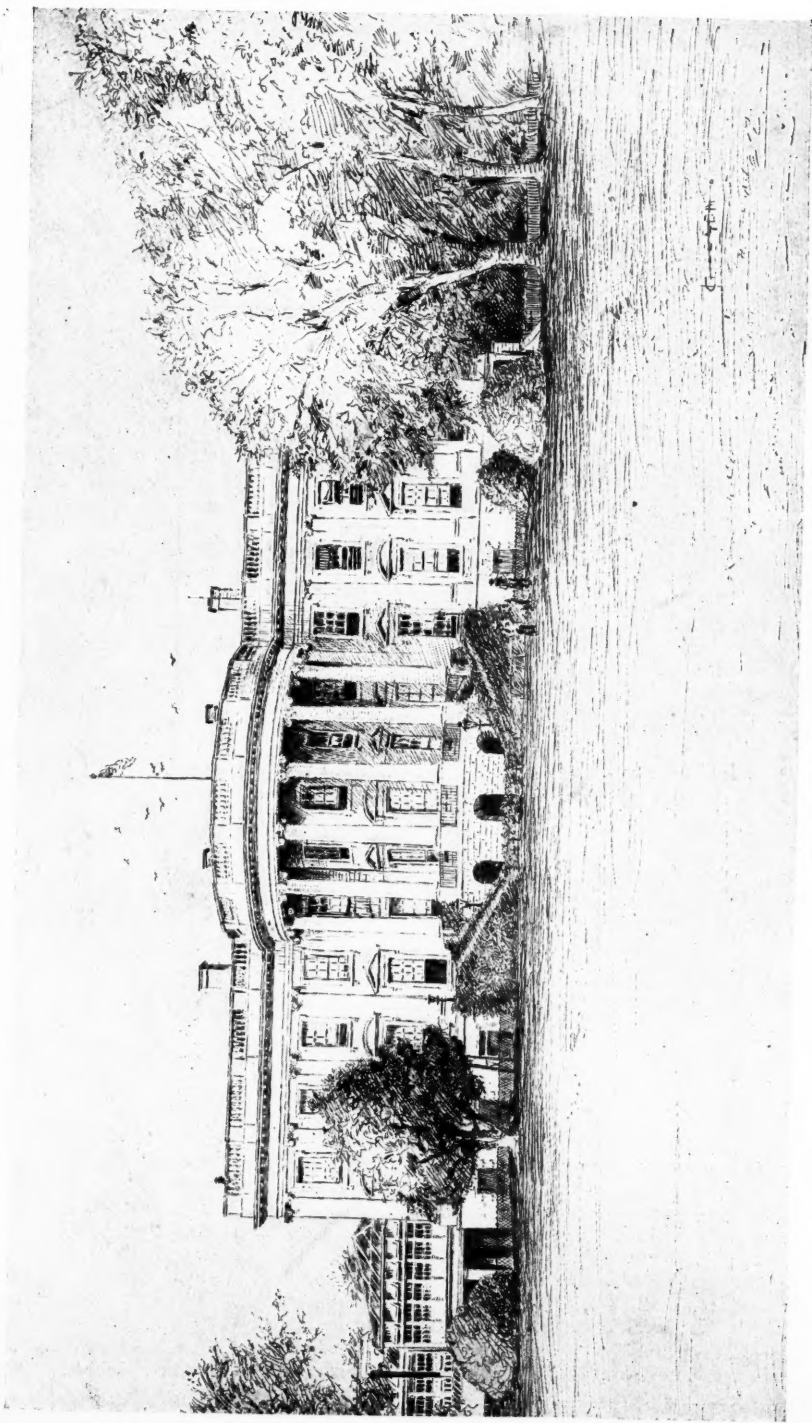
In the red room femininity recovers her breath and her sleeves, if she can ; for the red room is the ante chamber to the blue parlor, where the President and Mrs. Cleveland

stand. There is consequently a momentary halt here, with a patting of locks, a plucking out of depressed sleeves, and general preparation for the reception just ahead. The visitor once in trim, she gives her name to Colonel Wilson, the majordomo of the White House, who stands at the President's left, and who makes the introductions. In another moment the goal is reached and passed, and the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and the ladies of the cabinet, forming a long line across the blue parlor, have all been greeted.

Beyond is the green parlor, but no lengthened tarrying is expected here, for just as the red room is considered merely as the entrance of the reception parlor, so the green room is looked upon only as its exit. The big, square, historic east room, however, stretching the entire depth of the White House, and to which



In the Green Parlor—The Portrait of Mrs. Hayes.



The South Front of the White House.
Drawn by J. M. Gleason.

the green parlor leads, is the grand rendezvous where one may stand or sit—if one can find a vacant divan, which is highly improbable—chat with friends, or inspect the exquisite floral garnishings, till one has mustered up courage to begin the dreaded return trip to the dressing room.

conceive, since besides standing stock still for two solid hours she must look pleasant every second of the time. I certainly think the receiving party should have seats. Of course, carping critics would say that seats suggested a throne; but as I may be a President's wife myself



Mrs. Cleveland.

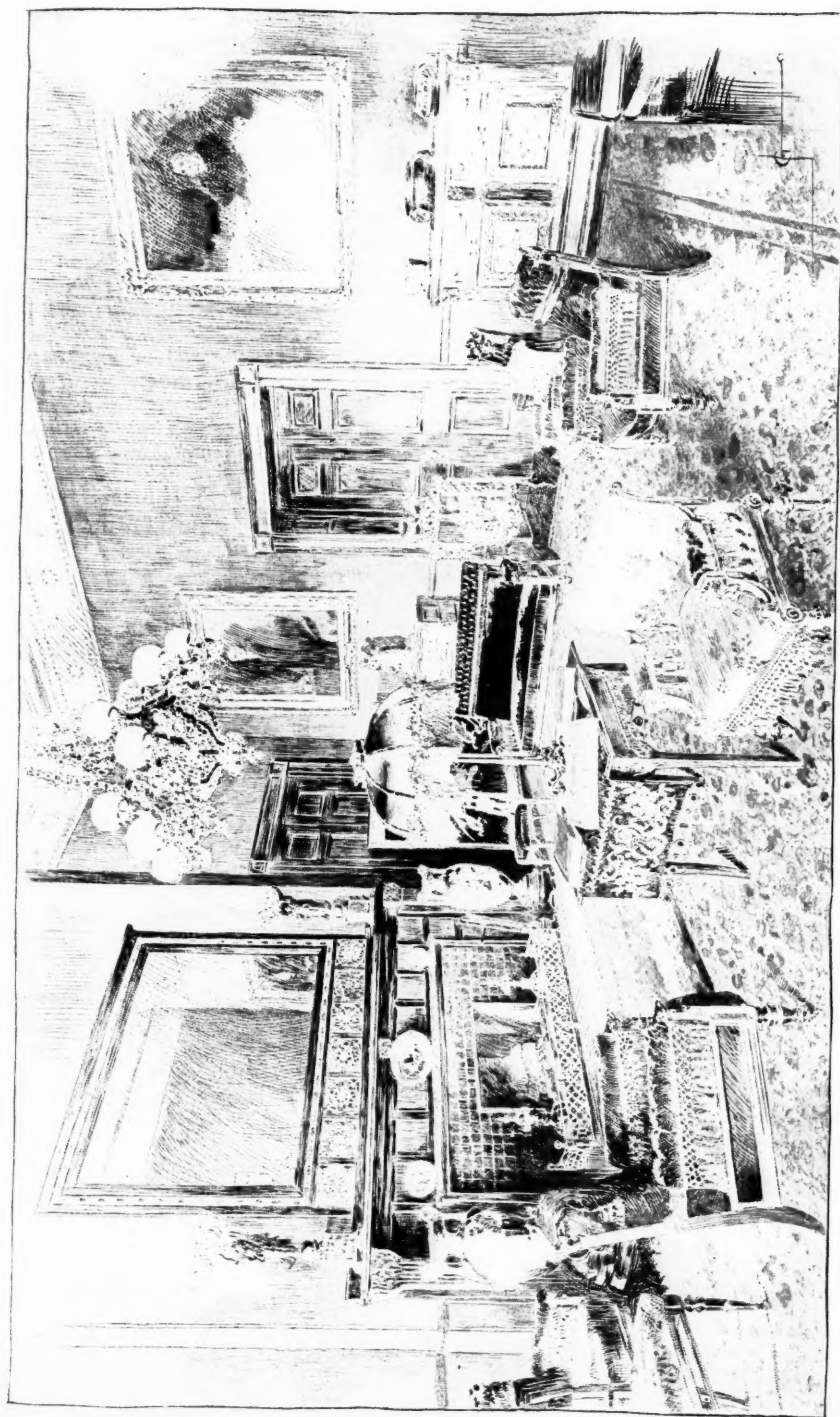
From her latest photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

"I thought when I came in," said one visitor, "that I'd almost rather wear my sealskin in these hot rooms all the evening, than try any longer to fight my way into that dressing room; and now I believe I'd as soon go home in the freezing air without it, bare necked and bare armed as I am, than attempt to get back to it."

"I wouldn't mind that," returned the other, "if I could only have sat down once—just one little once—this blessed evening, and rested myself for a minute. How Mrs. Cleveland endures it I cannot

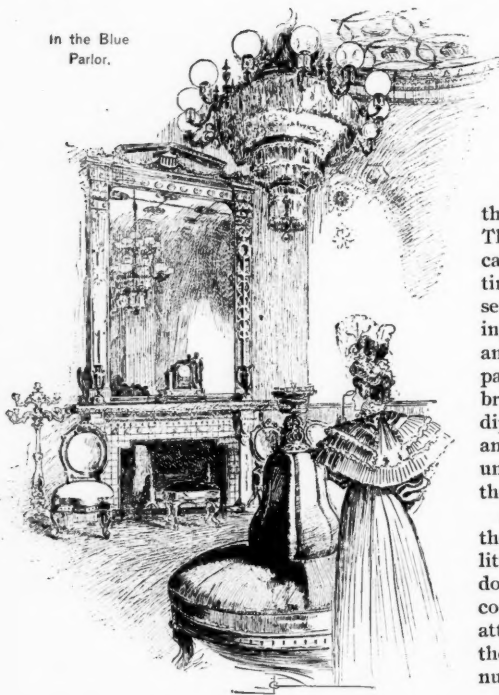
one day—who knows?—I will put myself on record right now as saying that I, for one, advocate thrones, if thrones they be, for these huge receptions."

Mrs. Cleveland's gracious manner is indeed unfailling. The President has been seen to look bored, and the cabinet ladies grow weary, but Mrs. Cleveland has reduced her social methods to such an art—for art it must be, since it would be palpably absurd to ask of flesh and blood that such superhuman endurance should be nature—that she is apparently as fresh at the close of



The Red Parlor of the White House.
Drawn by J. M. Gleason.

In the Blue
Parlor.



the evening's ordeal as at its beginning, and as glad to see the last guest as the first.

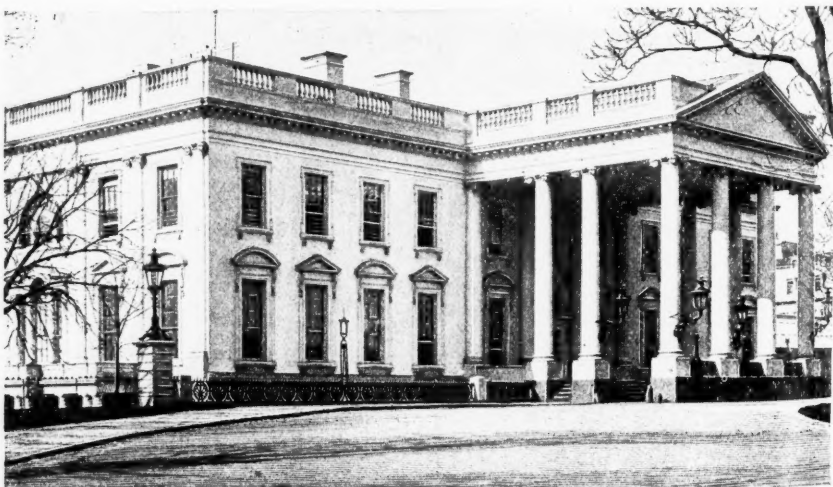
The White House, like other professional beauties, is at its best in evening dress. It sparkles like a huge jewel. Its great cut glass chandeliers, all alight, and gar-

landed with blossoms, are lovely paradoxes of ice, fire, and flowers. Or they may be likened to mighty clusters of diamonds and pearls—the soft ground glass globes being the pearls, the hundreds of scintillating pendants, radiating every color of the rainbow, the diamonds. The mantels are banked with the choicest roses, hyacinths, and ferns. The ceilings and walls are twined with thick cables of smilax, studded with multitudes of tiny colored electric lights. The long conservatory, filled with all the exquisite growing things of the world, is a blaze of light, and from the outside looks like some transparent palace. Every woman wears her brightest jewels and her gayest gown. The diplomats are in court costume, the army and navy in full uniform, while over it, and under it, and through it all, ebbs and flows the melody of the scarlet coated band.

At the head of the private staircase, on these nights, there is always stationed a little bevy of observers eagerly looking down upon the panorama beneath. This company is composed of the personal attendants of the Presidential household—the valet, the governess, the maids, the nurses.

"Those servants had the best place of all," said a Congressman's daughter, as she stood waiting for her carriage, and shivering. "They enjoyed it just as I shall enjoy it tomorrow—as a picture beautiful to look upon from a little distance, but not so charming when one is too close."

Alice Ewing Lewis.



The North Front of the White House.

From a photograph by Jarvis, Washington.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A CRITIC AND LEADER OF SOCIETY.

Lady Jeune is well known in America through her published essays upon social conditions in England. In London she is famed chiefly as a leader of the society that

seen there, though not a few of the guests may be secretly afraid of their clever hostess' trenchant pen. She had a serious tiff, a year or so ago, with the Duchess of Sutherland, in consequence of a published paragraph de-



Lady Jeune.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

she has so frankly criticised. Her house in old fashioned Harley Street is not a gilded abode of wealth, but as a salon where the notable men and women of the day gather it has few rivals in the British capital. The lions of literature and art go there to rub shoulders with the wearers of ancient titles. Dukes and duchesses, bishops, cabinet ministers, and even royal personages, are to be

scribing that lady's alleged literary ambitions. These the duchess vigorously disclaimed, and she is said to have stigmatized Lady Jeune as an "offensive tattler." The latter proved her ability, however, to hold her own against the attacks of her ducal antagonist.

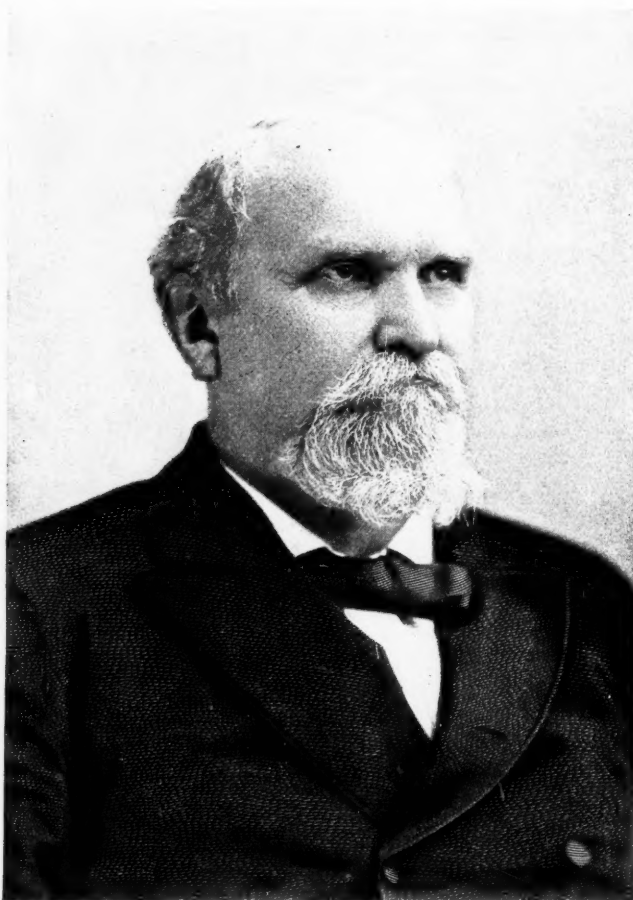
Lady Jeune was a Miss Stewart-Mackenzie, a member of the Scottish family whose

head is the Earl of Galloway. As a girl she was married to Colonel Stanley, a son of Lord Stanley of Alderley. After her first husband's death she married a clever young lawyer, Francis Jeune, the eldest son of the late Bishop of Peterborough. He has since

she has always pointed her sharpest arrows of criticism.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, Mr. Harry's successor as chairman of the Democratic



James K. Jones, United States Senator from Arkansas.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

been knighted, and raised to the bench as president of the probate and divorce division of the high court of justice.

Besides her social duties and her literary work, Lady Jeune is deeply interested in philanthropic work, and has organized several charities whose field is among the poor of the London slums. She is an intensely practical woman, with a strong sense of the responsibilities of wealth. The waste of money in mere vulgar or frivolous ostentation is the modern social blemish at which

national committee, is a modest man who tells the public, through the pages of the "Congressional Directory," that he "carried a musket in the late unpleasantness on the losing side." While generals and colonels are with us in countless numbers, Mr. Jones is one of the few surviving privates of the two armies. With the modesty that distinguishes his military record, he has never sought to thrust himself forward in politics. He was forced to the front, in the Fifty Third Congress, by the urgent



Horace Boies.

From a photograph by Billbrough, Dubuque.

need of a leader for his party's forces in the Senate. Put in charge of the Wilson tariff bill, he displayed a knowledge of economics and a faculty for leadership which few had expected. His success rallied around him the adherents of free silver coinage, and the Chicago convention made the Confederate private a political generalissimo.

Mr. Jones is a man of fifty seven years, and of fine physique. He has served for nearly eighteen years at Washington, and on the 4th of next March, when his second term in the Senate expires, he will begin a third, to which he was elected last winter. He is not a man of wealth, his plantation in Arkansas being almost his entire property; but he has great faith in an invention for rolling cotton in cylindrical form, and should the new machine supersede the cotton compress, as he predicts, it may make the Senator rich.

THE FARMER STATESMAN OF IOWA.

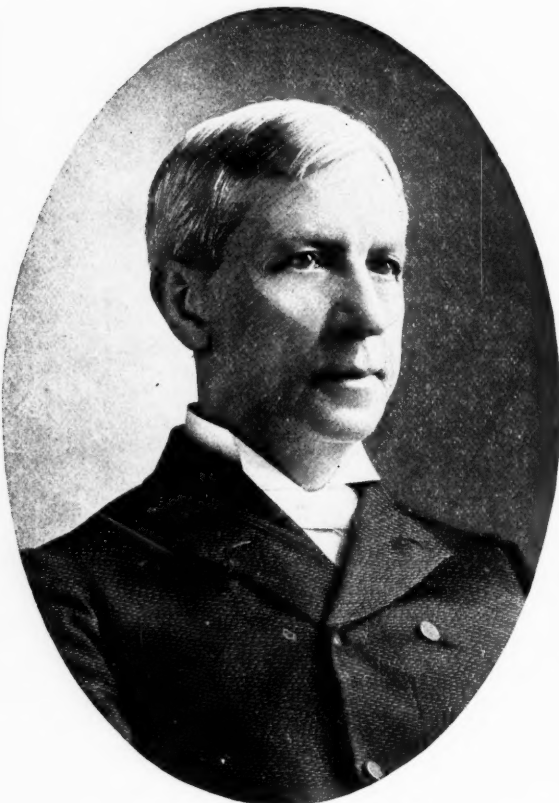
One of the humors of the Democratic convention in Chicago was the invention of the term "affidavit face" for the bland and

ingenuous countenance of Horace Boies of Iowa. Mr. Boies' face was in evidence chiefly in the form of lithographs, though its owner himself was on view for a short time. Unfortunately for the hopes of his political friends, he is not an orator like Mr. Bryan. The "cross of gold" triumphed, and the "affidavit face" retired to the seclusion of Waterloo, Iowa.

Mr. Boies is a New Yorker, but has become thoroughly Westernized during his thirty years' experience in Iowa. When he was sixteen years old he went to Racine, Wisconsin, with seventy five cents in his pocket, intending to grow up with the country; but he found his surroundings uncongenial, and went back to the East, to take up the study of law. He hung out his shingle in Buffalo, and was practising there when Mr. Cleveland was the local district attorney. During all this time Mr. Boies was a Republican in politics, and he remained so long after his removal to Iowa in 1867. In 1884 he became a Cleveland Democrat, and stumped the State for tariff reform. Five years later his personal popu-

larity secured his nomination and election to the governorship, an office which no Democrat had held for forty years; and though he was beaten for reelection, this remarkable success brought him forward prominently as a Presidential possibility.

Mr. Boies is a farmer as well as a lawyer.



The Rev. John Lindsay Withrow, D. D.,
Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.
From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago.

He has a farm of twenty five hundred acres near Waterloo, and devotes much of his time to supervising its cultivation.

A PRESBYTERIAN LEADER.

For the last seven years the great annual gathering of Presbyterianism—the church's General Assembly—has been an occasion of strife and struggle. The liberal and conservative schools of religious thought have again and again found themselves hopelessly at odds. Their seemingly irrepressible conflict has disheartened the church at large and distracted its lawmakers. The

dissension seemed to become more and more embittered, and many observers predicted that it could end only in the disruption of the Presbyterian body.

The danger of such a disaster has been measurably lessened, if not wholly removed, by the better feeling that prevailed at the General Assembly held at Saratoga in May—a feeling that was in great part attributed to the wise influence of the man who was chosen to be moderator for the present year. Dr. Withrow proved to be a “moderator” in the most literal sense. He was remarkably successful in inspiring a spirit of mutual concession, and in managing the discussion of vexed questions without once allowing an opening for bitterness.

Dr. Withrow is pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in the West—the Third, of Chicago. He is fifty nine years old, a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a graduate of Princeton. He has been at the head of important churches in Philadelphia, Indianapolis, and Boston. In the last named city, his charge was the historic Park Street Church. He has had nearly ten years of successful ministry in Chicago.

AN EASTERN BOY KING.

The young King of Serbia represents one of the newest royal families of Europe. The dynasty was

founded by his great grandfather's brother, Milosch Obrenovitch, who began life as a swineherd; and its brief history has been a stormy one. Milosch's son and successor, Michael, was assassinated; his grandnephew, Milan, escaped a like fate by abdicating. There has been war with Turkey and with Bulgaria, and a bitter internal feud between the established rulers and the Karageorgevitch pretenders, the descendants of “Black George,” who led the Serbian peasants' first revolt against Turkish domination.

It is not strange that Alexander, the

fourth Obrenovitch, should have difficulty in finding a princess to share his throne. Four times he has been reported as paying his addresses at four several courts, but no betrothal has as yet been announced. First it was Helen of Montenegro whose hand he sought; then Sibylle of Hesse; then Olga Dolgorouki, the Czar's half sister

Ohio river boat, on their way to Washington. The place and the time were not those of strict decorum, and the statesmen devoted themselves to poker, interspersed with the whisky of the country, and decorated with conversation that was not of the drawing room order. One of the passengers whom their revelry disturbed was a young



Alexander, King of Serbia.

From his latest photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade.

by his father'smorganatic wife; and finally Marie of Greece. This last match might have been arranged but for one objection—the opposition of the lady herself, who preferred another Alexander, a son of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

The Servians are an interesting people, and have in them the makings of a state. The ambitious boy—for he is scarcely more—who is now their king, may have an important part to play in the troubled politics of the Balkan peninsula.

THE BLIND CHAPLAIN OF CONGRESS.

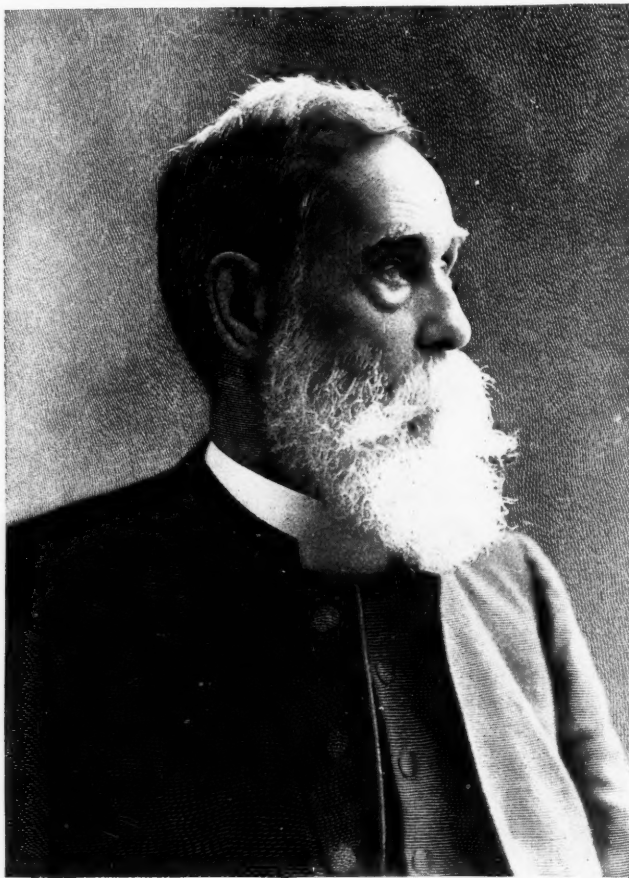
One Saturday night, some forty years ago, some Western Congressmen had met on an

Methodist circuit rider. Next day, services were held in the cabin, and the captain asked the young preacher, whose name was Milburn, for a sermon. His address was a fearless arraignment of the Congressmen's unworthy amusements. When he had delivered it, he retired to his stateroom and awaited the result; for that was a day when insults were seldom long unavenged. Presently there came a rap at his door. He rose and admitted the captain, who told the astonished preacher that the abashed statesmen had sent him a sum of money, and invited him to be a candidate for the chaplaincy of Congress.

That was the introduction to public life

of William H. Milburn, since famous as the "Blind Chaplain of Congress." He has held this office for many years, first with the House, and at present with the Senate; and in the intervals of his terms of service he has traveled all over the world as a lec-

ing of the Middle States. It won him respect and popularity at Washington, though at one time he was notified by the Speaker of the House that some of the members had taken offense at his comments upon public affairs and political questions, and that it



The Rev. William H. Milburn, Chaplain of the United States Senate.

From a photograph by the Favorite Studio, New York.

turer and preacher. He bears his seventy three years easily, and is one of the most picturesque and familiar figures of Washington life as he walks along Pennsylvania Avenue, to and from the Capitol, on the arm of his adopted daughter.

The fearless independence that Mr. Milburn showed in the incident on the Ohio river boat has always marked his thoughts and expressions. It was the bravery of the plain spoken circuit rider, a type that was an element in the history of the build-

would be well to avoid controversial topics in his invocations.

A NEW METHODIST BISHOP.

Dr. Charles C. McCabe, whom the recent conference of the Methodist church raised to the rank of a bishop, but who still is best known as "Chaplain McCabe," is famous as the most successful beggar of modern times. All his begging has been done in the cause of charity and religion. It began just thirty years ago, when he took part in

the celebration of the centennial of American Methodism, and incidentally raised nearly a hundred thousand dollars for the Ohio Wesleyan University, his alma mater. This attracted the attention of the newly formed Church Extension Society, which enlisted him as assistant secretary. In 1884, at a critical period in the existence of

his career, and that which won him the sobriquet that clung to him so long, was his service as a Federal army chaplain during the civil war. He suffered a term of confinement in Libby Prison, an experience which he turned to good account in a lecture that is perhaps the most popular ever delivered, judging from the frequency of



Dr. C. C. McCabe, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From a photograph by Garber, New York.

the Methodist Missionary Society, he undertook the secretaryship of that important organization.

During his long connection with these two societies, Dr. McCabe's work has made him famous throughout the Christian world. Millions of dollars have been raised and expended under his auspices. His voice has been heard in more hamlets, villages, towns, and cities than that of any other living Methodist. His enthusiastic earnestness and his personal magnetism have won him a wide popularity.

Dr. McCabe is an Ohioan, not quite sixty years old. The most adventurous part of

requests for its delivery, and for the amount of money it has secured for philanthropic purposes. His episcopal residence will be at Fort Worth, Texas, where he will make his home for the next four years.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

There are few men who are, literally speaking, more completely out of the public eye, just now, than Frederick Jackson, who was last heard of in July, 1895, amid the arctic snows of Franz Josef Land; but Mr. Jackson's plucky attempt to reach the North Pole by a new and untried route has excited no little interest all over the world,



Frederick Jackson.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

and when he returns to civilization—if he returns alive—he is likely to be the hero of the hour.

The great polar island group, or possibly continent, of Franz Josef Land was discovered twenty years ago by the Austrian explorers Payer and Weyprecht, in the icy seas beyond Nova Zembla. Jackson went there in 1894, intending to spend three years in the attempt to push northward to the pole. In several respects this region seems to offer an easier avenue of approach than the glacier clad shores of Greenland, where so many brave men have toiled and perished with a disheartening lack of results. Its climate is less severe, it has an abundance of animal life, and it offers a land route for much, or perhaps all, of the distance to the pole—which Jackson regards

as a great advantage, as he is a believer in sledges as the best means of arctic travel.

Mr. Harmsworth, an English publisher, who is defraying the cost of the expedition, has sent his steam yacht to Franz Joseph Land each summer with supplies for the explorers. Those who visited them last year paint quite an attractive picture of Jackson's headquarters, a large log hut, christened "Elmwood." Its thick walls are lined with baize and hung with pictures; the living rooms are filled with easy chairs, brightened by a huge fire of logs, and humanized by the stalwart figure of the Englishman, with his pet Eskimo dogs curled up on the rug at his feet.

In September or October Mr. Harmsworth's yacht will probably get back to England with later news from Jackson.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO IX.

BEVERLY, a New York newspaper correspondent, is sent by the *Herald* to Carpathia, a little state in eastern Europe, to investigate the political situation, and incidentally the transactions of John Marr, a wealthy American who controls vast interests there. Crossing the Atlantic in company with the capitalist and his daughter Elinor, and Count Lubona, a Carpathian nobleman, Beverly discovers evidence of a conspiracy to overthrow Boris, the king, in which Lubona is a leading spirit. The young ruler is suspected of desiring to hand his dominions over to Russia, of whose royal house he is a morganatic scion.

While Beverly is riding with the king and Lubona through a wooded ravine in Carpathia, an attempt is made to assassinate Boris, who is badly hurt. Despite Beverly's protest, Lubona orders the fallen monarch conveyed to his own ancestral castle, now occupied by the Marrs, whose sympathy Lubona has enlisted. Through a misunderstanding Beverly is known to the Marrs as Mr. Hardin, and he resolves to retain his incognito. The king is introduced as Count Festin, and in this guise, on recovering somewhat from his injury, he pretends to fall in with Marr's plans, and agrees to accompany him to the conspirators' rendezvous. A strange woman, jealous of Lubona's attention to Miss Marr, warns Beverly that the king is in danger. He tells Boris, and as they have discovered the presence of guards around the house, they determine to accompany Marr, believing that once safely outside they will be able to escape to Carpathia, the capital. Marr rides out of the courtyard in advance, but before Beverly and the king can follow, the door is swung shut. At this moment a shot rings out, and Marr's voice is heard shouting, "Look out for the king!"

X.

BEVERLY swung himself down from his horse in angry impatience.

"He knew I was the king," Boris said; and then the ridiculousness of his situation struck him, and he laughed loudly. "Is this a game of hide and seek?" he asked.

"It is a game which is going to deprive you of a throne," the American returned. "We were a pair of fools to trust that man, or to believe for an instant that he did not know you. He must have his plans perfectly matured to have told you of them tonight, and then—"

"Shut me out—or in. Your countryman appears to have a pretty wit."

Beverly left his horse standing, and went over to the stable door of which the girl had told him. As she had said, it

bolted on the inside. It took him only an instant to pull back the heavy bars of iron, although they had rusted from long disuse. His heart jumped as each one gave way before him. After all, they might have one chance of getting out into the open. He felt that if that could only be brought about all would go well. As his strong muscles answered the call upon them, he felt in himself the energy of ten men. He could fight through anything, and he would.

An iron handle was fastened against the door, for use in drawing it open, and as the last bolt fell Beverly grasped this and pulled. To his surprise, it yielded, and came slowly open on rusty hinges. He had scarcely hoped for this, in his heart.

He found himself looking into blackness. The stable was lighted by two lanterns hung up against the sides of the stone wall, but their rather feeble light did not extend here. He started to take one down, and then, instead, he ran swiftly to them and put both of them out.

"What are you doing?" Boris asked angrily. He had dismounted from his own horse, and was investigating the stable. He found every door locked.

"If these people are still outside, I do not want them to see that we have found an open way. The light will tell."

"If it was going to tell, it has carried its message already. These doors are all locked. We are rats in a trap. We are confined to this one room to await the arrival of any man who chooses to come and pick us off through some peephole. Ah, well, the fortunes of war!" And he sat down on an overturned feed box against which he had stumbled.

"They won't do very accurate picking off in darkness," Beverly returned. The air of the night blew in, and he wondered why the moonlight did not show here. He supposed that clouds and the thick fir trees were responsible.

"Are we to mount our horses and ride out," Boris asked, "to be shot down out-

* This story began in the July number of *MUNSEY'S*.

side instead of inside? I suppose it is immaterial, except that outside we *may* get away. I should judge from what our kind host said that he does not wish to compass my death. He expressly requested them to 'look out for the king.'"

"I am going to try that way for a little distance," Beverly said. "You stay here. Shut the door after me, and if anything happens, or if I do not return, bar the door again and see what you can do to protect yourself. There is a small door here which runs by a secret passage into the house. Get to that, and see what Miss Marr will do to help you."

"That breed is all alike, I suppose," Boris said contemptuously. For all his bravado, his heart was sick within him. He could not forgive himself for his foolhardiness in letting his neck run into this noose. Like most people who are ready to play a doubtful game, he was full of anger to find himself checkmated, and ready to declare everybody else base and guilty of double dealing because he was the loser.

"Miss Marr is a good woman, and if you say anything more about her I will crack your head, and leave you to attend to your own affairs," Beverly said hotly. But as he spoke he knew that he would not leave Boris to attend to his own perils. Implanted in the heart of strong men is that loyalty to a cause they have once taken up which becomes a passion in disaster. The representative of that cause may be weak and contemptible, as the Stuarts of old were, but his character has no effect upon his adherents; or, rather, the weaker and more in need of help he is, the more surely is he able to call upon the strength of other men. Beverly had been fairly forced into this contest, but now that he was in it, it possessed his soul.

"You have no need to crack my head. It is pretty nearly finished," Boris said good naturedly. "I was only expecting Miss Marr to be filial. I should look for as much in a daughter myself. I have always heard that Americans are enterprising, and clever at carrying their own ends, but I believe I prefer a regard for hospitality."

"Shut the door after me," Beverly said, "but do not bar it. I may want to rush back. I will call."

He felt his way out into the darkness. It did seem unaccountably black. He wondered at once what would happen if a pit were dug near by to trap him, or if one of the guards were to meet him and run a knife through him. It would all be so easy. But in Beverly's heart there were no

coward suggestions that after all this was no fight of his, that he had no need to imperil himself. He was helping a country and king to what he believed was the best thing for them.

Boris had been his careless, good natured friend, and he was lending him a hand in an emergency. But that was not his deepest reason. In his heart was a hatred of Lubona which dominated him. It seemed to him that he had always hated the man, that he had been born hating him. The Carpathian count should be brought to confusion at any cost; and again, John Marr must not be allowed to bring his revolution to a head. Beverly's own newspaper story would lose its dramatic interest. But something had come in ahead of that—a new and mad desire to protect Elinor Marr at all hazards. If possible, she must never know what her father had tried to do.

All this was in his mind, making a motive power as he moved forward. In two seconds he had put his hand against a stone wall. He let it rub along for a dozen steps, and then realized that he was in a passage or alleyway. He looked up, and could see that the fir branches were above the wall, for there was a faint glimmer of sky, and the smell of the open.

He took his pistol in his hand, and crept slowly along. Once he thought he heard a sound, but it appeared to be only the mournful singing of the wind through the wet firs. He must have walked at least a hundred yards when he suddenly came to the end of the wall and put his hand on a tree trunk. He was in the fir wood at last. He did not know which way to turn. It was pitchy dark, and the place appeared to be entirely deserted. Probably they had not thought this place worth guarding. He would go back and get Boris. They could lead their horses out here, get into the fir wood, and away to Carpath.

The ground under Beverly's feet was covered with short grass, and soundless. He had come on with every caution, and had moved noiselessly, but as he put his hand on the trunk of the tree a flake of bark fell to the ground. It must have struck a stone or a bit of wood, for it made a slight noise. Instantly a voice and the click of a firearm responded. Beverly held himself rigid. How he wished that he could speak Carpathian! But he listened no less intently, and stored the words in his memory; for in a sentence or two the name of Elinor Marr was spoken.

There were two men, and evidently one was asking the other concerning the noise

Apparently the other assured him that it was some sound of the night and the wood. Then, as if they had just met, or had found something to say after a long silence, they began to speak in their strange language. It was about as difficult to remember as any meaningless string of words, but Beverly had trained his memory in a hard school. He had often written out long interviews with public men where he had been obliged to dispense with a notebook entirely, and at times when the misplacement of a word might have had serious consequences. He put his whole attention upon the words as he heard them, and when he felt that he could remember no more, he slipped back the way he had come, and called softly to Boris to open the door. He found that energetic young man with the lantern candle in his hand, trying all the doors over again.

"Come here," Beverly said. "You understand Carpathian. What does this mean?" And he repeated word for word the rigmarole in which Elinor Marr's name had appeared. It was as "Marr's daughter" that they had spoken of her, "daughter" being like the German word, which he knew.

Boris translated at once.

"We are to leave Marr's daughter in the castle alone. She will suspect nothing. She will make a fair bride for any man. That's simple. They were merely complimenting her," he said. "Of course they were to leave her in the castle, and of course she will make a fair bride."

But Beverly looked at him with eyes in which stern determination shone.

"I shall not go away from here and leave that girl," he said, his lips close together. "You may do exactly what you choose. I shall go back into the castle, tell her the situation, and take her away with me. We can get out of that window somehow, and the guard there is bound under the ivy bush."

"But may I ask how you expect to get into the house again? We are fastened up here in this stone stable, which might as well be a dungeon. Every door is secured. I think we may as well take this outlet you have discovered. We can fight two men, if my head does ache;" and Boris put a hand to his bandages.

"I am not going to leave Miss Marr."

"Her father hadn't many scruples."

"He thought her safe. He did not realize the nature of these barbarians."

Beverly walked over to the oak door, through whose peepholes he had looked a very few hours before, and tried it. It was

hidden behind harness and saddles, which had been hung over it, and had chanced to leave the peepholes on the other side uncovered. He pulled the trappings down, and in a few minutes was at work on the door. It was stout enough, but evidently it had not been considered, for with a little skilful work it was opened.

Beverly took one of the lanterns, and sent the king ahead into the passage. As he started in himself, he heard the sound of a footstep behind him, and turned just in time to see a great Carpathian flying through the outside door, which he had neglected to fasten after him.

"Run!" he called to Boris, and turned in the passage. The Carpathian held a knife in his hand, which he was about to throw into the darkness of the passage. Two sounds stopped its flight. One was the Carpathian word for "king," and the other was the crack of Beverly's revolver.

The first came from a second Carpathian, who had followed the knife thrower. The bullet from the revolver broke the bone of the man's wrist, and let the knife fall harmlessly to the floor; but neither man stopped. They rushed to the little door, determined at all hazards not to let the two prisoners escape, although they could hardly have known, Beverly reasoned, of this secret passage, nor could they have realized that the fugitives were going back into the castle.

Now it was that the peepholes which Beverly had so carefully located came into use. The Carpathians must be very close, for they were tugging at the door. He put his pistol to a hole and fired. He heard a groan and a fall; then he fired into the other hole. There was deep and complete silence. Beverly made a foolhardy resolve to go back and bar that outer door, and had opened the door before him a tiny crack, when he felt Boris' hand on his arm.

"Don't be hasty," the young king said. "The other man is probably standing there to kill us. Let us make a dash for it. They evidently do not want to kill me exactly in this way, and they will be afraid to shoot after us. Come on."

And together they ran down the narrow passage.

XI.

BEVERLY was behind, and as he ran he thought. The chest was before the door into the passage, and they would be obliged to call to a servant to let them out. It was altogether likely that the servants inside had been bought as surely as those outside.

"Go on and try that door in the wall

straight ahead," he said to Boris. In the emergency he unconsciously took the air of command. Then, shutting off the light in the lantern, he went back to the door into the stable. It might be that he and the king were held as securely as rats in a trap, but he was going to do his best to make an opening through one end of it.

The door stood as he had left it, with the faintest crack of an opening. He looked through the peepholes, but could see nothing. The pleasant smell of the clean hay came to him with suggestions of a country boyhood, and seemed to make the whole place harmless. Then, taking his revolver in his hand, he boldly pushed the door open. As he had expected, he found himself grasped at by a brawny Carpathian, who had been lying like a tiger, hoping for just this. But the man did not know the stuff of which a good athlete is made. Beverly slipped from his grasp like an eel, and grappled with him, both of them breathing furiously. Together they writhed and twisted, each trying to gain the advantage, but with every turn the Carpathian was getting the worst of it. Twice Beverly could have fired his revolver and ended it, but through his consciousness went the horror of killing a man. He remembered a story a Western friend had once told him of the unpleasantness of knowing that you have taken a human life—a deed impossible of atonement.

"It's about as cheap in the long run to be killed as to kill a man," this philosopher had said. "You don't have so much time left to think about it."

But Beverly had no squeamish thoughts of letting himself become a victim. He would kill his enemy if he had to, but he intended to be so expert that the necessity would not come. That is probably the hope of every man who slays another in self defense. Bit by bit, he felt himself pressing the Carpathian down, and as he did it, he surprised himself to note the rapid train of thought that rushed through his consciousness. As he fought with the man he wondered what had become of the other Carpathian, whose wrist he had broken, and if he had killed him when he fired through the door. If he had, who had taken the body away?

As his hold pressed his antagonist down more and more, he momentarily released his throat, which he had been grasping, to take a new hold. The man gasped a word which Beverly knew meant "leg." Then, in the darkness, he had a horrible feeling that something reptile-like was coming over

the floor, crawling toward him; something that moved painfully. They were struggling over a very narrow space, and their feet scarcely moved. Beverly felt a hand on his boot, which must have been easily distinguishable from that of the Carpathian. He realized that a knife in the man's sound hand could easily lame him for life, and make him helpless now.

He dragged the wrestler back, and forgot everything but his fury and the necessity of saving his own life. Putting the pistol to the man's head, he fired. As the body relaxed its hold, he sprang with a second shot toward the man on the floor, as nearly as he could judge of his distance. But he must have missed, for his bullet pattered against the stone flooring.

By this time his eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness that he could distinguish its varying shades, and the square of the open door loomed gray against the velvety blackness of the rest of the stable. Across this a vague shape passed, too dim for form, but he knew that it must be the man with the broken wrist. At any rate, Beverly could bar him out now. It might be some time before he could summon the rest of the guards to an attack. If the prisoners were once inside the castle, they would be safe for the present, and their chances of escape would be much better. John Marr had evidently no intention of giving his daughter a disturbed moment. Beverly flew to the door and barred it. Then he went back to the door leading into the passage, and tried to arrange the harness over it so that it would be concealed when he closed it.

Slipping through, he found Boris using all of his not inconsiderable strength against the further door, but it would not move a fraction. The passage was too narrow for two men of such size to exercise their strength together.

"Hark," Boris said. "What is that?"

It was the sound of the piano, and Elinor Marr's voice singing. *

"Heaven grant she is there alone, and is not singing to that cur Lubona," the king went on.

"If he had returned, his horse would have been brought around to the stable," Beverly remarked. "We must get out of here before he does come;" and he knocked softly on the door behind the tapestry. He kept up a regular rat-tat for some time before there was any response, and then the piano suddenly stopped. Elinor seemed to be listening.

"It will probably frighten her to death,

and she will call half the servants in the house, and scream," Boris said, "or think it is spirits. Most women are fools."

"You may have to rely upon one to get you out of this mess, fool or no fool," Beverly returned.

An hour or two earlier, he had been ready to consider Boris a trifle over the most serious things in life, because he seemed ready to forget all to dally over the songs of this beautiful girl. Now Beverly was angry with him because in his own troubles he seemed to lose all sight of her. But this last state of mind left him more at ease than the first. Boris indifferent, impatient, was less to be considered as a rival than Boris philandering; and it had come to this, that every man was a rival in Beverly's eyes. Had the passage been lighted, he might have seen a humorous understanding of the fact in his companion's black eyes.

"I suppose she will let us out. Pound away," the king said.

Elinor sat at the piano for a moment, her head raised, and then she rose and went into the hall. She had no thought that the knocking came from any one except Lubona, and she wondered why he came back in that way. She had decided that Beverly had broken his promise not to let Count Festin go away with her father, and did not expect to see them again. She wanted to meet Lubona, to explain her failure to keep her charge safe; and when she heard the sound that always means a waiting, she ran at once to let him in. But as she neared the great door of the entrance the noise retreated behind her. She did not know the castle very well, even yet, and as she entered the old hall she looked vaguely about for a door. Then again came the knocking from behind the chest. She stopped, timid.

"What is it?" she asked.

Beverly answered.

"Can you pull the chest away from the tapestry? Count Festin and I missed our way from the stables;" and then he added in an undertone to Boris, "She can never do it alone."

But her muscles were better trained than he imagined, and with one or two tugs of her handsome, strong bare arms, the big chest moved aside and the door opened.

"You see I kept my promise," Beverly said under his breath as he thanked her.

Her delight at seeing them was perfectly naïve and girlish.

"What a curious way to come from the stables! How did you know of the passage there?"

"You may not know it, Miss Marr," Boris said gravely, "but you have an anti-quarian for a guest. Mr. Hardin has a mania for old houses, and secret paths, and that sort of thing. He has done nothing but worry me about the dungeons you might possibly have, and at last he brought me into that rat trap."

"Miss Marr," Beverly began bluntly, "I am very sorry to be obliged to tell you that Count Lubona is your father's enemy. He has surrounded this house, intending to keep us all prisoners. Your father has escaped, and will probably bring help. (Now, may Heaven forgive me for that lie!) It is of paramount importance that Count Festin and I should reach Carpath at the earliest possible moment. Will you come with us?"

"Why should I go with you?" she asked proudly.

"Because—pardon me—it is dangerous for you here. These Carpathians are half barbarous, at least in this part of the country. You would be here alone. Indeed, if you will not come with us, we must stay with you, and it will be a very serious loss to Count Festin."

"But Count Lubona said —"

"Lubona is your father's enemy. Pardon me, but he is using you—your kindness to his country—to make you false to your father's interests. If we wait here until he returns, we shall be in a situation which must result most unpleasantly for some of us." Beverly spoke gravely and rapidly. Boris, looking at her keenly, saw Elinor hanging upon the young man's confident words. They were all standing. "The reason we came through this secret passage is because we were imprisoned in the stables, and this passage was supposed to be unknown to us."

"How did you know it?"

"It was told to me—by a woman."

"What woman—one of the servants?"

"I suppose so," he said lamely.

"Well, Mr. Hardin, you and Count Festin are at perfect liberty to go, if you can. I know that Count Lubona did not wish Count Festin to leave this house." She looked at him firmly. "Nor do I. He is an enemy to free Carpathia. If Count Lubona has tried to prevent his going, I find him only justified in doing so. I am glad if he has succeeded."

She turned on her heel, and went back into the drawing room as though the subject were entirely ended. But Beverly followed her at once.

"Miss Marr," he said, "you must come

to Carpath ;" and his voice was full of authority. "Your individual opinions make a matter in which I shall not presume to meddle, but you are in danger here. Lubona might take care of you, but he is not here. If he can be prevented, he will never come here again. You are at the mercy of these barbarians, and I shall not leave you in peril."

"Then let yourself and Count Festin stay."

"That we cannot do. It is Count Festin's duty to go. You are going with us. I insist upon it. There is no other way."

If anybody had ever told Beverly that he would bully a woman, he would have rejected the idea with scorn ; but he felt now that he was coming perilously near it. He put out his hand, and she arose to her feet.

"How do you know that the place is surrounded?"

"Because we were attacked when we tried to go," he explained patiently. "We may be killed here, and you left alone. We shall take you into Carpath."

"But if I will not go?"

Then was Beverly brutal in earnest. Even while his face was white, his eye did not quail.

"Is Lubona your accepted lover? Will you marry him?" he asked.

She sprang up, furious. "How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Because we were warned by a woman who is jealous of you," he said, looking back into her scarlet face. "Because you are considered as his bride ; because in Carpathia it is not always necessary that a woman should consent to marry a man."

"Hush, hush!" she said, and put the back of her hand over her eyes, while her face grew red and then white. Beverly, giving up all hope of ever finding favor in her eyes, sure that this humiliation would sever her from him forever, stood there miserable.

"I will go with you," she said.

XII.

AFTER Elinor had gone up stairs, walking slowly, almost like one who moved without her own volition, Boris turned to the American.

"May I ask," he said, "how you purpose taking Miss Marr away with us? How are we to depart? Are we to open the front door and go out into the wood hand in hand, like a modern version of the old fairy tale, or how?"

"I am going back to the stable for three horses."

Boris had seated himself on the chest which had stood before the door, and when Beverly was not looking he had several times put his hand to his head. It ached with a pain that sickened and bewildered him, and which the wine he had drunk with Marr, and the excitement of the supper, had done much to augment. But Boris was made of plucky stuff, and was not ready to acknowledge himself at the mercy of any bodily foe. Sickness meant weakness, and to his suspicious nature weakness meant that he was prey. But a hard headache, following a shock, wears upon the nerves of any man. Deep circles had settled about his black eyes, and as he moved his hands there was a more quivering gleam from the heavy stones that adorned them than an ordinary change of light would warrant.

"And do you propose to go out of that alleyway with Miss Marr? Going to put her on your horse? Another case of 'then light to the crupper the fair maid he swung,' eh? I'd put her in front, if I were you. She'd make an admirable shield."

But Beverly paid no attention. As he walked away, Boris called after him, "Are you going to bring the horses through the house?"

"That is exactly what I am going to do," Beverly returned, as he walked away. He knew his own plans perfectly now, and that good American revolver was in his hand. An old man might probably have asked Miss Marr to go with him, to let her servants show him the way and bring the horses out ; but Beverly had arrived at a stage where he felt that the universe was cleared for his action.

He did not know how to get back to the stables by way of the house, and in three minutes he had decided that the only thing to do was to go back by way of the passage under the stairs, with an axe in his hand to batter down the stout oaken doors. An axe is not always at hand in the usual gentleman's dwelling, but fortunately Lubona's ancestral line went back into the days when Carpathians carried battle axes, and he had some of those stout, honest weapons still hanging on his walls. Beverly took down one of them, and went back into the passage, a lantern swinging from his arm. He listened when he came to the door into the stables, but there was only dead silence. Pushing the unfastened door open, he went in.

Back in the hall Boris sat with his head on his hand, his tired brain whirling. He felt ready to give up every-

thing, for the moment. He was full of disgust with himself. It seemed to him that he had only the empty shell of everything; that perverse nature, in making him a light jester at life, had also played an unkind practical joke upon him, and had given him only the husks of every good thing. She teased him with visions of what might be, leading him on and on, only to find that there never was anything real or good or substantial for him.

He was practically an illegitimate child, born of a morganatic marriage. He was brought up in the most splendid court on earth, as a member of the royal household, and yet he was a nameless beggar, a mere pawn to be moved here and there at a capricious will. He had given, hardly his heart, but all his boyish loyalty, which he thought was his life's passion, and which would doubtless have grown to be such, to a woman who had sent him to this throne. Not long ago he had learned that she had deserted him, to make a proper marriage with a man of proper rank and wealth.

"I should never have come into the world," he said bitterly. "I was, I am, the representative of a broken law. But now that I am here, I should be strong enough to take matters into my own hands, and to fit events to my own pleasure."

Jest as he might, slur as he liked, Boris, the man, had seen the woman who seemed to make it worth his while to be a man; and, with a hopelessness born of a despairing experience, he was seeing her won by another man. He was trying to pretend that she was nothing to him, but trying unsuccessfully. The savage loomed in his heart. Why should he be denied all things? His head was sunken on his breast; his eyes, for once, were fastened on the floor, dull and full of gloom.

He heard Elinor Marr coming down the steps and toward him, but he did not look up until she stood before him. There was pity in her eyes as she looked down at Boris. She had put on a short, dark dress of blue serge, with a small round hat on her head, which brought back all her girlishness, and seemingly some timidity, as she spoke.

"You are ill," she said. "What can I do for you?"

She ran to a table in the drawing room, and brought back a bottle of smelling salts, which she held out. Boris took it gingerly, hating the stuff, yet grateful.

"Where is Mr. Hardin?" she asked, looking about.

"He has gone after the horses," Boris smiled a little. "I believe he contemplates bringing them back through your drawing room, and taking them out of the front door. He is determined to take us both away from here."

She rose from the seat she had taken and walked across the floor nervously.

"Count Festin," she said, "how soon do you think my father will return?"

"That I cannot tell," he replied gravely.

"When he went away I believe he did not intend to return for some hours." Boris' heavy head was causing him to lose the thread of the story he had been telling.

"Some hours! You said that he escaped; that he would come with help for you."

"Ah, he evidently went to his mine, or whatever it is, after help. I imagined that it was some distance away."

Elinor was impatient to be gone, and walked back and forth nervously. It had grown late, and the servants seemed to have retired. She went into the dining room, brought back a tray with biscuits and wine, and put it before Boris. There was something in his sick, boyish face which touched her, for she broke out all at once:

"You are a Carpathian; why do you make trouble? Why are you not all good men, and all for a free Carpathia?"

"Evidently Beverly has made her consider Lubona something beside a 'good man,' which fires one shot in the battle," Boris thought with a weary satisfaction. It takes but one bold turn of the right handle to shake up the whole kaleidoscope of a woman's mind. "I am not a Carpathian," he said. He was tired of masquerading, particularly under the name that Lubona had given him.

"Then what have you to do with it?" She started to speak Lubona's name, but evidently the wound Beverly had given her was too recent. "I have heard that you are not for a free Carpathia."

"No. I am merely a friend to Boris, and a loyal friend, I hope," he laughed. "Sometimes I have doubts upon that subject, but I certainly am not one of those who would take service near his person to betray him."

"No! No!" she said. She looked so beautiful, she came so close to him, they two practically alone in the dead of night in that house, that Boris felt for a moment a sense of protection which astonished him, which was foreign to all his nature. The wide generousities toward women had never been taught to him. He had never known them enough even to blame his father that

he had left his son penniless because that son's mother had not been a legal wife. It had been unpleasant, but from his point of view it was natural.

Perhaps his new feeling might not have lasted; it was only an idea which passed for an instant through his mind, and possessed him; but before it was entirely gone, there was a queer sound in the house, and Beverly came leading a saddled horse through the rooms. It was a strange enough sight, but not so out of keeping as it might have been. Doubtless horses had passed through those halls many times in the history of the house.

"I had some trouble getting back," Beverly said cheerfully. "I had to batter down two or three doors, but Count Lubona should have taken the wear and tear on his house into consideration when he shut us up in it." He probably would have used Marr's name if his daughter had been absent.

He had muffled the horse's feet, so that they made little noise on the solid oak, and the animal stood there meekly, as if an ancestral hall was no unusual sight. Beverly put the bridle into Boris' hand and started back, but the king arose to his feet.

"Let me go," he said; but even as he spoke he fell back in his seat, his face ghastly.

"He will not be able to go," Elinor cried, but Beverly put a glass of wine to his lips and held it there.

"He must go," the American said.

She flashed back at him. "Why is it so necessary for him to go?"

Beverly wanted to say, "Because he is the King of Carpathia, and your father has aided Lubona in keeping him here." He felt reckless. He believed that after he had shown her Lubona's worthlessness, she could never forgive him, and he wanted to put all hope away from him; but he could not hurt her. He made no answer, but ran back after the other horses.

He had found that the door at the further end of the passage opened upon a court, and this in turn led into the principal stables. As they gave upon the inclosed court, these inner doors were seldom locked, and Beverly knew that the grooms must sleep above. He was very cautious, after he had made noise enough to waken the dead by chopping off the lock of the door from the house stable into the court; but as there was no stirring, he concluded that the servants were outside doing duty as guards. He had disabled three of them, and he did not know how many more there might be.

He had gone into the principal stables

and taken his pick of the horses for Miss Marr, getting a beautiful little chestnut which he rightly imagined to be her own riding horse. He could find no muffling for the little mare's feet, and he went back to the other stables to find some towels which he had seen there, and to get out the other horse. As he finished swathing the hoofs, and took up the bridles, he heard a sound at the outer door. Men, more than one or two, were coming rapidly down the stone alleyway, leading a horse. They were talking excitedly. The door was securely barred, and Beverly lifted his head and listened.

One voice was speaking Carpathian, and Beverly knew the sounds well enough, now, to know that it was a peasant who spoke. He almost held his breath to hear the answer. When it came, he recognized at once the smooth, polished tones of Lubona. For an instant he started to go; then he took his revolver up and fired it straight at the door, once, twice.

"Any way, that will give them something to think about," he said grimly.

Then he took the bridles of the horses, and trotted them through the house into the hall where Boris and Miss Marr were. He found her standing by Boris, a cushion behind his head, bathing his forehead in some cooling lotion. The sight went like a pang to Beverly's heart.

"We must get out at once," he said. "Lubona is at the back of the house. Come;" and he took Elinor Marr's arm, turned her around, and half lifted her into the saddle.

Boris staggered to his feet, and went toward his horse. He had desired only to be left there, with Elinor Marr bathing his head. Thrones might fall, and kingdoms be lost, it was all one to him. But Beverly's spirit moved him, and he followed.

The American threw open the doors, and the three horses rushed out into the night.

XIII.

IF there were any guards in this part of the grounds they made no sign, and in five minutes the three were nearing the covered bridge over the little stream which Boris and Beverly had crossed that afternoon. The American felt that the hardest part of their journey would be over when this was passed. The river must be crossed before they could reach Carpath, and this seemed to be the simplest place at which to make the attempt. Once Beverly turned and looked back at Lubona's castle.

"I wish," he said to himself, "that that old fox would come back, and that he and Lubona would eat each other up like two hungry wolves. That would be a solution of the whole question."

He was young and in love, and although he had said to himself that his case was entirely hopeless now that he had wounded Elinor's pride, still he could not entirely banish the vision of what might be. That his dream was built on the probable death of two men did not make it any the less sweet to him. In his sturdy heart he thought they both ought to die. Men, even good men, are not so far from the primitive state as writers upon Christian civilization would have us believe. The life in Carpathia had not been one to cause Beverly to think of the ways of conventionality. He had decided to make a heroic sacrifice. He was going to give up the opportunity of his life, and let this story of John Marr's unsuccessful conspiracy go unrecorded—if they succeeded in making it unsuccessful—because he cared for the old schemer's daughter.

Boris drew his horse up beside him.

"That was a wonderfully clever idea of yours," he said, in a low tone, "to bring Miss Marr."

"She had to be brought. There was no other way."

"Certainly not. You must put it down to my thick, aching head that I did not see its importance earlier."

"I am glad you see it now."

"I had no idea you Americans were so clever. I had one for a friend and comrade once, and I am sure the plots and subterfuges of you and Marr would never have occurred to him. Whenever anything of that sort had to be thought out, I was always the man who had to do it. It came easier to me. He was a good fighter, and clever, but the Yankee tricks that seem to be second nature to you and Marr were entirely unknown to him. But then he was educated principally in Europe."

Beverly drew up his horse. "What do you mean?" he said.

Boris laughed rather unpleasantly. "I mean that it would never have occurred to me to bring Miss Marr along as a hostage. Of course we can bring her father to terms now. He does not seem overly devoted to her, but——"

Beverly had to speak under his breath, but that did not prevent his words from being full of scorn. They were nearing the bridge, and he had to speak rapidly.

"Do you imagine for an instant that I

would have done such a thing for *you*? What are you or your miserable throne to that girl's peace of mind? If it had only been for you, I should never have allowed her to have one uneasy moment."

"It was a clever idea, all the same," Boris muttered imperturbably.

They had reached the bridge and had halted for an instant.

"There is but one thing to do," Beverly said aloud, dismissing the subject. "It is growing lighter. The moon is coming out from the clouds again, and it will not be long until daybreak. We must keep close together, and make a rush for it across the bridge."

Beverly took the bridle of the little chestnut mare in his hand, and with the girl between them they rushed through the bridge. There was not a sound except the echo of their own horses' feet on the boards. At least, at first they heard no other sound than this and the foaming river; but in a moment all three drew rein and listened. Coming behind them were galloping hoofs.

They were at the turn of the road.

"Let us go up the other way," Boris said.

"That is Lubona, and he will certainly follow along the road toward Carpath."

Elinor spoke at once, and there was anxiety in her tone. Evidently she was intensely afraid of being overtaken by Lubona now.

"He will imagine that we would reason in that way," she said. "Any one would. Let us hide in the trees until he gets by, and then follow the road he does not take."

Without a word Beverly pushed his horse toward the hillside. He remembered that it was not so steep here, but rose in a series of natural terraces up which a clever footed horse could easily zigzag.

"Wait," he said, as his horse stumbled. He dismounted and led the animal, feeling for a sure and easy footing. Elinor and Boris came quickly after him. It was still so dark that it was only necessary to get out of the narrow road. Boris also dismounted, and each man held his hand over the nostrils of his horse, that the animal might not betray them. A foot stamp would have been enough. But each of them stood silent as statues.

When the party of horsemen came to the end of the bridge, they were evidently puzzled. They had expected to be guided by the sounds on the road.

"It is heavy soil here, wet after the rain. They must be going slowly," Lubona said.

"But which road?" asked a man.

"Both. Four of you go in one direction, and three will come this way with me. Whatever you do, do not harm the young lady. She is to be brought safely back under any circumstances."

Beverly could understand but one word of this, and that was the allusion to Miss Marr. Even if he had not known, he would have guessed it, by the slight movement she made. To her, and to Beverly had he fully understood, the sentences were sinister, but to Boris they meant only that Lubona, like himself, saw in Marr's daughter the weapon which could be held over her father's head. But he knew too much, now, to mention that fact. After the men had gone, he literally translated the sentence to Beverly.

"There is nothing for us to do but to climb this hill and come down on the other side. It may take us some time, but they will not readily suspect us of having tried it. I know the road on the other side," Boris went on. Neither of his companions noticed how weak his voice sounded, how little sign he showed of his usual spirit. They had seen him pass so rapidly from mood to mood that they could hardly tell what was natural to him. "We must get to Carpath as speedily as possible."

It was constantly growing lighter. The sun, still hidden, but already sending heralds of its coming up into the sky, was melting the clouds around the paling moon, and letting its feeble light show at last. But it was by no means easy to climb that wooded hillside. Presently they found that there was nothing to do but to walk and lead their horses, and as they advanced Boris more and more lagged behind. Elinor kept close to him. She seemed to be constrained so long as Beverly's eyes were on her face. He had shamed her, and she could not forget it.

They had reached the top of the mountain, which was not very high here, and found a tableland which dipped here and there into ravines running down to the valley below. Beverly waited until Boris came near, and then spoke to him.

"Do you know any way down from here by which we can reach a road to Carpath? We do not want to go by the most frequented way, because that will be watched. We must get there within a few hours."

Boris did not answer, but sat wearily down on the grass.

"Let him rest for a moment," Elinor said, without looking at Beverly. "He is completely worn out. Have you any brandy?"

She turned to speak to the king, and gave a cry of fear and dismay. Beverly, who had turned to his horse to get a brandy flask from a pocket in his saddle, started at the sound, expecting to see Lubona, at least. What he saw was the king lying back unconscious on the ground, a stream of blood running down his face. The exertion had set the wound in his head to bleeding again, and had at last completely overcome him. Elinor had his head on her arm in an instant, and was stanching the flow of blood with her pocket handkerchief.

"There must be help somewhere," she said. "Oh, we cannot let him die here! It was madness for you to let him start." With pure womanly logic, she took the ready attitude that it was all Beverly's fault. Of course she could not blame the disabled man, and certainly not herself.

Beverly looked about the landscape, as if he expected to find help springing out of the ground somewhere. His search was rewarded by seeing the smoke from a hut some little distance away. He ran toward it.

"Suppose they do know him," he said. "We can only try to save his life. We appear to have come to first principles at last."

He had often seen the outside of these little Carpathian huts, with their byre for the pigs, but as he came nearer he noticed that this was one of the most squalid, little more than a byre itself. It was evidently the temporary lodging of some herder of the pigs who were allowed to run in the forest. To Beverly's relief the man, an alert looking peasant boy, hardly more than a child, was standing by the door. The American forgot, for an instant, that the lad probably could not understand him, and ran up to him speaking German; but it was with genuine surprise that he heard the young peasant answer him in the same tongue.

"Ah, you can actually speak," he cried delightedly.

"My mother belongs over yonder," the boy returned. "I tend our own pigs. I am not a herder to other men."

"I have a sick man here, very ill," Beverly said. "Will you come and help me bring him here until he is better?"

After Boris had been put into the rude bunk in the wall, which was all the hut had to offer, and Beverly had broiled a bit of ham over the fire for his breakfast and that of the girl, he began to think of the best thing to do. Boris must have medical attendance as soon as possible.

"There was once a time," Beverly said to

himself, "when it was of more importance to die than to give up a throne; but life has more delights than it once held, and giving up this throne appears to bear no very serious consequences."

After he had made Boris as comfortable as possible, and had barred the one door of the hut to the best of his ability—which was small, with the materials at hand—he gave Boris' revolver into Miss Marr's hand, and told her that he must go, first asking her if she would go with him.

"I cannot leave this sick man," she said. "I am not afraid."

"I will return at the first possible moment, and take you into Carpath. I must take this boy with me to show me the road. I might find it myself, and I might not. Besides, I fear to leave him here. He might have such a piece of news to carry that he would desert and betray you."

He looked at her for any sign of fear or weakness, although she was to be left alone in a wilderness with a man who might be dying, and in a country which was in a state of revolution. Beverly debated within himself whether it was fair to go and leave her alone with the king, without telling her whom she was to guard; but he decided that there could be no good in giving her an extra danger to fear.

It was almost noon before he and the boy set off through the forest toward the road to Carpath. Once there, Beverly determined to get into the town, and bring away a physician, if it were at the point of a pistol. As he and the boy crashed down the hillside, the youngster pointed a finger toward a ravine which was hidden from view, except at this close range, by the thick firs.

"In there," he said, "is the house where men have been coming for a week. My mother knows. She is German. She tells them many things. I was not to tell, but you are also German, so it cannot matter."

Beverly almost held his breath. Which of them was it, Lubona or Marr, to whom "men had been coming"?

"They are not people of this country, altogether," the boy went on. "Some are Russians, miners from Orlun. They say they come here to work in mines, but my mother says there is more than the ear hears. They have guns," he whispered.

On a sudden, Beverly took a resolution. This must be John Marr's camp to which he had offered to bring them the night before. If he were there now, Beverly would go to him, tell him where his daughter was, and give her into his hands. After Boris' sug-

gestion that she be kept as a hostage, there was no other course open.

"I am looking for those people. Take me there," he said to the boy.

They went cautiously, looking out for sentinels. Beverly's mind was about equally divided between a hope that they might find Marr there still, and a wish that they might not. If Elinor left him and went to her father now, the probabilities were that he would never see her again; and he felt how much that would mean to him. But the girl's father was the man to take care of her, and he should know, if possible. Yet it was with a sinking at the heart, and with the consciousness that he had selfishly wished to keep Elinor near him at the risk of disaster to Boris' kingdom, that he saw a man through the vista of fir trees, and realized that it must be a sentinel. He was walking slowly, and looked like one of the better class of Carpathian farmers; but he carried his rifle as if he knew how to use it.

Beverly took out his notebook, wrote a few words on a leaf, and tore it out. The inside was written in English, but the address, to John Marr, was in German. He gave the boy his white handkerchief, telling him to go forward, waving it, and to ask the sentinel to pass him on with the note, which came from a friend with news.

He sat down and waited. There was no chance, he felt, for Marr to show treachery to him now. The boy seemed to have been gone a long time, when he heard the crash of footsteps on the dry twigs of many years, and looked up to see two men coming with the messenger. Neither was Marr.

Beverly cursed his folly for having taken so much for granted. Was this Lubona's camp, or a new uprising?

"They come up like puff balls, and I believe, on my soul, they are about as substantial," he said angrily.

There was no use in trying to move. He must make the best of it. The men were grave when they came near. Evidently they did not doubt that Beverly was a friend. The English, which they could not understand, said that much to them. They asked, however, for news of Marr. They belonged to his "miners," they said. He was to have been with them the night before. They were to collect a large force that day, and Marr had not arrived. They had not seen him since early in the day before. Where was he?

"Oh, Lubona!" Beverly cried to himself. "How much cleverer you are than I imagined!"

(To be continued.)

HER LETTER.

A DOOR was suddenly opened, and then slammed vigorously as a white capped, rosy cheeked maid ran swiftly down the broad stone steps of a Nob Hill mansion. Down the street and around the corner she flashed, dropping, unnoticed in her haste, one of a bundle of letters that she carried.

There was a high wind blowing, and it coquetted and dallied with the little white slip for a second's space and then sent it scurrying across the street in a sudden gust of dust and energy. As it fell to the ground, it attracted the attention of Jack Howard, who at that moment turned the corner from Taylor into California Street. Howard flicked off some of the grime it had collected in its wild debauch, and after vaguely scrutinizing it in the dim twilight, managed to decipher the superscription by the aid of the light from a neighboring lamp post. The stamp was uncanceled, and as neither a possible owner nor an available mail box was visible Howard slipped the letter into his breast pocket and continued on his way.

At Kearny Street he joined the throng that was moving towards the Grand Opera House. In front of that building carriages were hastily depositing their gaily attired burdens, and then being rapidly driven off to make room for the long line to follow. Through the narrow doors, a dense stream of people were filing with that well bred and placid inertness that betrays the habitual pleasure seeker, and hints of comfortably reserved seats.

In the foyer, Howard ran up against a man who had been laboriously picking his way in a counter direction to the crowd. "Ye Powers!" he ejaculated, with some amusement. "You're going the wrong way. Come in and join the majority. It's our last night together."

Franklin Powers' head nodded negatively. "Haven't time, dear boy," he answered. "Just left my sister at her box. She met her party here. Overjoyed to see you again, Jack, old boy, before I go. Was afraid I wouldn't be able to run in again. Yes, tomorrow—Japan first, then where I choose. Now I've letters to write. Scores of them—farewells and that sort of thing,

you know, that can't be put off. Refused to go with my sister. But I am not going to keep you. Go in, Jack, and don't lose a cent of your investment."

"Well, if you won't," Howard said reluctantly, giving his friend's hand a hearty grip. "But will you do me a favor? Your speaking of letters reminds me. On my way down town I found a letter some one had lost. I meant to post it, and then forgot all about it. It may be important, as it is marked "to be forwarded." Drop it in a box as you pass. There—where the deuce did I put it? Jove!—I've lost it. No, here it is. Thanks. You're a lucky beggar, Frank. You always did manage to get whatever you wished for, which was inevitably the best things of the earth. But there's the music beginning. Good night and good by. Bon voyage."

"Good by, old fellow," Powers responded. "Good fellow that," he soliloquized as he passed through the now empty foyer and into the crowded streets. "But how little of us the nearest of our friends know after all. Jack has always cherished a superstition about my luck—as he calls it. Everything in the world I want I get! Phew! I wonder what he would think if he knew that the only thing in the world I want is just what is denied me. The best of the things of earth, my lady!" And then, regardless of the crowd that was surrounding and jostling him, he uncovered as if to salute her presence.

Surprising a look of curiosity from one of the passers by, Powers replaced his hat with a conical laugh at his own expense. "That man thought me a recently escaped lunatic," he said as he went up to his room at the club. "I wonder if he has warned the authorities!"

In the large English grate a generous fire was burning, in front of which Powers stretched himself in a low arm chair, after turning on all the incandescent lights in the room, which made it fairly gleam with light and cheer.

He had letters to write, but there was plenty of time. He would smoke first, and get warm; that crisp February wind had chilled him. Besides, he wanted to think out, to plan that letter to her. He thought

he had something to tell her, but he did not know how to put it in words. He wanted her to know that he was her friend, though she would not let him be anything more. He was going away, but he could not go without telling her how proud he was to have known her, how proud to have loved her. Bah! It sounded so puerile! He could not send such sentimental stuff to her. What use to write after all? Would it make any difference? She was kind—yes, and happy. Happy people do not need kind things to be said to them. On the whole, he was glad he had not written before. She would read in the papers that he had gone, and would realize that he was hurt. Would she acknowledge it to be more than a "man's wounded pride"?

Presently it occurred to Powers that he was growing sleepy. He was too tired to write letters that night. Letters? There was that letter Jack Howard had given him. And he had forgotten to post it! But he could give it to his man to drop in the box. And he placed it carefully on the mantel, where it could not possibly be overlooked or forgotten. Then he glanced at the address—and sat bolt upright in his astonishment, dropping his cigar to the ground, where it burned, unnoticed, a hole in the thick Persian rug.

"Jove!—it's her handwriting," he whispered excitedly. "I have been entertaining an angel unawares. To think a letter from her could have lain next to my heart for forty minutes, and I not feel it. The veil of flesh is thick. Well, to whom are you writing, my lady? Francis Courtney Randol, Esq. Who the deuce are you, any way? And what is she writing to you for? She never wrote me more than a couple of lines in her life—and then to thank me for flowers. And that was but once. After that she always 'thanked me in person.' But Francis Courtney Randol, Esq., is favored. Well, you'll get your letter just a day late, Randol, Esq., for I shall keep it until the last moment before I start. There you go back in my pocket, and for twelve whole hours you will lie next my heart, and I shall pretend that it was written to me. You won't deny me that pleasure, Randol, Esq., nor you either, my lady?"

Twelve months later Franklin Powers stood in the corridor of one of the hotels in Johannesburg. He had registered and was scanning the pages in the hope of finding a possible acquaintance, but all the names were strange to him. He felt a little disappointed. It had been a long time since he had seen a friend's face.

"Does not a Mr. Fletcher, Henry Fletcher, live here?" he asked of the clerk. "I understood that he did."

"He has stopped here," the man informed him, "until six months ago, when he was called back to California. His father died, I believe. We are expecting him back soon, however;" and the clerk scrutinized the newcomer with curiosity, then tried to catch a glimpse of the freshly written signature, but Powers still monopolized the register. A name had attracted his attention—Francis Courtney Randol, and from San Francisco.

It sounded familiar, but he could not place it, and he glanced inquiringly at the clerk. "Mr. Randol," answered that important functionary, following the direction of Powers' finger on the page, "is one of the cleverest men in South Africa. Some say the cleverest. He does not spend all of his time in Johannesburg, but when he does he always stops with us. He is rapidly making a fortune, but honestly, I assure you, Mr.—" covertly consulting the register—"Mr. Powers. Why, you are a San Franciscan yourself. You must know him?"

"No, I don't," Powers confessed. "I can't even place him, though his name is familiar."

"There he goes now," the clerk interrupted officiously, and then raised his voice: "Mr. Randol, won't you step here a minute? I want to introduce you to one of your fellow citizens—Mr. Powers. He has just arrived from San Francisco, Mr. Randol."

The men greeted each other pleasantly; Powers with his inherent *bonhomie*, to which Randol responded with an effort. Strangers generally interpreted his reserve of manner as expressive of hauteur, whereas it required a closer acquaintance to discover it to be a shyness, a self depreciatory reticence, peculiar to a man of his parts and magnetism.

Observing him closely, Powers judged him to be much less than thirty, but there he was deceived. His boyish figure and the thin, clear cut features made him appear many years younger than his age. One thing was certain; although the name was familiar, Powers had never seen him before. Once seen, that face would not be forgotten, with the dark, earnest eyes to which a smile seemed foreign, and the sensitive chin that responded so easily to all emotions.

"I remember Mr. Powers quite well," Randol said quietly. "You left for Japan just about the time I started in the opposite

direction for Johannesburg; the papers were full of you at the time. They chronicled your movements with religious faithfulness. I recollect reading of a luxurious traveling bag that was to accompany its owner in a trip around the world."

"One of the discomforts of inheriting a fortune," the other answered simply. "There are drawbacks, you know. But can't we get a drink in this place?"

And Randol responded cordially, "Come over with me. I am on my way to the club. I should like to introduce you there."

Powers expressed his gratitude for the courtesy, and together they walked down the street, one answering the eager inquiries of the other, to whom all was new. By the time they reached the club, Powers, with boyish enthusiasm, had given himself up entirely to the charm of his companion. His dignity and his gentleness carried Powers irresistibly to the decision that this was a man worth cultivating, a friend worth the making.

The club rooms being empty, the men seated themselves by an open window that overlooked the street. As Randol pointed out the different places of interest, and designated some of the passers by whose names appeared daily in the papers, Powers scanned him closely, and suddenly he broke out, "How did it happen that we never met before? Your name is so familiar. Your home was in San Francisco?"

"Yes, I was born there," Randol replied, "and have always called it my home, though I was so rarely there. My work kept me out of the city, to which I only went for pleasure. That was seldom enough, as I never had time for society. That is why we didn't meet, Mr. Powers. You were in the swim; I was not."

Franklin smiled ruefully. "You make me feel like a fool and a butterfly. I have wasted my time all my life. But I'm glad to meet you, although I had to come all the way to Johannesburg."

"I know you very well," answered Randol, "through Phil Porter. He was in my class at Harvard. He was always talking of you and Jack Howard. Howard is a friend of yours, is he not?"

Powers jumped up excitedly. "I have it," he cried. "Jack Howard! Do you know, you owe him a service, and I owe you an apology;" and then he poured out a rapid, incoherent account of a letter that had been given him to mail, but how through his carelessness it had lain for months in his pocket, where he had overhauled it one day when in the very heart

of China. He had sent it off immediately, but his conscience had pricked him. He feared it was important, for it was marked "to be forwarded." He supposed Randol had received it long since. He trusted it had caused no inconvenience.

"I don't understand," answered Randol. "I don't know Mr. Howard. You say the letter came from him?"

"Not written by him—no," Powers corrected him. "You see he found it somewhere on the street, and gave it to me to mail for him, and then I played the dunce."

Randol's face grew white, and his chin twitched visibly. "I never received it," he said. "I expected a letter just at that time—an important one, too. I have often wondered—it made a great difference to me then."

Randol's reserve affected Powers deeply. "I am sorry," he said simply. "It was confoundingly stupid of me." Then he hesitated. "I can tell you something about it—at least, that is, whom it was from. You see, I recognized her handwriting. That's what made me notice your name."

Randol strode to the end of the room, and then back to where Powers was standing. His mouth moved nervously.

"Whose handwriting?" he managed to say.

"Miss Carnegie's," and Powers bowed his head in quaint reverence. "Miss Cecily Carnegie."

Randol stared at him blankly, and then dropped into a chair and covered his eyes. Powers felt ashamed to be a witness of the grief he had reawakened. He stood cursing the stupidity that had caused such unforeseen results. Then a generous impulse shook him, and he touched Randol on the shoulder.

"I am sorry," he said in a low tone, out of which all the joviality had gone. "I can't tell you how much. You love her, too. I might have guessed it. Everybody loves her that knows her. God bless her. So do I. It was only my infernal selfishness that kept you from getting that letter. It was the night before I left San Francisco, and I kept it foolishly to pretend it was written to me. But I only intended to keep it a day."

Randol raised his head. He appreciated the nobility of Powers' confession, and tried to return the confidence, to make some explanation. But it was a sad attempt—the breaking up of a lifetime's self repression and reserve. He could hardly bring himself to speak of her for whom his affec-

tion was so deep rooted. He told a simple little tale of his love for Miss Carnegie ; of how he had loved her for years, even before his college days ; but, knowing his unworthiness, and fearful of breaking up their friendship, he had never spoken. Then came the opening for him in Africa. He could not accept the position without learning from her whether there was any hope for him or not.

And so he had written without entirely betraying his feelings, but telling her of a possible change in his life, and that before he decided he wanted her advice. It all depended on her. Did she take enough interest in his future to help him? Could he come the next day? And so he had sent his letter off; but the next day came, and the next, bringing no reply, and when three weeks had passed he had decided that her silence was her answer; that she had wished to show her indifference without giving him pain. And then the invitation to Johannesburg was accepted.

"You need not feel so badly about it," he reassured Powers, who looked the picture of forlorn remorse. "It would have turned out the same way, anyhow. She could never have cared for a fellow like me, if you had no chance. She probably hinted her indifference to me in that letter."

But Powers shook his head with sudden intuitive sympathy for the woman he loved. "She loved you, I know," he said slowly. "And she wrote and told you to come. And when you went to Africa without consulting her, how her pride and her love must have hurt her! What an ass I have been!"

Randol coughed suddenly and walked to the window, gazing at the passers by with unseeing eyes. Then he turned to Powers with hand outstretched. "We must be friends," he said.

Powers wrung it heartily. "We are in the same boat, old fellow, but you're going to get out, if my name is Franklin Powers. I am going to find that letter, and I'll dance at your wedding to prove how glad I will be. Then you'll have to forgive me."

"I do now," was all Randol could say.

Thus was cemented the friendship between the two men, who learned to value it deeply. There was no talk of Powers continuing his journey. It was tacitly understood that they would stay together until the letter should come.

Although he never spoke concerning it, Powers kept the promise he had made, and never relaxed his efforts to find the letter, whose recovery became a sacred duty

to him. To the principal post offices in America, Asia, Africa, and Europe, he wrote concerning it, but as time passed bringing no results he grew almost hopeless.

And he had nearly made up his mind to write to her about it, when one day the letter came.

Powers dashed up stairs and into Randol's room, interrupting him unceremoniously as he was shaving.

"It's come," he cried. "Her letter! It's dirty and torn and covered with postmarks, but it's her letter!"

The razor dropped to the floor.

Powers turned sympathetically towards the fire as Randol tore open the letter with fingers trembling in their eagerness. A low cry, and the letter was shoved into Powers' hand. He took in the short message at a glance. "Come; I shall be waiting for you." A lump rose in his throat. "God bless you, old boy," he said wistfully. "Now you can forgive me at last. Thank God, my selfishness didn't ruin your life."

A great gladness shone from Randol's eyes and transfigured his face. "Frank," he said, "you don't know how much your friendship has been to me. It has cheered me wonderfully. You have been so brave, while I have been glum. But it is easy to be sorry with a fellow sufferer. Can you stand being glad for me? I should hate to have anything come between us, even Cecily, precious as she is to me."

"I am glad," Powers assured him earnestly. "More than that; I am thankful. If I couldn't get her myself, it's next best your having her. Believe me, I can dance at her wedding, old fellow, as long as it is yours, too."

"God bless you." Randol's mouth twitched suspiciously. "I'll tell her you said that;" and then he walked off abruptly, picking up hurriedly his belongings that were scattered around the room.

"When will you go?" queried Powers, watching him as he threw his brushes into a bag.

"Today," said Randol. "Think how long she's been waiting. Cable? What could I say? 'Just got your letter. Am coming.' She'd think I was crazy. And I'll get there as soon as a letter could."

That very day he left Johannesburg, and telegraphing ahead for accommodations, he made swift connections right through, arriving in New York an hour before the overland train started for San Francisco.

There was no one he knew on the train, and as he was not in the humor to make acquaintances, he would sit in the smoking

car all day long and plan for the hundredth time his meeting with Cecily. How he would try to make up to her for her long waiting!

The train finally reached its destination, and Randol, with the other passengers, took his place on the ferryboat that plied between San Francisco and Oakland.

He stood at the front of the boat, watching the lights of the city as they came nearer and nearer. He fancied he could almost distinguish her home up on the hill. And then he laughed at his folly. His joy and excitement were turning his head. He was so near, and he could hardly wait.

Near him stood two men earnestly talking. Randol had noticed neither of them, but when one turned to leave, some words arrested his attention: "Well, I am going below, Jack. Remember me to Mrs. Howard. Good night."

Jack Howard! Frank's friend—the one who had saved Cecily's letter. A great wave of gratitude swept away his reserve, and he turned and spoke to Howard, introducing himself as a friend of Franklin Powers. Howard was charmed to meet him. His fame, he assured Randol, had preceded him to America, and he inquired eagerly after Powers and his plans.

"And you, Mr. Randol," he asked—"are you here for a long visit?"

Randol assented tremulously. He hoped to be in San Francisco some time. In fact, his return was indefinite. And then his gratitude recurred to him.

"Do you know, you once did me a service, Mr. Howard?" he said. "You saved a letter of mine—at least, a letter to me—from destruction." And he recounted the incident.

Howard laughed. "That's just like Powers. You should be thankful to have got it at all. I had completely forgotten the circumstance. I hope the letter did not require a speedy answer?"

Randol did not reply. He wanted to ask if Howard knew Miss Carnegie, yet he could not overcome his reluctance to speak of her. It was absurd. He might as well make the break.

"It was curious," he began diffidently. "The writer turned out to be a mutual friend of ours. You know her, perhaps? Miss Carnegie, Miss Cecily Carnegie."

Howard stared at him, and then laughed heartily. "I'll have to tell Cecily. What a coincidence! Yes, I know her. We were

married last month. So you're an old friend of hers? Can't you come up to the house with me? Cecily will be charmed. No? Then dine with us tomorrow. Come, now; I insist."

But Randol murmured hastily some incoherent excuses. He was to leave San Francisco in a few hours. Business trip. Going right back to Johannesburg. Sorry he wouldn't have time to renew his acquaintance with Miss—Mrs. Howard.

Howard listened in amazement. "The fellow's drunk or crazy," he thought. "First, he said he was out here indefinitely. Now he's going right back. Queer, Cecily has never mentioned his name. She couldn't have known him very well. I must ask her about him."

Just then the boat entered the slip and the passengers hurried off. Randol could never recall how Howard left him, or whether he bade him good night.

He stood on the deck absently watching the lights that a few minutes before had seemed so bright. Now the city looked dark—dark as his future. Yes—his and Frank's. Poor Frank! He had not had time to think of him much lately. He would write and tell him that he would not be asked to dance at his wedding. Her wedding! Yes, he would write. He would not go back for a while to Johannesburg. He did not want even Frank's sympathy. True, Frank loved her, too, but somehow it was different.

Some one touched him on the shoulder. One of the deck hands stood beside him.

"We've reached the city, sir," he explained. "Every one has left the boat." Randol did not answer him. The city! Cecily's home. He did not want to go there. What a fool he had been to come back! Had he only followed Frank's advice and cabled, it might never have happened. Any way, it would have been easier.

The man grew impatient. "The decks have to be cleared," he said loudly. "Them's my orders. Either get off and go, or get off and buy your ticket to go back. Them's my rules."

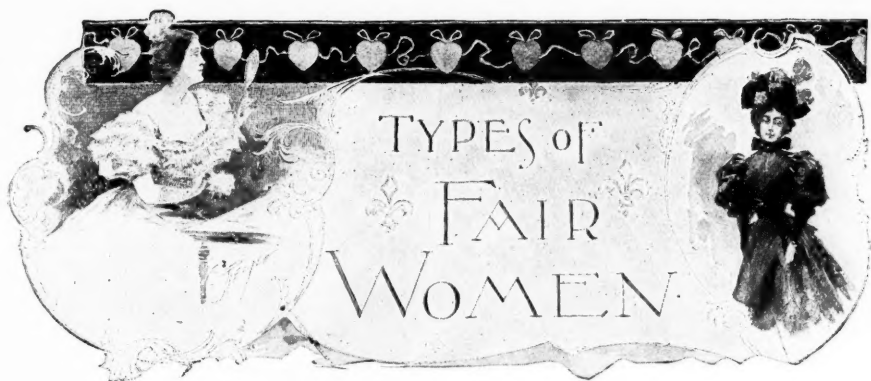
As Randol did not answer, it occurred to the man he was deaf. But peering through the darkness, something in the set face touched him, and he raised his cap.

"If you are sick, sir, I can help you. I'll take your bag, sir. Where are you going?"

But Randol shivered as if he were cold.

"I don't know," he said.

Ednah Robinson.



WE talk of the practicality of this day and generation, and lament that the romance has died out of life; but when there comes to the surface of our social life a trace of the old fashioned emotions upon which fairy tales for young and old have been built ever since men began recording human joys and sorrows, then we find that our interest in it is just as strong as ever. Not only society, but the readers of newspapers all over the country, have looked

with interest upon the love story of a young prince of millions and his sweetheart. The story has most of the elements that go to make up the successful drama. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the prospective heir to a fortune of something like a hundred million dollars, has exercised the prerogative of all young men, rich or poor, and fallen in love with a young society woman whose face has charmed many. Miss Grace Wilson, the daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson, the well



Miss Daisy Arnold.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.



Miss Grace Wilson.

From a photograph by Altman, New York.

known banker, belongs to a family which is famous for its fortunate marriages. The eldest son, Orme Wilson, married Miss Carrie Astor, a daughter of the late William Astor, and Miss Wilson's sisters are Mrs. Ogden Goelet and Mrs. Michael Herbert.*

If the young people had received the parental blessing which they doubtless felt to be their due, the wedding would have been a society event of great magnitude, and then the stream of events would have rippled peacefully on. But for some reason Cornelius Vanderbilt, Senior, objected to his son's early marriage, and has done

everything in his power to prevent it. All the world loves a lover, and it is doubtful if the father gets much sympathy in his objections. We cannot help setting him down with the "cruel parents" of literary tradition. Looking upon Miss Wilson's pretty and intelligent face, we can believe that young Mr. Vanderbilt might be quite willing to exchange even the enormous fortune which his father has to give, for her smiles and favor.

Miss Wilson has been a great favorite in society. She has all the tact, the diplomacy, the gracious manners, of the most

*Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Wilson were married on the 3d of August.

finished woman of the world; and were the Vanderbilt millions to come into her hands she would doubtless make as celebrated a social leader as the former Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt.

Miss Daisy Arnold is a Southern girl who was one of the prettiest of Atlanta's debutantes last winter. She entered society surrounded by every good fortune which the fairy godmothers could give, but her

were the delight of their friends, particularly of their father, who gave them a most careful musical education. They were so constantly together that few people were surprised when they married the two sons of Admiral Dahlgren of the United States Navy.

Mrs. Eric Dahlgren, formerly Miss Lucy Drexel, is an example of young and charming American womanhood. For some time



Mrs. Eric Dahlgren.

From a photograph by Roetti, New York.

endowments of wealth and birth were speedily overshadowed by her reputation for wit and clever story telling. She has the face which the Northerner naturally expects a Southern girl to possess. It is white and colorless, with scarlet lips and black eyes. It has a poetical and dreamy air, a quality that makes all the more vivid the piquant sallies with which she meets the dullest company. She recalls memories of the witty women who were toasts in the Southern capital a generation ago.

Not long ago—it seems only the other day—when society was forming a "girls' orchestra," the first names mentioned for prominent parts were those of the Misses Drexel, daughters of that public spirited citizen, the late Joseph Drexel, of the famous old Philadelphia family. Since their early childhood the two "Harmonious Drexels"

she and her husband made their home in New York, but of late they have lived in Chicago, where Mrs. Dahlgren's talents make her conspicuous in the Lake City's society of clever women.

Miss Mamie Goldsmith was one of the famous beauties of Atlanta at the time of the exposition, last year. She had spent the preceding year with friends in Europe, and had stopped for some months in New York, where she was one of the belles of the younger dancing set. Miss Goldsmith is tall, and looks like one of Gibson's typical American girls. She has a rich, creamy complexion, beautiful, soft, dark eyes, and dark curls, which she generally arranges in some quaint fashion. The last few months have made her an enthusiastic bicyclist. Almost every morning she can be seen on Peachtree Street, garbed in the most correct

costume, starting off for a long run. She is essentially the modern girl, with all the fads and graces which the latest ideas have brought. During her stay in New York, a few months ago, her friends delighted to bring her quaint additions to her collections. When she went home she took to Atlanta one of the most unique and curious tea sets in old Russian brass ever seen in this country.

ever a record of the love he had inspired in his contemporaries. Money came in, sufficient to erect a heroic bronze; but stone and metal seemed cold symbols of that great heart. It was finally decided to use the funds to erect a hospital in Atlanta. Here the young girls of the city come with books and flowers and music, to cheer the dull lives of the patients. Miss Goldsmith and Miss Arnold are among the active mem-



Miss Mamie Goldsmith.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

It is not only as wits and beauties, and as maids accomplished in all the ways of the modern woman, that these young girls of the New South are making themselves notable. They ride bicycles where their mothers rode on horseback, and have exchanged the floating plumes and sweeping skirts of the earlier generation of Southern women for the "trig" and sensible tailor made costume; but the heart of the girl of today is of the same degree of tenderness as that of her ancestress famous in song and story.

When Henry W. Grady died, the people of his own State, and men from everywhere who had known him, wished to create some memorial that would carry for-

bers of the Aid Society in connection with the hospital.

Miss Goldsmith's father is a prominent citizen of Atlanta, who is greatly interested in the present political situation, and who may be asked to take one of the gifts of his party if it comes into power.

Miss Lucy Inman is another Southern girl whose father, like Mr. Wilson, came to Wall Street after the war, and amassed a fortune as a banker. Her relations in the South are among the prominent old families, and she spends almost as much time with them as in her new home. In both places she is popular and admired. She possesses a beauty which it is difficult for the camera to portray. It recalls the historic belles of

Gainsborough's canvases. She is tall and slender, with a peach blossom coloring and golden brown eyes and hair. The camera seems to catch and hold a passing sadness which she never allows her friends to see. Her father has expressed his desire to have a portrait of his handsome daughter painted by Carolus-Duran, and she may this year go to Paris in order to realize Mr. Inman's wish.

and the play time monarchs are chosen. This year's queen in the City of the Angels was Mrs. Mildred Howell Lewis, who is famed as not only the most beautiful woman in Southern California, but the leader of the set that makes the social life of Los Angeles and its surrounding resorts. Society there is very cosmopolitan. Californians go much abroad, for the journey from New York to



Miss Lucy Inman.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

The California fiestas are not so famous, east of the Rocky Mountains, as those of New Orleans, but they make the early floral season one long holiday in the lower part of the Golden State. They have borrowed from the Gulf City the ways of its mimic royalty, and each year the prettiest and most popular of the young society women are chosen as queens to preside over the local gaieties. In almost every town the pageant of a court is part of the worship of the flowers.

In Los Angeles the queen is appointed by the fiesta committee, which includes the most prominent business men of the city. But business is laid aside when the glory of the spring comes upon the Western coast,

Paris seems a trifle to them after they have crossed the continent; consequently they bring many visiting foreigners home with them, and all the foreign diversions. Coursing, golf, polo, and all the sports that an old civilization has taught Europe to enjoy in places like Pau or Nice, have long been known to Los Angeles. In all these, as well as in the battles of flowers, Mrs. Lewis has been a conspicuous figure.

She was born in Louisiana, and knew the ways of her sister queens in the Mardi Gras from childhood. She is the only child of a wealthy banker, and married immediately after leaving school. She is very tall, nearing six feet, with a slender waist and a Junoesque figure. Her large and placid

eyes also recall that ox eyed goddess. Mrs. Lewis is so gracious and sweet tempered that in all the trying days of the flower festival no one ever found her other than smiling and cordial. She seemed like some tall flower herself.

The royal wardrobe in Los Angeles is even more superb than that which Rex himself demands for his queen. Five regal

her gowns and canopies. There is always great rivalry in the decorations, but it was reserved for Miss Rea to see the beauty of carrying out every scheme of color on nature's own artistic plan. The success of her ideas proved her artistic spirit. She herself was like some deep, dark, rich rose.

The types of women in different parts of our country are as varying as the country



Miss Lillian Rea.

From a photograph.

robes, ermine bordered, jeweled and embroidered, were worn by Mrs. Lewis during her reign. She chose the prettiest girls of her acquaintance to assist her in her work, but among them all she shone resplendent, a queen indeed.

Among the other queens in California, one of the most popular was Miss Lillian Rea of San Jose. Miss Rea was elected to her office. She is very tall, very dark, and full of that miracle of health and bloom which is typical of California. She was noted among all the queens for the exquisite taste displayed in her dress and in every accessory of her court. She fully realized the conception that this was a carnival of flowers, and flowers made the keynote of every decoration, not only in the town and upon the equipages, but in

itself. The French creole blood in New Orleans, or that of the Huguenots in the Carolinas, makes no more vivid types than that of the Spaniard in California; and yet every one of these women carries with her an individuality that proclaims her American in any part of the globe. It may be the scream of the eagle for which they listen that keeps their heads in the air. At any rate, any one of them might put a crown on her head and it would seem in place.

The development of American girls is something that excites the admiration of every other nation, and we do not consider ourselves vain or self conscious when we hold up a mirror to our women and frankly admire the reflection. The "Daisy Miller" day is over, even in literature. Our girls are not only lovely in their bloom but they



Mrs. Mildred Howell Lewis.

From a photograph by Schunaber, Los Angeles.

grow into magnificent womanhood. The
sallow, middle aged woman of Mr. Dickens'
"American Notes" died and left no posterity.
Our girls do not send their most

beautiful sisters to marry abroad. Those
who go to other countries are only a fair
average, but they have made a name and a
place for themselves.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY AND COLUMBIA.

The proposition to unite the National Academy of Design with Columbia University is one that will no doubt be fully debated before it is settled affirmatively or

negatively. We hope to see it accepted, and realized as soon as may be. It may seem at first to carry with it a certain loss of dignity, a compromise of the Academy's independence—the objection that led to the



"In the Palace Garden."

From the painting by H. J. Scholten.



"A Holiday Morning."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Emily Hart.



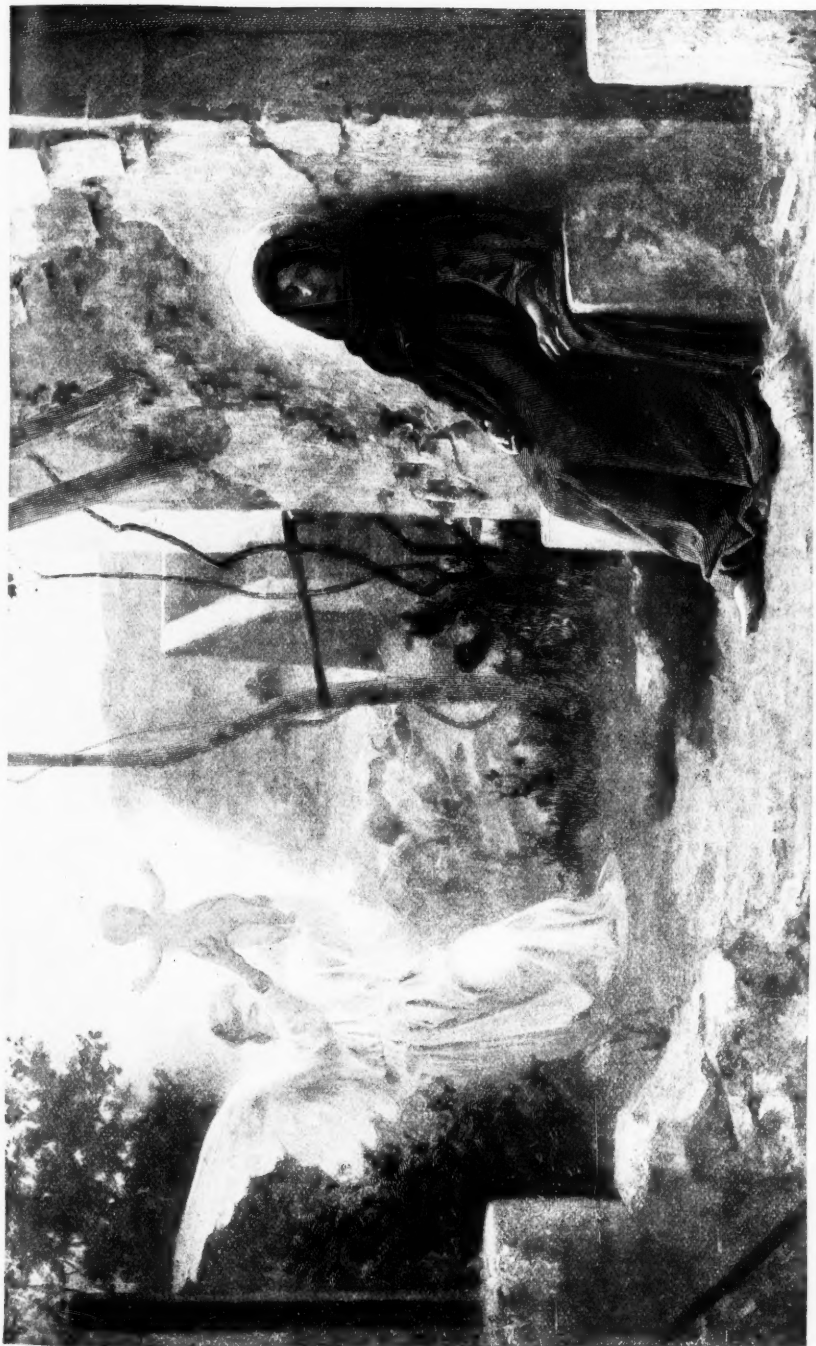
"Reveries"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Heva Coomans.

rejection of the suggested alliance with the Society of American Artists. But second thought will show that the case is radically different.

The Academy would be likely to gain from the connection with New York's great university as the College of Physicians and Surgeons has gained. Its prestige

would not be diminished. Its control of its membership and of its exhibitions would not be interfered with. Its teaching department would no doubt be greatly strengthened. The greatest problem that now confronts it would probably be solved, for the university would grant it a site, and the likelihood of additions to its building



"The Virgin's Dream."

From a photograph by Mr. Brown & Co. (Brown, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. Brundage.



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"Siegmund Discovered by Brunnhilde."

From the painting by Jacques Wajez.

fund would be greatly increased. On the other side of the question we can see no objection at all commensurate with the advantages offered by the alliance.

PITTSBURGH'S OPENING EXHIBITION.

One of the earliest and most important exhibitions of the coming season will open

this month in Pittsburgh. The iron city has made up her mind that her Carnegie Galleries shall become an important center of American art. Thanks to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, she is well supplied with the sinews of war; and she intends to organize an institution that shall have a great picture gallery, a complete art



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"Psyche."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.



"A Penny, Please, Sir!"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by L. Perault.

school, and an annual exhibition attracting the work of the best American painters.

This year's is her first display, and she has exerted herself to make it a notable one. A fund of eight thousand dollars is to be devoted to the purchase of the two best

pictures sent in by native artists, and there are various other prizes and medals. To draw good work from a distance, offers are made of defraying expenses of transportation and insurance. The museum trustees have evidently resolved that Pittsburgh



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"Love's Captives."

From the painting by J. Ballavoine—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 29th St., New York.

shall rank with the older art centers, and are setting to work in a businesslike way to achieve their purpose.

The offering of large money prizes is a

policy that has its critics, but it will no doubt serve its purpose of attracting attention to a new exhibition. There was a good competition for the five thousand dollars



"A Messenger of Cheer."

From the painting by Moreau of Tours.

offered last winter by the Philadelphia Academy, but Pittsburgh has decidedly "gone one better" than the Quaker City, and may expect to reap the reward of enterprise.

THE "PALL MALL" AS AN AUTHORITY ON ART.

It was a curious coincidence that brought out an article on Émile Wauters in the June issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, after our own sketch of the Belgian artist and his work, which appeared last month, was ready for the press. Still stranger was it that a periodical possessing the high reputation of Mr. Astor's magazine should on one page locate M. Wauters' studio in Brussels, and on another in Paris. The latter statement is correct. Yet more extraordinary, the *Pall Mall* printed the picture of Miss Lorillard which appeared on page 614 of the August MUNSEY'S, and labeled it "Portrait of Mlle. Blanche Yarislowski"; while it put the name of Mme. Sassoon de Rothschild beneath a likeness of Miss Mary Helen Carroll, of Baltimore.

Nor is this all. The text of our Anglo-American contemporary speaks of Wauters and "Willens" as the product of a single artistic generation. The reference is presumably to Florent Willems, who was a successful painter in Paris, and twice a medalist, before Wauters was born. There is a mention of "Dauhgn," too, which may be intended for Daubigny, though the meaning of the passage is far from clear. Possibly Mr. Astor would do well to let some more of his editors follow Mr. Cust into retirement.

AN ARTISTIC WEDDING.

The wedding of M. Bouguereau and Miss Elizabeth Gardner finally disposes of a piece of gossip twenty years old. Two decades ago, when the first Mme. Bouguereau died, and her husband painted his famous "Virgin of Consolation" as an expression of his grief, his interest in his clever young American pupil was noted. He never had a scholar who caught his smooth and graceful style so completely as this New Hampshire girl. So remarkable was the suggestion of Bouguereau in her beautiful studies of child life that it was whispered, sometimes, that the finishing touches upon her canvases were the master's own. It is said, now, that they would have been married long ago but for the opposition of the great painter's mother, who disapproved of *Américaines*. She lived to a great age, dying not long ago; and the belated wed-

ding followed. M. Bouguereau is now a hale and hearty veteran of seventy one; his bride is twenty six years younger.

A daily contemporary—the *Journal*—mentions, as the chef d'œuvre of Miss Gardner, the "Roll Call," of which it remarks that "among war pictures few have stirred the blood of young and old so deeply." It remained for the proverbial enterprise of the latter day New York journalist to discover the hitherto unsuspected fact that the famous scene from Crimean days was in reality the work of the graceful painter of child life, and not of Lady Butler, to whom war's accessories are familiar of old. The confusion is the more curious because these two—perhaps the most celebrated women artists of their respective countries—have little in common except the Christian name of Elizabeth.

Characteristic specimens of Mme. Bouguereau's art were given in this magazine in June last, and in December, 1894. Henceforth, if her husband should "touch up" her canvases, we do not see how the most captious critic can raise any objection.

MUNKACSY'S RETURN TO HUNGARY.

Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian who has long been a prominent figure in the art world of Paris, is returning to his native land to take charge of the national museum at Buda-Pesth. Pulszky, the director whom he succeeds, caused no small scandal by filling the galleries with worthless pictures for which he paid—or at least charged the government—inflated prices. He was conveniently declared insane, and Munkacsy was invited to take the vacant post, which carries with it much prestige and high official station, as being the foremost living artist of his race.

Some time ago we recounted the incident that gave the Hungarian painter his introduction to Paris—the purchase of one of his canvases by an American gentleman, who sent it to the Salon. His marriage to a rich wife gave him the opportunity which comes to few in his profession—to follow out his artistic ambitions without any thought of their financial side. The result has been a series of religious paintings which are not only grandiose but—at their best, at any rate—really grand. His work has been of a sort rare in this age of pot boilers, of smooth portraits and salable figure studies.

Munkacsy has expressed his intention of painting some French historical subject, to be presented as a farewell gift to the nation whose hospitality he has enjoyed for twenty years.

IN SALEM TOWN.

WHAT is't to ye *why* came she to Salem town? There be some slaveries, God wot, that be worse than death, and none the easier to be endured that the fetter is a hoop of gold.

Looking out from our cottage windows on Salem Highway, where the grass stands lush, and the apple blooms wanton with the wind, she would pause oftentimes in her singing. Then, on a sudden, she would come to me, and take my face between her hands, and gaze at it as though 'twere a lesson book she was a-studying. And then it was "Goody, goody, are ye wearying for old England? Do ye sorrow that ye left it for the love o' me?"

It was evermore thus, I say. And evermore, looking back at her, and seeing the dire dread and loathing clean gone out of her face, I would make answer, "Nay, bairn, *thou* art my England."

By my faith, but had that word been true I had had a fair enough country. For the eyes of her were like deep pools of standing water, and her mouth even as a poppy field for redness, while her long hair, dark and shining and shadowy, was as newly mown hay that the sun hath kissed from green to brown. For the rest she was tall and lissome, and carried herself right queenly, yet *withal* with a kind of tricksome gaiety.

'Tis ill to say it, but from the first those of Salem village looked askance at us. This, meseems, was partly owing to Clarice's red cloak and fair face, which straightway set all the godly maids of the township by the ears, and partly that she would not, nay an' you had begged her on bended knees, go to meeting.

"Nay, nay, goody," she would say; "ye are gone clean daft to think the good God hath a liking for such sorry company. He is the liker to be found, trust me, out here among the birds and flowers, than a-meeting with those sour folk that call themselves 'the godly' and 'the elect.' Nay, I will not go, I tell thee. I should but laugh in the long face of the tithing man. And *that*, thou knowest well, were a sin which naught but death could make amends for."

Thus, saving Piers Wentworth's only, no foot crossed our threshold. He, too, would

have been shut out, I warrant, but for the masterful way of him. For on the first day of our coming he had stood on a sudden, tall and strong and comely, in the open door. Never a "By your leave" or "I crave your pardon" had he in his mouth, but there was in his eyes the look that comes but once in a lifetime.

Belike his gaze must have drawn her, for, albeit she had heard naught, Clarice turned and faced him. Then—for still he spoke not—she drew herself up in right awesome fashion. "To what, sir," she said, "do we owe this most unlooked for honor? Mayhap 'tis not known to ye that we have no craving for visitors, and that furthermore in the land *we* come from every man's house is his castle."

She paused, but still he held his peace, whereat she broke out mockingly, "Now, by my troth, 'tis a dumb man that we have for company. Belike he is deaf, too, and hath so little wit that he must needs wander where he is not wanted. Go, goody, I prithee, and get the poor fool some gruel, and fashion him a puppet out of thy second best mantle, that he may have somewhat to pleasure him."

Then he spoke, and his words beat hers down, as his eyes had hers, even while she mocked him. "Be still," he said. "Why need you rail at me because I come to you with no glib and oily lie on my tongue? I saw you but now as you passed through the village. I know not who you are, or whence you come. But I love you. That is why I am here. That is why, for all your pride and railing, I will come tomorrow, and the next day, and the next—aye, and all the days of all the years of my life, but what I will have you for mine own."

Such was his wooing, and I warrant ye he seemed like to be as good as his word. Never a day passed, foul or fair, but brought him with it, and, truth to tell, grew less foul or fairer with the bringing. 'Twas past nature, I say, that she should hold out long against him who craved for love in so high handed a fashion, and, withal, with that strength and mastery that is dear to every woman.

Once, I mind me, I was moved to speak a

word of caution, and straightway could have bitten my tongue out for the framing of it. Her face, that had been so blithe, grew all of a dull red, as though a flame had scorched it. When she spoke it was bitterly, for all she was evermore so gentle with me. "Think ye," she said, "that I need to be minded that I am not as other women? Is there ever a day or an hour that I forget it? Even if I did, would ye grudge the galley slave a moment's rest, a moment's dream of the freedom he may never know? Nay, ye would not. And yet his hand hath been soiled by crime, and mine, God wot, is free from all save the smirch of sale and barter. Ah, goody, will ye not let me dream of the only face, save thine, that hath ever looked on me with honest love? There be no harm in that, surely. I may never be his wife, or the mother of his children. I may never taste of the simple joys that other women drink up so unthinkingly. But surely, *surely*, I who have done with tears may laugh and prank me out, and make merry with a dream."

So these two were evermore together, and the apple trees of Salem Highway cast down flowers and fruit upon their heads, and later on, like liberal givers, the blossoms of a second spring.

But ere the purpling of the wood violets there was a strange spirit abroad in the land; a murderous spirit, begotten of hate and superstition, and akin to madness, which called itself by the sacred name of justice, and used as its deadliest weapon, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Thereupon there was dragging of guiltless men and women to foul prison, where they lay burdened with irons. Thence, for such as would not sin against their soul by confessing to a lie, there was no deliverance save by a mock trial and a death of shame.

At the first, though, it was not dreamed that persecution would go so far. When first we heard rumors of it, Clarice had turned from Piers to me crying gleefully, "See, goody, what overmuch of sanctity hath done for 'the elect.' Truly it hath driven them to the riding of broomsticks, and tripping it with the foul fiend in the witches' dance. Poor souls, I warrant they found the black man better company than any they had known. Bethink thee, goody, how, an' I had done *thy* bidding, and taken my share of meeting house and tithing man, I should even now be flattening my nose against the bars. However, 'tis a world's wonder in any case that it hath still its

wanted straightness. Verily, Piers, when thou thinkest on't, I be a monstrous good imitation of a witch. I dwell alone, save for goody there, who doth not count. I go not to meeting. I wear a red cloak. And I walk when and where I list with a tall, dark man for company. That means thee, Piers Wentworth, though thou seest it doth not altogether misapply to a greater, whom, by my faith, thou favorest mightily."

For answer to this gibe he only seized her two hands, crying out with a man's impatience, "Clarice, Clarice, *when* wilt thou marry me?"

And she had laughed up in his face, saying, "Never, I tell thee, never. In faith, I am too much afraid of those sour and saintly maids, that scowl so dark on me and thee. Think ye they have no love for me because I sing not after their fashion—through my nose? Or mayhap 'tis because they who christened me gat not my name out of the Chronicles."

Always she put him off. But there be other shapes—such as fate and death—that may not be put off, and stand to parley with no man.

On a Friday in the wane of May, there fell a shadow athwart our door. Then two men in tall hats and somber garb pushed past it, and stood covered and unbidden before us. One of these was short and simple faced, the other long and spare and solemn, with crafty lips and cruel, gimlet eyes that seemed to bore through heart and brain, in search of any trace of fear or weakness.

This man spoke first. "We seek the woman Clarice Neville."

At that name that she had thought never to hear again, Clarice's cheek paled. None the less she answered proudly, "I know not who ye are, nor wherefore ye thrust yourselves unwarranted upon me. But as ye are minded to put it so unmannerly, I am 'the woman Clarice Neville.'"

"In the name of the king, then," he said, "we are come to arrest ye on the charge of witchcraft."

She put her hand to her head like one bewildered. "Methinks my wits have played me false," she said. "'Tis not possible I have heard aright. I be no saint, God wot, yet have I not harmed or sought to harm the least of His creatures—surely, then, there be none to bear me malice."

"Verily, woman," broke in he of the milder visage, "dost not know that the afflicted maids cry out against thee, that thou tormentest them night and day? 'Tis said, too, thou hast, by thy witch's arts, seduced

the goodliest youth in all the township, till he is even such an one as thyself. He goeth no more to meeting, and he hath been heard to call good Master Parris' sermons 'tedious and unmeaning.' Nay, Master Parris, look not so angrily upon me. I said it not. Verily, though I, George Corwin, sheriff of Salem town, be but the weakest babe of the covenant, I know better than to look for ungodly diversion or tickling of the ears on the Lord's day."

"Have done with thy prating," cried the other fiercely. "The Lord will avenge His servant of his enemies—even of them that stand so high as that proud sprig of a stiff necked stock. Bid the wicked woman come with us."

"Nay," she said, and her eyes were no more troubled, but alight with a strange fire, "nay, I *will not* go with ye till I have said one word for myself, and for those others who suffer, or are like to suffer, from this madness. Master sheriff, I bid you have a care for yourself. For take notice 'tis only on the foes of this man beside you that the bolt hath fallen. Walk warily, therefore, lest he thirst also for your blood. I be a stranger to him, yet would I swear that in some way he profits by my doom. Hear me, if not for myself, for others. God himself hath burned it in upon my heart that when this frenzy shall be past and over, ye shall find beneath it neither cloven hoof nor witch's caldron, but the black heart and crafty hand of this murderous priest. Then, an' ye do his bidding, shall the blood of the innocent cry out against him and you."

The preacher's white lips writhed into a smile. "Silence the witch," he said. "Thou knowest we have proof enough of her guilt to hang her, an' she had as many lives as a cat. What, dost hesitate? Hath Satan indeed a hold on thee, that thou wouldst fail in thy duty for a woman's tongue? Presume not, thou faint of heart, to stand in the path of the Lord's vengeance. Else shall it smite thee like a thunderbolt."

"Nay, verily," quoth the other, trembling. "I did but turn sick, your reverence, with a qualm i' the stomach. All my life have I been subject to such qualms. Is it your worship's pleasure that I put irons upon the woman?"

"Now on my soul," she said, "ye shall not drag me hence in chains. I will go with ye, since needs must. But an' ye lay so much as a finger upon me, ye are like to learn how despair makes strong the weak."

"So be it, then," said the preacher.

"Gallows Hills lies before her, whether she fare toward it bound or free."

"Then fare ye well," she said, "faithful heart that hath borne with me so long. All that I have is thine. Would that it were a thousandfold more, but such as it is, take it and get thee back to thy quiet cottage in old England. Farewell, humble home, wherein I have known all of love and joy that life holds for me. Farewell, dear world, that smilest back at me under the May sun. Farewell, hope and love and life. Farewell."

On the morn of her trial I was early at Salem meeting house. They brought her in laden with irons, and pale with the prison pallor, her dark hair falling unbound upon her shoulders. At sight of her the screeching, shaking maids on the front bench set up a yet more shrewish clamor. However, save for the sad scorn of her mouth, 'twas as if she took no note of them. Standing there friendless and alone, taunted and mocked and jeered at, she yet bore herself right dauntlessly. Her eyes wandered slowly past the faces of her persecutors till they rested on the judges. In a breath her face grew all of a ghastly and piteous whiteness, for there among them, with his bloated face and evil eyes, was the man whom she had crossed the seas to flee.

Her face grew white, I say, but the next moment it was still and set as though death itself had hardened it. For Preacher Parris leaned forward from his place among the magistrates, gloating upon her with his cruel smile.

"Clarice Neville," he said, "I bid you in God's name speak truly. Are you guilty or not guilty of the charges of witchcraft brought against you?"

"Not guilty," she made answer clearly.

"Thou liest, witch," quoth he. "Wherefore, an' it were not the grievous truth, would these pious maids cry out against thee, that thou evermore afflictest them with tortures not to be endured?"

"Now as God lives," she said, "'tis *you* who lie, black hearted priest, you and these your minions. Ye are drunk with blood, all of ye, and yet ye thirst for more. Wolves that ye are, I will not do ye so much pleasure as to plead with ye for my poor life. Do your worst, then, consistent members of a sect whose religion is to persecute, whose sufferings have taught ye naught save hate and rancor. Swear away the lives of your victims. Drink deep of their hearts' blood. And look to see the day when your children, and your children's children, shall curse ye for this butchery!"

"Silence," cried the preacher, "thou blasphemer of the Lord's elect. Had I my will thou shouldst be gagged as well as chained. Mayhap to confront thee with thy partner in guilt may confound thee somewhat. Your worships, I pray you have the constables bring in the accused."

Straightway, with clank of irons, and guarded by men at arms, they brought Piers Wentworth in. He walked as one in a dream, and a murmur ran through the crowd, "We have seen his sort afore. He will have naught to say for himself, and the magistrates, godly men, will soon make an end of him."

Then said the elder judge, him with the white hair, who sat on the right of Preacher Parris, "Piers Wentworth, I charge thee speak the truth before God and these witnesses. Art thou guilty or not guilty of the sin of witchcraft?"

He made answer bitterly, but still as in a dream. "What ye will. Since ye have sworn my dear love's life away, ye may do your will upon me, too, and welcome."

"He doth not deny his guilt, your worships," said the preacher. "What boots it that we hear more?"

On a sudden Clarice's voice clave the air in wild entreaty. "Nay, your reverence, and ye worshipful magistrates, and good folk of Salem village, hear me but a breathing space. I will confess my guilt before ye all. Suffer me not to die in my sin. Hear me! For the love of the dear Christ, hear me!"

She clasped her bound hands, and bent upon her judges so anguished and piteous a gaze that they stirred uneasily beneath it. Then, for all the preacher's black looks, the younger magistrate made answer, "Speak, woman. We would have none go forth to death with a lie upon the lips."

"Now God reward ye for this grace," she said. "And be it known unto ye that the words that I first spoke were a lie, planned to deceive your honors, and this most worshipful assembly. Howsoever, the ripe scholarship and judgment of your worships have pierced the flimsy web of my deceit, and valued it at its true worth. And now, since no manner of falsehood can avail me, I would in some fashion shrive my guilty soul before I go hence. I *am* a witch. I have signed the black book and danced in the witches' ring. I have consorted with the foul fiend, and afflicted these elect maidens. Through my devilish arts I have entrapped the soul and body of this poor young man, whom it is idle to accuse of witchcraft, since it is well known to your worships' wisdom

that no man may be bewitched and a wizard at the same time. Mark how his eyes follow me, and how he strives to speak. *That*, your worships, is a part of the charm. Let him not speak, I pray you, for Satan will but make use of his tongue to pour forth lies and idle sayings."

The preacher sprang to his feet with the cry of a wild beast cheated of its prey. "Gag the lying devil," he screamed. "See ye not that she would snatch this brand from the burning, and trick the faithful of their righteous vengeance?"

But the magistrates frowned, and the younger laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Peace, Minister Parris," he said. "Else will even they of the covenant think that 'tis not justice but malice prompteth us."

"At least, then, give the man leave to speak," cried the other furiously. "'Tis like that proud tongue of his may wag to his undoing."

But Piers Wentworth waited for no leave. "Magistrates," he said, "and fellow townsmen, it must be plain to the most witless of ye that my dear love hath taken a double load of guilt upon her innocent shoulders. What arts hath she save those that the good angels have taught to every maiden? What charms but that of her youth and beauty and wild, sweet ways? Would ye slay her for these, or for the generous heart that would embrace sin and death and shame to save another? Nay, rather get ye down in the dust at her feet, and kiss the hem of her garment. If she dies, I die, and there be none of ye strong enough to stay me therefrom."

Once more, sharp and bitter, came the agonized cry, "Your worships, heed him not! It is the charm. It is the devilish charm that may not be undone but with my death. Bid him live. It may be that the purity of his life may make amends for the weakness and wickedness of mine. Tell him, as the last words I shall speak to him on earth, not to rob me of this one hope that I shall carry with me into the outer darkness. I kneel to ye for mercy. As ye hope for it in that day when God shall sit upon his great white throne, and the heavens be shriveled as a scroll, do not deny me."

On all sides rose the cry, "Spare the youth, spare him!"

In the midst of the clamor the elder judge arose and called for order. "We, the magistrates of Salem village," he said, "do find Piers Wentworth innocent, and Clarice Neville guilty, of the charges brought against them. We therefore command that the man be released from custody, and that

the woman be recommitted to Salem jail. Thence she shall be taken tomorrow at sunrise to Gallows Hill, where she shall be hung by the neck till she is dead. And may the Lord have mercy on her soul."

Between midnight and dawn, as I lay upon the stone floor of Clarice's cell—this last poor grace being granted in answer to her prayer and mine—the bolt slid back, and he who had wrought her such evil in the olden time stood before her. She turned slowly from her station at the barred window, whence she had been gazing out for the last time at the fair world, all white with moonshine. I marveled that there was no trace of the old horror in her eyes, and that her face lost none of its calm at sight of him.

"Spoiler of my life," she said slowly, "wherefore are you come? Could you not even let me die in peace?"

"Nay, Clarice, nay, my wife," he made answer, "for I am come to save you."

"Truly," she said, "I am Clarice; but not your wife—nevermore your wife."

"Listen," he cried, "I repent me of my sins against you, of that last foul insult that drove you from me. Your eyes have haunted me ever since; the sweet breath of you, and the red mouth, and the dusky hair. I have followed you to the world's end. And for that I knew that naught but the shadow of death could force you back to me, it was my hand that laid the train for your undoing. Bribery of that treacherous priest hath brought you here. Bribery of these solemn faced guards shall take you hence. Think not that I bear you malice for having taken another in my place. 'Twas no worse than I had done a score of times before you left me. By the Lord,

but 'twas a brave sight to see how stoutly you beat off those bloodhounds from your paramour—"

"Stop," she cried. "I care not what you say of me, but before God I will not hear one breath against him I love. You and such as you know not what love is, but I loved him. For me law had no bonds, hell no terrors. I would have been his slave and mistress—since I might not be his wife—but that my very love forbade me. How could I, who loved him, smirch his pure soul with the sin of mine, and drag his fair name in the mire of my dishonor? I could not an' I would. Nay, I tell thee, before I had done him such foul wrong, I had stilled forever with mine own hand the weak heart that tempted me."

"Clarice," he said hoarsely, "I care not whether you be innocent or guilty. I love you. I swear I will love none but you all my life long. Come with me. The guards are bribed. The craft that shall carry us away from these accursed shores waits for us in Salem harbor. Think of the shameful death before you. Think of life—with me, your doting slave and husband, ever at your side. Come, I beseech you! Come!"

She raised her head, and her face was as the face of a conqueror. "I have thought on these things," she said. "Last morn when I lifted up mine eyes, and saw you whom I had fled among the judges, I knew 'twas all in vain, and that there was but one way of escape left open for me. Through that dark door you may not follow me. Once past its portals I shall await in safety the coming of my heart's true lord. See where the first dawn breaks over Gallows Hill. Go, and in your going bid the guards hasten, for I am ready."

Eleanor Duncan Wood.

SWEET ARE THE NAMES.

SWEET are the names of Shakspeare's women; they

Like music melt upon the heart and ear;

First *Juliet* comes, then *Beatrice* draws near,

Perdita pure, and *Lucrece* chaste as day;

Dear *Desdemona*, she who loved the Moor;

There, poor *Ophelia*, and *Cordelia* here

Whose voice was ever soft and low to *Lear*;

Rare *Rosalind*, the fair who reignèd o'er

Orlando's soul in Arden; *Portia* wise,

And *Jessica*, who with an unthrift love

Ran far as Belmont; look your last now, eyes,

On maid *Miranda*, gentle as a dove.

These names and women out of Shakspeare's art

Like sweetest music sway the human heart.

Robert Loveman.

STORIETTES

A MEDIATOR.

POLLY, the gray parrot, was one of Miss Vaudevere's household gods. He had been given to her by an old sea captain from Rio de Janeiro. Polly was a native of Brazil, and a wonderful talker.

Miss Vaudevere liked to have the bird with her in the studio of a morning. He entertained her while she sketched by his spirited remarks concerning her work, or any other thing that struck him as interesting. John Castle was attached to Polly, too. Castle and Miss Vaudevere were painting together a picture of the gleaner Ruth. It was a long task. Castle wished it endless. Nobody could guess what Miss Vaudevere felt about the matter.

Some question arose concerning a piece of real estate belonging to Miss Vaudevere, and she was called out of town for a few days.

During her absence, Castle worked upon those portions of the picture which had fallen to his share. He painted the eyes of the gleaner Ruth. He had made a special study of eyes. He had decided that the eyes of this particular character should be a deep, dark hazel. When, after two days of constant work, they were finished, he saw, with a conscious thrill of joy, that they were the sly black, beautiful eyes of Miss Vaudevere herself.

On the morning of Miss Vaudevere's return, the maid whose duty it was to tidy the reception room, off the studio, was putting things in order there. She hated Polly thoroughly. Now and again, as she moved about, she stole a glance at her chic self in the large mirror.

"How pretty! How sweet!" simpered Poll from his cage. The maid shook her duster at him angrily.

"I'd like to wring its neck! Sure it's no fit company ye are for ladies, at all," she whispered across to him, lapsing into her mother tongue.

"Pretty! Pretty! Oh, my! I'm in love!" giggled the bird.

The portières which separated the reception room from the studio were parted rather abruptly, and Miss Vaudevere came into the little apartment. She had been looking at Castle's work on the gleaner Ruth. There was a smoldering fire in her deep eyes, and her lips were compressed in a straight, hard line.

"Kindly do not admit anybody this morning, Katie," she said to the maid. "I am too tired to do any painting. I will sit here with Polly a while."

"Pretty Polly," said the parrot, mincing along his roost.

"He's a naughty, bad bird, that he is, Miss Ernestine," said the ruffled Katie, giving him a parting flirt with her duster as she left the room.

Polly subsided, and seemed to be taking a nap.

Miss Vaudevere strolled about the room restlessly, moving a piece of bric-à-brac here and there. After a while she paused before the big mirror and regarded herself critically. She was a beautiful creature, tall and well formed, with the dusky coloring and soft, black eyes of her Spanish mother. She stood gazing at her image intently for a few seconds. Suddenly a great surge of color swept her face and neck. She threw up one hand and smote herself in the breast.

"Oh! How I hate you! You black, ugly thing!" she cried fiercely, to her reflection in the mirror. "If you were small and fair—" her voice broke, in dry, harsh sobs—"a little, golden haired, blue eyed thing, he would love you! He likes fair women. Didn't he tell you so himself? If you had no heart to love him, love him, love him till death, he would love you. Oh, you poor black thing! I do pity you! Once I thought you were beautiful. I must have been mad! I am mad to love him! John! John! John! Yet he painted my eyes for the Ruth! He did! He did! It's a shame to my womanhood to love unloved! I hate such love! I would strike it out of my soul—so!"

She lifted her right hand and struck furiously at the face in the mirror, shattering the glass into atoms. Then the color drifted out of her cheeks.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" said a shrill, shocked voice.

Miss Vaudevere looked down at her hand. It was bleeding. She turned about and walked sedately from the room. Once in her private apartment, she summoned her maid.

"Adele," she said, "a mirror in the reception room is broken. Please tell the housekeeper to have it replaced at once. And Adele, will you look at my hand? I have hurt it with the glass."

There was no need to tell the maid that words would not be acceptable. In tactful silence she sponged the hand, removed a bit of glass from the firm, white flesh, applied ointment, and bandaged the wounded member.

The vivid carmine had left Miss Vaudevere's lips. She leaned back, resting her head against the woman.

"Adele," she said drearily, "do you care for me the least bit in the world? Oh, I am miserable, Adele!"

The severe lines in the woman's face became relaxed.

"As a mother loves her child, so I love you, Miss Ernestine," she said simply.

The girl looked up at her with wide, suffering eyes.

"Adele," she said, "oh, Adele, I struck you

once. I shall never forget it. Sometimes it seems as if I must die of rage. Put your arms about me, Adele. You are no servant! I never knew any mother save you. Oh, love me all you can, Adele, for my heart is near to breaking."

The Frenchwoman put out her long, graceful arms, and gathered the girl close to her bosom, murmuring sweet, soothing things, till the dark lashes fell over Ernestine's eyes, and she slept.

Down in the reception room all traces of the mental storm had been removed, and a very tame and lonely parrot reigned supreme.

"Does Poll want dinner?" asked the housekeeper, passing through the room at midday.

"Get out!" said the bird crossly. "I'm in love!"

The housekeeper laughed as she went her way.

Miss Vaudevere, suffering both mentally and physically, did not feel equal to receiving the few of her fellow artists who called that day.

"Tell them that I am ill, Adele," she said to the maid.

Polly, down in the reception room, felt indisposed, too. He eyed the callers sharply as they came and went, putting now and then a sharp answer to their questionings. When John Castle came into the familiar little room, he tapped his favorite gaily on the breast.

"How do, Polly?" he asked.

"I'm in love," said the bird sullenly. Castle laughed.

"Miss Vaudevere is ill, sir," the maid said. The laughter went out of Castle's eyes at once.

"Not able to work?" he asked, tapping the bird's cage with nervous fingers.

"Not able, sir," answered the woman.

"She's in love," volunteered Polly cheerfully. Castle was disappointed.

"Don't!" he said crossly, to the parrot.

"John! John!" called the bird softly. Castle gathered Polly on one arm and strode into the studio, where he fell to painting vigorously. He was a big, clean cut young American, blond and handsome. His face was grave to sternness as he worked away on the gleaner.

John Castle was deeply in love with Miss Vaudevere. They had been students together in Paris. Castle had spent his little all on his education. Some time it might return to him. He meant that it should, but it would be slow work. It seemed to him that he had always loved Miss Vaudevere, though he had nothing but love to offer her. He was a proud fellow. The best in the world was not good enough for Miss Vaudevere, he knew; and John Castle was not the best. He had no means, and he was at the bottom of the ladder of art. When the best came in sight, he would take himself out of the way; and meanwhile she should never know his heart. That was how he looked at the matter.

He worked away with firm, steady strokes at some stalks of corn in the field of Boaz. The parrot, in some other part of the big room,

was talking busily. By and by the shrill voice penetrated Castle's thoughts.

"I hate you! Hate you! Hate you! You ugly black thing!" the bird was saying bitterly. Castle turned about sharply, and stared at the parrot, who, perched before a mirror, was gazing fixedly at his reflection.

"Come away, Polly," he said gruffly.

"Don't be silly!"

"I hate you!" cried Polly. "If you were small, fair, sweet! No heart to love him! Love him! Love him! He'd love you! John! John! John!"

Castle stood like one carved from stone. His face looked gray in the sunlit room.

Polly sobbed stormily on. "Shame! Shame! To love, unloved! God help you! Poor black thing!"

Castle darted forward and snatched the bird up on his arm.

"Polly!" he said huskily. "My heavens, Polly!"

But Polly's memory failed him, and he had gone back to a state of semi dumbness again. "I'm in love!" he said drearly.

Castle thrust him into the cage and rang the bell hastily.

"Ask Miss Vaudevere if she will see me for a moment. Say that it is quite imperative that I should see her," he said to the maid. Then, aglow with excitement, he paced the room and waited.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he said fervently. "I thought I was too mean a creature, too poor and commonplace, to love her. And she loves me. Loves me! My beautiful woman! My queen! God bless you, Polly! You mustn't stay here; you'll tell the servants what I say."

"My queen! My queen!" chanted Polly in a very flat voice.

Castle seized the cage and swung it on a hook out of the window. "Hang the bird!" he said, laughing nervously. Then he fell to painting again, dashing in colors with reckless haste.

Presently Miss Vaudevere came into the room, calm and lovely. She had made up her mind that Castle should never know of her love for him. The battle had been a severe one; the quick impetuosity of her Spanish forebears had struggled for mastery within her, but she had conquered.

Castle came to meet her, a strong, new light in his eyes.

"You wanted to see me?" she began bravely, smiling up at him.

Castle stood still, looking straight at her. She turned her eyes to the picture of Ruth. Castle drew nearer to her, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. The deep, dark eyes came round to his slowly. Miss Vaudevere lifted her hand and deliberately covered them.

Castle almost laughed with delight at her effort to hide what he was longing to read. He dropped his hand upon her hair, and drew the lovely face back against his.

"I wanted you," he said boldly. "I love you! Oh, I love you to the deepest depth of my being. Did you know that? Take away

your hand;" but the hand remained over the dark eyes. Castle dropped his face, and pressed his lips to hers.

"My love! My love! My love!" he whispered joyfully.

She drew back from him, covering her face with her hand, and trembling.

"Oh, no! No! No!" she said breathlessly. "It isn't true!"

"It's as true as God!" he said, gathering her hands against his breast.

"Why is this?" he asked, touching the bandage gently.

"A mirror was broken in the reception room," she said hastily. "It is nothing."

The whole truth came to Castle with a rush of intuition, stirring him to the soul.

"Ernestine," he said, pressing his lips against her hair, "I love fair women. My mother is a fair woman." She hid her face against his breast.

"Oh, I have suffered a great deal," she said brokenly.

"Poor hand," Castle said tenderly. "Poor little, suffering, dear hand!"

"I'm in love," called a faint, doleful voice from without.

"It's Polly," Castle said, laughing boyishly. "He is a remarkably intelligent bird."

Florence Eve Owen.

THE FINAL RESOLUTION OF MISS KATHARINE TRENT.

It was half past five, and almost dark. The train was about to start. Most of the seats were occupied either by the passengers in person, or by their representative baggage, and the lamplighter had just completed his tour. Dick had disposed of wraps, cane, umbrella, and the bundlesome fruit of a day's shopping in the city; had exerted himself in every possible and impossible way to secure the comfort and amusement of his companion, and then, having failed to elicit the slightest response, had gone into permanent retirement behind the evening paper.

But Miss Katharine Trent failed to find anything interesting in the new magazines, and was now leaning disconsolately back in her seat, wrapped in penitent contemplation of the half inch of Dick's forehead and smoothly parted brown hair visible above the edge of the paper. A box of chocolates on the window, and a big bunch of violets in her lap, seemed equally unregarded.

"I suppose," she thought, drawing together her pretty brows, "if newspapers were made of glass, I could see Dick's eyes; but it's a good thing they aren't, for I should certainly feel inclined to break that one into a thousand pieces."

The train was going at a fair speed now, and murmurs of contented conversation reached her ear.

"Dick," she said suddenly, sitting bolt upright, "here we are almost at Englewood. Are

you really going to go as far as South Chicago with me?"

"I am afraid I must;" and Dick laid down his paper with grave courtesy, and looked for a moment straight into her eyes. "Mother is down there with Bessie, you know, and I telegraphed them to expect me out to dinner. I never like to disappoint Bess."

But Kate had dropped her eyes when Dick looked at her; the smile and the "I'm so glad!" with which she meant to begin her overtures of peace had died on her lips, and she stared with burning cheeks out into the darkness, while Dick, with a hardly repressed sigh, again took refuge in his paper. But he read line after line without catching a word of the sense.

"I suppose I was an ass to think she cared for me," he was thinking. "It's plain enough now that she doesn't and never did;" and Dick spread out his paper and refolded it with a vicious punch.

The truth was that Miss Katharine Trent was a bundle of startling contradictions. That she had a tender heart, or that she was thoughtful and earnest, no one who looked for a moment into her big, serious blue eyes could doubt. Yet often, if not indeed generally, she acted without a moment's reflection. Her little Italian singing master was fond of calling her his "beautiful chord of the ninth," and said that everything depended upon her proper resolution.

It had begun to rain. A few drops zigzagged their downward career across the pane with most fascinatingly unexpected movements; but Katharine did not even see them. She was thinking desperately of that look in Dick's eyes. Of course he loved her. She knew that. Didn't she love him just as much? But here her conscience awoke with a start, and informed her that if she did love him, she had taken every precaution to conceal the fact from herself, and Dick, and every one else. "And don't you," conscience went on, "don't you treat almost every fellow you know better than you treat Dick? And didn't you, this very afternoon, refuse even to talk about marrying him?"

The train was flying now, and Katharine found herself listening frantically to the measured double *slam, slam*, of the wheels, that brought nearer every instant the time when Dick would go.

"I know he'll never look at me or speak to me again. I don't blame him. I can't ask him to forgive me, because I should certainly cry, and—oh!" Her heart almost choked her with its beating, for the train had begun to slow up, and Dick was putting on his coat. Suddenly a voice pitched in a girlish soprano fell on her ear.

"Good by, Will," it said, "and please write to us right away, won't you? You know mamma always worries so about you. Good by"—a kiss—"good by!" That was all, but it was enough; not a minute for reflection, but Katharine needed none.

Dick was beside her, hat and cane in hand, but Kate was already on her feet.

"I will," she said to herself, with a swift glance around, while the pink in her cheeks changed to red and flamed clear up to her hair; "I will!" The man across the aisle was looking out of the window. "No one will ever know the difference," she went on, "and I can't bear to have him go."

"I telegraphed your father to meet the ten twenty train," Dick was saying. "I really must hurry."

"Good by, Dick," said Kate, her voice positively ringing with cousinly affection. "I'm awfully sorry I can't stop off with you and see Cousin Bess; and be sure to give my love to Aunt Katie;" and, tiptoeing a little, she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him straight on the mouth.

For a moment the universe seemed to reel about Dick's head. Then he sank into the seat and pulled Kate down beside him.

"You will be carried by—oh, Dick!" and Kate was almost sobbing in an agony of blushes.

"I think I'll change my mind and go on down to South Bend," remarked Dick cheerfully, taking in at a glance the too interested observer across the aisle. "Your father—er, Uncle John might not meet you, you know; and besides"—crushing both her hands against him as he bent over her in a blissful moment when the man across the aisle was looking the other way—"besides, you have not told me when you will marry me."

Tony Schultz.

THE MAN IN BLACK.

THEY were sitting before the great open fireplace in the reading room at the Fellowcraft, sipping their after dinner coffee and smoking. A diversity of topics had elicited the ordinary small talk of insipid discussion, in which neither had found the other particularly interesting, until, at last, they touched on the meaning of color in men's apparel.

The question was suggested to them by the entrance of a man dressed in somber black. He came into the room where Dean and Greig were chatting, glanced about as though looking for some one, and passed out without speaking. His appearance would have caused comment anywhere. At the Fellowcraft, where the character of the man was well known, it was the subject of frequent discussion. Not only were his clothes black, but his bearing, his talk, his attitude to those he met, were heavy with the atmosphere of mourning that he wore. The men by the fire were well aware of its cause, for both had known De Vinne's wife well.

There had been a great deal of talk about De Vinne's lack of love for Hattie Missell before he married her. Afterwards the truth of some of the assertions came to most of us in the shameful way he neglected her. But now that she was dead, and De Vinne so apparently

heart broken over his loss, we rather accused ourselves of being unjust to him.

It was Greig who began the talk.

"That man De Vinne," he said, following the man in black with his eye as he left the room, "makes one creep. His black is like death itself."

Dean looked in the direction in which De Vinne had disappeared. "Few of us know anything at all about the meaning of color," he answered slowly. "We should use it differently if we did, I think. Now and then you see a man who has the right idea, but only now and then."

"De Vinne?" Greig suggested with sarcastic emphasis.

"De Vinne!" Dean flared out, the blood mantling to his forehead. "De Vinne's black is an insult to every one who knows him. I want to tear it from his back whenever I see him."

Greig raised his eyebrows in evident astonishment.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You know what the fellow was before he married Hattie Missell, what he continued to be, what he still is. It's no secret. It may be all right for a man to do as De Vinne did, and to continue to do so as long as he pleases, even though all the world knows that it was what he did that broke his wife's heart and killed her. I am not talking about what he is; I am simply saying that his black is a lie to every one he meets and an insult to her."

"Perhaps you are a bit severe," Greig said calmly. "I suppose if he wants to wear black as an expression of his feelings, he has that right."

"Now that's just it," Dean said, leaning forward. "Has he that right? Is he honest about it?"

"I don't know of any law that can force a man to be honest," Greig said, "or to seem what he is, unless," he added reflectively, "it be a moral law, and every one looks at that sort of thing according to his understanding. De Vinne may think he is doing absolutely the right thing. Black to some people is a penance, you know."

"Not to De Vinne," Dean replied shortly. "He is not the sort that does penance. His black is a cloak to his actions, not an expression of his grief. Once in a while you see a man who hasn't any more moral right to wear mourning, the way De Vinne does, than I have to swear in court to what every one knows is a falsehood; only, of course, the law would send me up for perjury, while De Vinne forces his lie upon every one he knows, and people bow to him and say, 'Poor fellow!'"

"Rather a good thing, I fancy," Greig reflected, "that we haven't any such moral law as that; or, rather, that we haven't any court of execution—here. Most of us would be doing time for perjury, I fear."

There was a break in the conversation. Dean had finished his cigar, and he did not light a fresh one. Instead he sank deep into

his chair, and gazed into the fire. He was thinking of the woman for whom De Vinne was in black. He had known Hattie Missell well. Once he had fancied he was in love with her, but she had shown him clearly that she was only his friend; very clearly, though, that she was that. She was one of the most beautiful, most fascinating women he had ever known, and as he recalled her sweet face and slight, graceful figure he quite forgot that Greig was near, looking at him and wondering at his abstraction.

"You never knew her as well as I did," he said, looking up at Greig, quite unconscious that the other man had not been following along with him in his thoughts of her, "and so you can't hate De Vinne's black as I do. You think I am unjust, and condemn him without reason, but that is because you don't really know. Hattie Missell was the sweetest woman that ever lived. He treated her like a beast. Once I saw him strike her. He was drunk, of course, but is that an excuse? It was at the Colemans' german, the winter before she died. She had been waiting an hour for him with her wraps on ready to go home. I had seen him, and knew that he was in no condition to go anywhere with any one; I had been trying to have her go home without him, but she would not. Finally he came down the stairs with his hat on the back of his head. 'Are you ready to go now, Harry?' she asked. His reply was an unintelligible mutter. 'I've been waiting an hour for you, Harry; it's very late,' she went on. He was headed for the supper room again, and she tried to stop him by standing in his way. Then he struck her with his hand in the face. I heard her smothered 'Harry!' and stepped up to him. He hadn't seen me until then. He laughed, and asked if it wasn't beastly early to go home.

"That's only a small incident," Dean went on, talking hurriedly, "but a life of such incidents can't end too soon for a woman. You see I knew her very well before she married—better, perhaps, after that night, when she knew that I knew how it was with her. A month later she wrote to me to come and see her. De Vinne had gone to Chicago for a week, on business (you remember his escapade there, it was notorious). She wanted me to attend to some law business for her. It was her will."

Dean said the last words very slowly, then stopped.

"I suppose she must have loved him," Greig said.

"She thought she did," Dean answered. "She was engaged to another man when she first met De Vinne, but the other man was away making money for her, and the engagement didn't last long—for her."

The "for her" was separated from the rest of Dean's sentence by so long a pause that Greig could not mistake its meaning. He looked up quickly.

"Oh, no," Dean said, divining the question

in Greig's look, "it was a better man than I. A true, loyal fellow, a man who really loved her, who loves her now, for that matter. His name was Sherman."

Their discussion of the meaning of colors had gone deeper than exteriors, and for a time both men thought without speaking. Finally Greig shifted his position and lit a cigarette.

"We were speaking of color, I believe, and the effect of a moral law if it could be put into execution here," he said between the first puffs of smoke. "What, for instance, do you think *he* would be getting?"

Greig nodded his head in the direction of a man who had just entered the room, and who now stood by the table, running his eyes over the various periodicals there, and occasionally picking one up to glance at the illustrations. From where he sat Dean could see the man clearly, but he had not noticed him as he came in. As he recognized him now, he gave Greig a curious look, then jumped up, and with outstretched hand went over to speak to the newcomer.

Greig did not know the man, but as he turned to meet Dean something about his features appeared familiar. Something he had heard connected itself with the man's face, but Greig was unable to recall what it was. As he looked at him carefully, his personality made the something less and less distinct. Evidently his impression was at fault, for everything about the newcomer spoke of life and gaiety.

He was not good looking, though his face, which was tanned as brown as leather, was interesting. It was not alone in the face, however, that Greig's impression of sadness was contradicted. Everything about the man was gay. His clothes were of light Scotch tweed, his linen a fine dotted pink, and his tie a de Joinville of deep red. His voice and his hearty laughter filled Greig with its own spirit, and he watched his manner and studied his face with pleasure. Dean and he were evidently old friends who had not met for a long time, and their greetings were hearty and free. They spoke of people they both had known, and of past events familiar to both. Finally the man drifted away into conversation with others who came up to greet him, and Dean, dropping out of the circle, came back again to Greig by the fire.

"Quite in our line of discussion," Greig said when Dean was seated; "the man's colors, I mean."

Dean smiled. "Yes," he said, "he is one of the few men who appreciate the real meaning of the colors they wear, who know what color is and how to use it."

"Who is he?" Greig asked.

Dean was silent a full minute. He leaned forward, resting his arm along his knee, and looked into Greig's face. "You wouldn't guess it," he said, "but he is the man who loves her now. He is Sherman."

Jerome Case Bull.

There's Many a Girl.

Words by
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

Music by
GILBERT TOMPKINS.

Moderato vivo.

♩: Moderato. p

1. My Gretchen could sing, she was charm-ing, pe - tite. With her long yel - low
2. Ba - bette was vi - va - ci-ous, be - rib-boned and smart, A win - ner of
3. My Pol - ly was fetch-ing, with dim-ples set in At each cor - ner of

p

colla voce

a tempo.

braids and her chi - na - blue gown. I laid all I nad at her
men in her air - y French togs. Her Eng - lish was bro - ken, and
bliss where the ro - sy lips meet. She's grown rath - er plump, with a

a tempo.

THERE'S MANY A GIRL.

701

lit - tle Dutch feet, But she turned up her nose and she turned me down.
so was my heart, And I ful - ly ex - pect - ed to go to the dogs.
slight dou - ble chin, But the dim - ples are there and she's just as sweet.

But now she is fad - ed, and dump - y and short. Her low notes are
But now she is wrin - kled, her eyes don't be - witch, Her wit has grown
On Pol - ly's left hand is a lit - tle gold ring That I put there my -

gone and her up - per ones crack, And she'd give the new bang that she's
flat and her smiles on - ly bore; And she'd sell her cos - met - ics or
- self, and I bless it each year. Ba - bette may be bril - liant and

re - cent - ly bought If she'd tak - en me then, or I'd just come back....
part with her switch If she on - ly could get me to ask once more....
Gretchen may sing, But Pol - ly's my girl, and I stay right here....

rit.

colla voce.

REFRAIN. *Allegretto.*

Oh, there's man - y a girl who will grieve you..... With a

colla voce.

ad lib. no, no, no. *a tempo.* With a heart ev - er

colla voce. *a tempo.*

rit. blight - ed 'twill leave you..... For a week or

rit.

tempo vivo. so..... But you'll find the pain quick - ly a - bat - ing,..... And the

colla voce.

past you'll bless..... When you light on the

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include a crescendo leading to a forte (f) section.

right one, who's wait - - - ing With a yes, yes,

vivace. *f*

colla voce. *vivace.* *f*

The second system continues the melody. The piano part includes a section marked *colla voce.* and *vivace.* with a forte (f) dynamic. The vocal line has a long note for 'wait'.

yes!.....

ff *mf*

The third system features a piano introduction marked *ff* (fortissimo) with a melodic flourish. The vocal line begins with 'yes!'. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

1 & 2. D. S. 3.

ff *D. S.*

The fourth system contains a repeat sign with first and second endings. The piano part has a forte (f) dynamic and a section marked *D. S.* (Da Capo). The system concludes with a final cadence.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE NEW HEAD OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

The death of Ambroise Thomas left the directorship of the Conservatoire vacant, and the American musicians who depend upon Paris for their standard and for the polish which shall make their art shine before the world, have been very much interested in the selection of his successor. It was generally supposed that the place would fall to Massenet or *Émile Retz*; but Massenet preferred perfect freedom to the acceptance of any new honors. *Theodore Dubois* was then proposed. It was thought that his small fortune would hardly allow him to take so unremunerative a post, but to the satisfaction of every musician he accepted, and has already made an entire change in the management of the important and influential institution under his charge.

A SAINT-SAËNS ANNIVERSARY.

Saint-Saëns recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his début in Paris by playing a new sonata for piano and violin with *Sarasate*, to whom it was dedicated. At the time of the Parisian organist's first appearance, *Chopin* and *Liszt* were before the public, but this boy of ten was brought into direct competition with them, playing works which they neglected.

Saint-Saëns was perhaps as remarkable an example of precocious musical talent as was ever recorded. At the age of twenty two months he discovered that there was a connection between the black marks of the score and the sounds of the piano. At three, he could read music and write it, and we have a clever set of waltzes which he composed at five. He has just finished his fifth piano concerto, which is said to be one of his finest pieces of composition.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF NILSSON.

Nilsson is said to have regained her lost fortune. At a recent sale of pictures at the *Hôtel Drouot*, in Paris, she paid more than a hundred thousand francs for a "*Diana in the Bath*," by *Watteau*.

Her intimate friends, and those who had been long associated with her in her companies, were the only people who realized the greatness of her loss when her fortune disappeared. She was born a peasant, but with great pride and ambition. She never had any real love for the stage; to her it was always a means to an end. When she had accumulated a fortune, and had married the *Marquis Casa Miranda*, the end of her struggles had come. She retired, content. Then her husband lost everything in speculation; and, no longer young, she went back into the field, to compete with new voices, fresh ideas. She has carried the day successfully, and is once more at rest. Her voice still retains much of its old time

beauty, but the fair goddess who charmed in her youth has grown old.

SOME WESTERN SINGERS.

It was the author of the "*Breadwinners*" who first called attention to the fact that the climate of the Northwest and the Lakes, which gives most women such high and uncomfortable speaking voices, also makes the perfect soprano. There are many examples of this theory. One of the best is *Myrta French*, who was for two years the soprano of the *Hinrichs Grand Opera Company*. *Miss French* comes from *Eau Claire, Wisconsin*. While still very young, she realized the possibilities of her voice, and came to New York to study. Here, like all students, she saw Paris ahead. She went for a little while to *Marchesi*, whose house is the Mecca of American aspirants for the operatic stage; but most of her preparatory work was done with *Sbriglia*. After two years she came out in a concert in which *Pol Plançon* assisted her, and which was so much of a success that *Sbriglia* took her on a short tour. Since her return to America she has sung with *Damrosch* and *Sousa*, besides her two years in grand opera.

Miss French has a soprano of great flexibility, which she handles with spirit and charm. She is small and dark, but possesses a dramatic power that goes a long way toward fitting her for any rôle.

Another young singer of Western origin is *Jeanne Gréta*, who conceals under her French stage name an identity whose associations are well known in America. She is the daughter of a Western railroad magnate, and the daughter in law of a deceased United States Senator. Although in her girlhood her voice had been considered very fine, and she had studied for short terms with various teachers (among them *Gaston Gottschalk*, the brother of *Louis Gottschalk*), no definite aim had saved her studies from constant interruption. About four years ago, however, her ambitions and the solicitations of her friends determined her upon a musical career.

For two years she studied with *Agramonte* of New York; but in spite of private praises, the superstition of European training kept her from obtaining any offer befitting her abilities. A foreign début loomed up as the one thing necessary. Her voice was developing from a brilliant lyric soprano to a full, rich dramatic soprano. Arrived in Paris, *Mlle. Gréta* received promises of almost unlimited possibilities from *Marchesi*, *de la Grange*, and *Bouhy*, three of the leading teachers of the world. Of these, she chose to place her future in the hands of the *Countess de la Grange*.

Almost immediately she was set to work upon a repertory of opera. Her remarkable



Myrta French.

From a photograph.

facility and earnestness gave her, at the beginning of this year, a dozen modern rôles, besides several of the older Italian classics. Massenet was so enthusiastic over what he called "her beautiful future," that he gave her a number of lessons, and presented her with a score of "Le Cid," inscribed "in remembrance of her remarkable interpretation." Thomé, Bemberg (composer of "Elaine"), and Reyer (composer of "Sigurd") also found her capable of that supreme test, the interpretation of music to the entire satisfaction of its author. Daniel Mayer, the concert director, was so much pleased with her voice, at the first hearing, that he brought her out in an orchestral concert at St. James' Hall in March. The result he called the most successful début ever made in London. It led to a number of concert engage-

ments at what is said to be the highest price ever paid to a débutante, twice as much as Mme. Melba received after her earliest public appearance, and three times Calvé's first recompense.

In London Mlle. Gréta sang two arias of such widely different demands that critics fell by the ears over her voice. One faction called it a mezzo soprano with the upper register "made," the other claiming that it is a natural high soprano with the higher notes built. There was general agreement, however, that it was singularly dramatic. This power, combined with an attractive stage presence, will ultimately, no doubt, bring Mlle. Gréta into the field of opera. She had the advantage of the tuition of M. Pluque, *régisseur* of the Opéra at Paris, in acting, and her teacher of diction, M. Jancey.

chose her from all his pupils to give an example of his skill before the directors of the Conservatoire. Massenet declared her dramatic ability to be remarkable, and there would seem to be good reason to predict that Mlle. Gréta may one day reach a high place among the

demia in Italy, and admission to membership is very difficult; but Mr. Eddy, after his performance there, was unanimously elected. The president stood up to say that the society considered itself honored by placing his name upon the list of members.



Jeanne Gréta.

From a photograph by Rottlinger, Paris.

brilliant galaxy of American feminine vocalists. Her friends claim one for her already.

TWO AMERICAN ORGANISTS.

It would seem like carrying coals to Newcastle to send an organist to Rome, but Clarence Eddy has captured the city of music and religion by his organ recital at St. Cecilia's. One Italian musical critic has said that in his time Rome has entertained no more marvelous executant on the organ than the American. St. Cecilia's is the finest *acca-*

The Italians were particularly impressed by Mr. Eddy's rendering of Bach, which America has long known and appreciated.

Guilmant, who is generally considered the best living organist, spoke to Clarence Eddy recently concerning Charles Galloway, of St. Louis, Missouri, and prophesied that in a few years this young man would rank with the great musicians. Mr. Galloway's talent for composition showed itself very early. When only twelve, he composed a "Te Deum," which was sung in several churches. The

organ has always been his favorite medium of expression, and of late he has devoted himself entirely to the study of that instrument. His hands are the hands of a pianist. He is very tall, and his fingers are unusually long, besides possessing an unwearying strength.

He has a wonderfully versatile talent. Most of his work has been serious and full of peace and evenness, but last winter, in Paris, he set one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' poems to music. It started around the American colony in manuscript, and became one of the fads of the moment.

A PROMISING AMERICAN SINGER.

Margaret Reid, who sang here two years ago in comic opera, and whose face at that time decorated the cover of this magazine, is fulfilling the prophecies we made for her. She has been singing at Covent Garden this summer, and her *Nedda* is said to be a brilliant performance.

Besides her really beautiful voice, Miss Reid brings to her work a thorough literary as well as musical understanding. She is quite young, and evidently has an operatic future.

It was as *Ophelia* that she made her debut in New York, in 1892. Marie Van Zandt, who was singing in "Hamlet," was taken suddenly ill, and by diplomatic management on the part of Miss Reid's friends



Charles H. Galloway.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

she was brought on to sing the rôle. It was her first appearance on any stage, but it was a brilliant success. The world of grand opera was before her from that moment, but she very wisely reasoned that the needed stage experience could be gained far more quickly on the light opera stage.

She is Mrs. Harold Swain in private life, and has a delightful home in London, with a garden where her dogs may run. Dogs are her fad. Last year she took a favorite bulldog upon an expedition across an Alpine glacier. The poor beast lost his footing and went into a crevasse, his mistress almost losing her own life in the effort to save him.

Miss Reid is a particular favorite of the English royal family, both as a singer in drawing rooms and on the stage.

OPERA IN TWO WORLDS.

We are to have some novelties in music during the coming season, if all reports are true. A rumor comes from Paris that Jean de Reszke and Calvé are intending to give two of Offenbach's operas in America.

It has been settled long ago that Calvé can do anything, so wide is the range of her histrionic talent. We can imagine ideal performances of "La Grande Duchesse" or "Madame Favart," with Calvé in the leading rôles. She has no consideration to give to the idle fear



Margaret Reid.

From her latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



Lola Beeth.

From her latest photograph.—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

that her public will wonder at her going from *Ophelia* to the sprightly heroines of Offenbach.

London would hardly feel complimented to be told that New Yorkers are more critical than the older community, but it is true that the British capital accepts and makes a success of artists who get small consideration here. Lola Beeth—"Tremolola," as she is facetiously called—has been popular in every rôle she has sung at Covent Garden during the past summer. It is doubtful if she returns here at all.

London might retort that New York accepts only the great artists, and wants them in every rôle, great or small, not because the critics are so many, but because they are so few. She confines her favor to the field where she is safe in granting it, giving it only to those whom the whole world honors.

VERDI'S GREAT CHARITY.

Verdi, to whom has fallen the phrase "the last of the Titans," which was so long ap-

plied to Mendelssohn, seems to add a fullness to his genius with each succeeding year. He was born in 1813, and is rounding out his life with honors of every sort, but he has not forgotten that the world may not be so kind to all men. He has deposited in the Banca di Milano the sum of four hundred thousand lire (\$80,000) as the first instalment towards establishing a Verdi House of Rest for aged and destitute musicians. This is only one third of the total sum he intends to give. He expects his wife to survive him, and at her death the home will receive the greater part of his estate. An interesting fact is that Camille Boito, a brother of the librettist and author of "*Mefistofele*," is the architect.

A FAMOUS CONDUCTOR'S MEMOIRS.

Luigi Arditi is writing his memoirs, and they should make interesting reading. They will tell the history of his artistic life, and give reminiscences and critical comments upon the hundreds of men and women who under

his baton have risen to fame, and, alas, fallen again from their high estate.

Old New Yorkers know and love Arditi. He, the elder Chickering, and Bottesini were musical pioneers in New York. They took the town when it was raw and green, as it were. Anna Louise Cary, Gerster, Campanini, Novarro, all the old names, were once connected with Arditi's. He has seen them

Paris, where she first appeared. The arrangements for her first concert tour will bring her to the American cities before she is heard in London.

PADEREWSKI'S PUPIL.

The chief lack in the average feminine concert performer is femininity. One hears a vast amount of physical effort, and a labored search-



Lillian Apel.

From a photograph by Seckely, Vienna.

all decline and disappear, and now he is telling the story.

Mme. Arditi is an American, but it is doubtful if she will return here during her husband's lifetime.

ANOTHER YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST.

It may be the influence of Paderewski which has brought out so many American pianists, but month by month the number grows. One of the latest and most promising is Lillian Apel. She is the daughter of a well known musician, and her earliest lessons were musical. She was not an infant prodigy, but has had an education which was healthy and gradual, and which has developed a thoroughly artistic nature. Miss Apel was born in Detroit, but most of her education was received in

ing after masculine effects, but the delicate shades of meaning which it should be a woman's province to give are more or less neglected. It has come to pass that even in the field of delicacy of interpretation, men surpass women.

An exception to this rule is found in Antoinette Szumowska, who came to America last year, heralded as Paderewski's only pupil. While there was nothing in her playing to recall the gifted Pole, this may be because his young countrywoman has an original talent of her own. She had, at any rate, a gift that pleased a great many critical audiences.

Mlle. Szumowska's parents were Siberian exiles, who went to Dublin when they were allowed to leave Siberia, and it was there that their daughter was born. At an early age she

went to Warsaw to be educated in music. The best of the Polish pianists trained her at the conservatory there, and then sent her on to Paris, where Paderewski and Gorski gave her the benefit of their knowledge of the piano and of ensemble chamber music. It was only five

Knowing that Mlle. Szumowska has been a pupil of Paderewski, one naturally looks with confidence for evidences of his influence. To be sure on such a point, however, one must have known her before she became his pupil. But whether her master has merely developed



Antoinette Szumowska.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

years ago that she made her first appearance at the Salle Érard in Paris, but those years have been busy with concerts in half a dozen countries. Her first visit to America was in 1895, and during last winter she played here with the Boston Symphony and the Thomas orchestras, with Ondricek, the Adamowskis, and others. She went back to Europe in April, to appear in London with the orchestra conducted by Nikisch, who is well remembered here for his work in connection with the Boston Symphony organization. Recitals in London and Paris closed a season that has established her firmly in the front rank of women pianists.

her along her natural tendencies, or has revolutionized her manner—which latter is unlikely—it is certain that she has a marked individuality of her own. In the first place, she is exquisitely feminine in interpretation and in technique. She is not without great vigor and forcefulness, for these are in a way as much the qualities of woman as of man. Her readings are frequently quite different from Paderewski's, and in general she seems to have caught from him very little beyond a thorough understanding of those methods and attitudes one might wish every pianist to adopt toward his much abused instrument. All in



Siegfried Wagner.

From a photograph by Höffert, Berlin.

all, Mlle. Szumowska is an ideally intelligent, poetic, and conscientious artist.

THE MAPLESON OPERA COMPANY.

Americans will under any circumstances be very much interested in Colonel Mapleson's opera company. No impresario ever made a greater impression over here than the man who wants to turn back the tide of time and give us Italian opera as we had it fifteen years ago, in the fashionable days of the Academy of Music.

Colonel Mapleson has announced that his singers and his operas will all be purely Italian. We shall have "Aïda," "La Traviata," "Norma," "Martha," and all the dear old melodious scores which have been regarded with such pitying indulgence by the Wagnerian school. Few of the singers announced are at all well known to us, but that means less than might have been imagined. Scalchi made a reputation here when she was entirely unknown in London and Paris. On the other hand, many artists are famous in Europe of whom we have never heard. Eleonora Duse, the actress, is new to us, but she has been celebrated in Italy for fifteen years. The prima donnas of Mapleson's company are Josephine

Huguet and Hercla Darclee. Patti listened to Huguet in Lisbon once, and said that she was the greatest coloratura soprano she had ever heard.

HEREDITY IN MUSIC.

Musical talent in its entirety is seldom inherited. The sons of great musicians seldom show that the divine fire has descended upon them. Least often of all is the peculiar combination of talents that makes up a great conductor transmitted. But in the case of Siegfried Wagner all precedent has been put aside. The son of the greatest of German composers, the grandson of Liszt, he was born with a sympathy and understanding of dramatic music phenomenal in so young a man. In this country we have in Anton Seidl one of the greatest interpreters of Wagnerian music, but the master's own son comes and takes up the baton with still greater authority. Sometimes, when old musicians have witnessed his conducting, they have felt that the very spirit of his father animated him. He seems to possess not only the understanding, but the power to transmit it to those about him. Young Wagner is not only a conductor, he is fairly the creator of an orchestra.



ABSENT.

SOMETIMES, between long shadows on the grass,
 The little truant waves of sunlight pass.
 My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
 Thinking I see thee smile !

And sometimes, in the twilight gloom apart,
 The tall trees whisper, whisper, heart to heart.
 From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
 Thinking I hear thee call !

Catharine Young Glen.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MEXICO.

THE LIFE OF THE WOMEN OF OUR SISTER AMERICAN REPUBLIC—THEIR COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, THEIR EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENTS, AND THE ATTITUDE OF MEXICAN SOCIETY TOWARD FOREIGNERS.

AMONG the crowds of visitors, principally from the United States, that flock to the City of Mexico, few attain to any real knowledge of social life among the Mexicans. An iron bound etiquette wards off foreign intrusion, and holds alien curiosity at bay as effectively as the impenetrable walls and guarded approaches of an eastern seraglio. Letters of introduction that would open wide the doors of hospitality in almost any other country, have little potency here. They serve merely to procure a formal introduction to the head of the family, and a ceremonious interview, in which no iota of punctilious politeness is missing, but which, when ended, leaves the bearer as much of an outsider as ever. Yet when proper credentials, presented through the tortuous channels of influence, have at last won the way into the penetralia of the exclusive upper ranks, friendship is lavished on the newcomer with a grace and a warmth that recompense him for the long waiting in the chilly vestibule beyond whose threshold so few strangers have been able to pass. It is taken for granted that no unworthy intruder could have overcome the sentinel dragons that watch the portals of the social sanctum, breathing forth jealous mistrust of all things foreign. Differences of nationality, of language, of inherent habits, are at once forgotten, cordial relations are established, and formality melts into a genial *laissez aller*.

The exclusiveness of this class of Mexicans may be better understood when it is remembered that it is based on the privileges of an ancient aristocracy. Descendants of noble houses which were old at the time of the founding of the City of Mexico, they have lived on into this era of republicanism with no diminution of family pride,

dwelling amid streets that bear the names of their ancestors, and surrounded by places whose history and legends are their own.

The houses of the Mexicans seem to share the social characteristics of their inhabitants. On the outside, their blank, im-



Señora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz,
The "First Lady" of Mexico.

penetrable walls give the impression of vast prisons. But if by chance the massive doors of the *zaguan* are flung wide, the passer by catches a glimpse of an open, sunny *patio*, or court, with perhaps a tossing fountain, clustered shrubs and palms, frescoed walls, a stately stairway beyond a Moorish arch, and above, on all four sides, colonnaded corridors where singing birds and flowering plants make glad with music,

brightness, and perfume, from one year's end to the other. The few windows that open to the street have balconies, and are set high. On the frequent feast days these balconies are richly draped, and here gather the dark eyed señoritas in brilliant groups to watch the parades that pass below.

Mexico holds a foremost rank in the file

wild worship to serpent gods, with human sacrifice, but of the mysterious Toltecs, a race whose name might almost be set with that of the mythical people of the lost Atlantis. Unfathomable eyes, wistful lips, and shadowy hair bespeak the blood of a lineage that leaves behind the memory of man. It is a lineage of priests and kings,



Señorita Luz Diaz,
Daughter of the President of Mexico.

of nations that claim prestige for their beautiful women. Noticeable among the points advanced to support this pretension is a certain expression, common to all classes, but so subtle as almost to escape definition. One enthusiast, in his anxious endeavor to give it tangibility and a name, called it a "prehistoric look." The qualification may not have been altogether amiss, for cruder perceptions that have likened it to the Egyptian, or even to the Hebraic caste, are misleading. Perhaps the beauty of Mexican women may be a reminiscence not of the Aztecs, who gave

whose strange knowledge and weird powers seem to lie latent in these fair daughters of Mexico, their direct descendants, who bring in their presence something that awakens a dream of things forgotten, like a waft of spent incense from crumbled temples.

A famous type of the beauty of her race is Señora Carmen Rubio de Diaz, wife of General Porfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic. She is a daughter of the late Romero Rubio, who at the time of his death held the important post of minister of the interior. She is General Diaz' second wife, and was married to him in her

early youth. She is still a young woman, though she has filled the position of "first lady of the land" for many years, and with marked success. She has the national dark eyes, olive complexion, and wealth of lusterless black hair. She is of middle height and slender, graceful build, and her manners are very winning. As is the universal custom among the wealthy classes in Mexico, she orders her gowns from Paris, but her dress is always of quiet elegance. Her tact and brilliant abilities are influential factors in political and social circles. In Mexico the President's wife never gives public receptions, and her social duties are less onerous than those of our own White House; but Señora Diaz seems to consider that her elevated station holds her pledged to the well being of her people, and devotes herself assiduously to charitable work. She has founded several institutions for the aid of working women, and for the helpless and homeless. Doña Carmencita, as she is familiarly called, is



Señora Amada Diaz de la Torre,
Daughter of President Diaz.



A Mexican Quintet,
The Children of One of the First Families in Mexico.

regarded everywhere as the very impersonation of gracious benevolence.

Her sister, Señorita Sofia Romero Rubio, has a charming face and pleasing manners, and has many American friends.

General Diaz is an ideal president for

Mexico. He has a martial bearing, a splendid physique, a magnetic and imposing presence. His rule is strong and well sustained, and the wisdom of his policy is proved by the remarkable

progress of his country during his repeated terms of office. He has two daughters, Amada (meaning "beloved"), now the wife of Señor Don Ignacio de la Torre, and

Luz ("light"), who is the inseparable companion of her stepmother.

To an American, the life of a young girl in Mexico seems somewhat severely ordered. She is brought up in the seclusion of her home, under the strictest guardianship,



Señorita Carmen Sanchez,

Granddaughter of President Juarez, of Aztec Descent.

with few opportunities for outside influences to creep in and interfere with the carefully trained habits molded by priest and tutors. Her time is occupied with the learning of accomplishments, and the practice of religious observances, rather than with the serious branches of education, or with domestic acquirements. At thirteen or fourteen she is considered marriageable, and, under the same unvarying surveillance, is permitted to begin her social life. But this, in Mexico, is not the feverish round of excitement that rules in the great American cities. Unless she is taken abroad, the young Mexican debutante passes into a broader phase of life by making a comparatively small number of new friends, rather than a bewildering horde of acquaintances. Social events are rather infrequent. She may form a friendship with any man she is

permitted to meet, but close chaperonage is never remitted for an instant. Nevertheless, and with apparent inconsistency, the instinct for coquetry, which is as strong in these demure, cloister bred maidens as in the most frivolous and unfettered American

girl, enjoys opportunities for free play—very free play indeed, it may seem to foreign onlookers. The balcony here claims special mention, as the post of vantage. Perhaps because of its height, which insures safety from any too close encounter, it is ignored by the girl's guardians; or, for the same reason, parental sympathy consents to wink. Be this as it may, the fact is that many a serious attachment, ending in marriage, has begun in a balcony flirtation.

The scene for this romance in real life is easily set: a listless girl gazing down the street, a susceptible youth passing below. It is perfectly natural that he should glance upward and she downward. He turns at a short distance, and comes back. She is nonchalant behind her fan, but permits her eyes to be attracted again. The next day she seeks the air at the same hour. He is patiently waiting on the opposite curbstone, and thus the

first act of "*haciendo el oso*" ("playing the bear"), as it is most unromantically called, is begun. Day after day finds the "bear" faithful to his post, but his lady grows more shy as affairs progress, and the don has to keep his tryst apparently alone. When she walks abroad in the grim keeping of her duenna, he meekly follows at a respectful distance, hoping for encouragement in the shape of a shy glance, discreetly given. But if, instead, he meet a haughty or an indifferent look, it is safest for him to keep afar, although the balcony flirtation, about which all the world is considerate enough to know nothing, may be continued. Rival "bears" are not infrequent, and sometimes serious complications arise, which, like the Gordian knot, can only be cut in twain by the dagger, or in modern days the bullet. After weeks and



Señorita Arguelias

months of probation, the parents suddenly become aware of the state of affairs, and if the pretender be judged worthy they invite him in.

One disadvantage of the "bear" system is that uncongenial couples frequently idealize each other, through the glamour of a difficult courtship, carried on in ignorance of each other's character. Later, when the wear and tear of matrimony has worn threadbare the once potent charm of a gracefully poised head, or the flash of a bright eye, they awake to the sad reality of their mutual unfitness. Another disadvantage is that audacious "Gringos" (Americans) in the fullness of their self assurance, have presumed, on the strength of a prolonged exchange of signals with some fair unknown perched upon a high balcony, to lift their hats when meeting her on the street. The rash foreigner feels his very marrow freeze under the icy stare that meets his overture, for

such familiarity is regarded as an unpardonable insult.

Matrimony in Mexico means a final putting away of all the lighter interests of youth, and an assumption of family responsibilities. The Mexican *grande dame*, though never burdened with domestic details—which are left to her housekeeper—finds her time and attention absorbed in a general supervision of family affairs.

The "new woman" has not yet appeared in Mexico, nor are conditions conducive to her speedy arrival. The line of feminine activity is hedged in by barriers of social and religious prejudices that will not easily be broken down. Only self impelling genius enables a woman to make for herself any notable departure from the ways that custom has appointed for her.

The Mexicans are proverbially affectionate in their family relations. There is little petty bickering or domestic selfishness. Often a newly married couple will settle down in the paternal mansion of the bride or the groom, simply to avoid the separation of parents and children. On the large

Señorita Sofia Romero Rubio,
Sister of Senora Diaz.

haciendas, remote connections will sometimes group in numbers sufficient to form a small clan.

To view life as spent on one of these haciendas, which frequently cover miles of territory, is an experience that seems to take one suddenly back into the feudal ages. Modern life, with its rigid observance of the dictates of fashion, is almost

a short jacket, embroidered with silver in gorgeous arabesques; and a felt sombrero, so heavily loaded with the same metal that you need both hands to try its weight. The wealthy *hacendado* is much given to house parties, and will stop at no expense to provide entertainment for the guests he invites to his remote, fortified palace. The scale of profusion on which everything is done may



Señorita Carlotta Corona,
Daughter of the Late Governor of Jalisco.

forgotten. Your hostess meets you wearing short, full gathered skirts, and with either a lace *mantilla* or a clinging *rebozo* about her head and shoulders. This *rebozo* is a long, Persian-like shawl, sometimes of silk, and of so fine a texture that, although more than a yard in width, it may be drawn through a lady's finger ring. Your host is transformed from a Parisian *élégant*, as you knew him in the capital, to a *charro*, dressed in buckskin, with a double row of silver buttons, linked by small chains, down either leg of his tightly fitting trousers;

be instanced by the case of one host, who took to his country house an entire opera troupe, to give nightly performances by moonlight and torchlight in the court.

Mexico is still "a land of song and story" to him who knows where its haunts of romance are to be found. The people of this half undiscovered country are keenly alive to picturesque possibilities, and have a matter of course way of introducing artistic details into their daily lives which does away with the sordid tone that dominates in more progressive parts of the world.

Whether or not their wisdom be folly is not to be determined by the stranger, who cannot be wholly responsive to the vibration at which their lives are pitched. Like antique pottery, Mexico needs a connoisseur to select the strong points of her customs and characteristics from amid a débris of imitative rubbish which, in later years, has been permitted to blur her underlying individuality.

Among those fortunate mortals who are privileged to live in two distinct epochs at once, is Señorita Maria Landa, the handsome daughter of a wealthy *hacendado*, who visits the capital during the social season. Of the others whose portraits are given here as types of their race, Señorita Carmen Sanchez possesses, besides her personal charm, a special interest as being the granddaughter of Benito Juarez, Mexico's greatest hero after Hidalgo. Juarez was of pure Indian descent. No drop of Spanish blood ran in his veins, nor did he know a word of Spanish until he had reached his twelfth year. During his boyhood the talent he showed, even amid the limitations of poverty—for his parents were simple tillers of the soil—attracted the attention of a gentleman who adopted the boy and educated him. His service to his country began in youth, and did not end until, by a life of labor and self sacrifice, he had gained for Mexico a firm place among independent nations. In the ancient cemetery of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, *La Patria*, an allegorical figure in white marble, holds her vigil of sorrow beside him, amid the wreaths and flowers that are daily offered by a grateful people. On every anniversary of his death, the President, surrounded by the members of the cabinet, stands with uncovered head before his tomb, while an oration is delivered that recites his historic deeds.

Señorita Carlotta Corona is a daughter of General Corona, who fought against Maximilian, and was afterwards assassinated while serving as governor of the state of Jalisco. Her mother was a Miss McEntee of California. Señorita Corona is well



Señorita Torres.

known by many Americans who have had the good fortune to obtain entrance into Mexican society.

Marriage between Mexicans and Americans is by no means common, but there are some cases on record. The late Princess Iturbide, mother of Don Agustin, the adopted son of the ill starred Maximilian, was a Miss Green of Washington. Señor Don Matias Romero, the veteran diplomat who has served for so many years as Mexico's minister to the United States, married Miss Lulu Allen of New York. Señor Don Ignacio Mariscal, secretary of foreign affairs, who is noted as a linguist, a philosopher, and a diplomatist, has an American wife. Señor Mariscal has translated into Spanish many philosophical and poetical works of French and English literature.

Occasionally an American weds a Mexican bride. Miss Sallie Hargous, who was a New York belle before she became Mrs. Dun-



Señorita Juana Torres.

can Elliott, and who is now one of the best known of the younger society women of the metropolis, is a Mexican by birth. So is Mrs. Eugene Kelly, the fame of whose beauty was known both in Mexico and in Spain, before her marriage to the New York banker.

The Señoritas Torres are sisters, and belong to a family long prominent in political circles. They are accomplished members of the highest Mexican society.

"Higher education" finds few votaries among the women of Mexico. They are content to devote themselves to "accomplishments"—as our grandmothers were. Of these, music and embroidery are chief. Ecclesiastical embroideries, such as altar decorations and gorgeously ornamented vestry garments, are often the pious labor of rich Mexican women, who spare no

pains in the production of marvelous needlework, stiff with richness, and studded with pearls and other precious stones.

The acquisition of languages seems to come easily to the Mexicans, but they are usually shy of expressing themselves in any tongue except their own, or the French, which is commonly used in conversing with foreigners, although strict politeness demands that a stranger should be addressed in his native language.

Mexican women are much given to the making of verses, for which the musical Spanish is well adapted. Their sentiment is generally florid, a style that finds an appropriate vehicle in the sonorous Castilian. Mexican authoresses are not unknown, and many volumes of worthy poetry have been



Señorita Maria Landa.

published. Some of these poetesses are Esther Tapia de Castellanos, Señora Castro, Señora Kleinhaus, and Señora Landzuri. Señora Castro, who is of pure Indian descent, signs her poems "Mariposa Indiana," or "Indian Butterfly."

There is an air of *dolce far niente* about the life of a Mexican woman. There is no breathless scramble for distinction, and any effort to outvy her neighbors is considered essentially vulgar. Many graceful little social customs brighten the path of every day intercourse. Among these is the universal use of the Christian name between acquaintances and friends, a familiarity which is emphasized by the affectionate diminutive. Luisa becomes "Luisita," without any preceding title—a custom which seems strange to a foreigner, particularly when he hears married women thus addressed by young men of their circle. Another pretty fashion is the *abrazo* with which friends greet—a delicate embrace, accompanied by a caressing pat on the shoulder, and light kisses on either cheek.

When a photograph is given, a *dedicatorio*, or dedication, is always inscribed on the back, sometimes stating the age of the donor, for Mexican women do not understand the motives that prompt to concealment of their age. Young women retain the gracious gift of youth in all its perfection until the flower of life springs suddenly into full blown maturity. In the tropics there is a strange similarity between this abrupt ripening of life and the quick burst of light that turns night into day with scarcely an interval of twilight.

Among Mexican women kindness of heart is a characteristic. Demonstrations

of this feeling are so effusive that at first sight they seem exaggerated and insincere. After a time, the stranger recognizes the impulse from which they spring, and grows to admire them.

It seems a distinct inconsistency that women of such refinement should openly profess to enjoy the repugnant sport of the bull ring. Whenever the arrival of a celebrated *malador* is announced, boxes are engaged, at inflated prices, long in advance of the performance, and matrons and maidens of the best families attend, wearing delicate evening costumes. Often these exhibitions are given for the benefit of religious and charitable institutions. Grand opera is always well patronized, but concerts and musical recitals are not in vogue.

During the winter months, the flower of Mexican society is to be seen every afternoon, between the hours of five and six, on the Paseo, the fashionable boulevard built by Maximilian, which leads from the capital to the historic castle of Chapultepec. The women ride, richly attired, in open carriages, but many of the men are mounted on spirited horses of fine foreign breeds. There is a constant exchange of greetings as friends and acquaintances pass and re-pass one another in a procession that follows a prescribed route extending half way up the picturesque drive, and kept clear by mounted military guards, stationed at intervals in groups of three or four. In contrast to the stylish vehicles, with liveried drivers and footmen, is seen the President's equipage, handsome and costly, but with unliveried attendants and no emblazoned bearings—an emphatic expression of democratic dignity.

Jeannie A. Marshall.

THE FLOWER AND THE SWORD.

"I AM a sword of Damascus steel;
I'll fight or die, come woe or weal.
I love the sound of the battle's din,
And fame and glory I would win.
Aye to my master I'll be true;
Now tell me, comrade, who are you?"

"I am a blossom of low degree,
Kissed by the breeze from yonder sea;
Only a flower of no renown
Growing alone on my native down,
To bless and cheer in my lowly way
The hearts of the men whom you would slay."

William Edwards Cameron.

A ROSE OF REDDEST HUE.

I SOMETIMES think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely
head.

SHE was an ugly little thing. Mrs. Symonds had sighed more than once as she looked at her, wondering how so plain a child could be her daughter. She sighed now as she saw her standing apart from the group on the terrace below. Why could not Rose imitate her sister, so far, at least, as to show some interest in the things about her, instead of staring vacantly at a few clouds piled up in the west? Then the mother called, "Rose!" and sighed again. The girl's name, even, was against her. Why had she so depended on the child's baby beauty as to give her a flower's name?

Rose started at the call, and her quick perception felt painfully the metallic ring in the summoning voice, but she turned obediently toward the hotel veranda. As she came up, Mrs. Symonds surveyed her impatiently.

"Why haven't you on a white gown instead of that blue thing?" she asked abruptly.

Rose flashed. "Esther had to have her gowns ironed today, mother, and there wasn't time for mine, the woman said." She paused, then added, "But it doesn't matter."

"No," her mother returned, "it doesn't matter;" and though her voice was quiet, there was that in it which deepened the dusky flush on Rose's cheek.

"Was there anything you wished, mother?" she asked, after another pause.

Mrs. Symonds looked up from her embroidery. "Do join the young people, Rose, instead of withdrawing yourself so persistently. It is a humiliation both to Esther and myself that you are so unsocial in your tastes."

"But mother," Rose said hurriedly, "they are talking about the tableaux for Thursday. They don't—that is, I am not——"

Mrs. Symonds set three methodical stitches, and then said, without looking up, "You will oblige me, Rose, by going to your sister."

The girl's lip quivered for an instant as she looked at the hard face before her. Then she turned slowly toward the merry group gathered about Esther Symonds. As she drew near, the babel of voices resolved itself into distinct parts.

"Jennie shall be the *Beggar Maid*, and Mr. Chapman the *King*."

"And Jack *Mephistopheles*, and Marguerite——"

"Why, Esther, of course! No one has such masses of yellow hair as she."

"And *Faust*—we must decide on him next."

Rose came up just then, her timidity resolving her shrinking manner into positive awkwardness as she stood on the outskirts of the group. One of the older men saw, with a curious concern, the dumb pain in the girl's eyes, and said, moved by a carelessly kind impulse, "Here is Miss Rose. What part have you left for her, Miss Symonds?"

Esther laughed. "The 'nut brown mayde' isn't billed," she said in her smooth, soft voice. "Don't worry over her, Mr. Dyneton, but do come and help me straighten out this list."

Yet before she bent her yellow head over the paper she sent a swift glance up to her mother, which Rose intercepted, and which prepared her for a second summons. She walked back to the house with a dull pain throbbing at her temples, and a pitiful aching in her throat. As she ascended the steps, Mrs. Symonds, her face darkened with displeasure, said coldly,

"You would better go to your room and lie down until tea time, Rose."

The girl's quivering heart revolted at the thought of her little room with its western windows.

"Oh, mother," she said pleadingly, "it is so warm there! It would rest me to go down to the lake."

Mrs. Symonds answered with a touch of anger.

"Always eager to be alone! Go where you please."

Rose turned and walked swiftly down toward the shore, to a place where a curve in its line hid her from the people above. Then she ran, on and on, seemingly finding

in the swift motion some outlet for her pain, until she came to a little nook made by a tree and an overhanging rock, hardly ten feet from the water's edge. A few pine boughs spread upon the sand, and a worn little volume of Shelley, were there to show that the place had been visited before.

The girl sank exhausted on the boughs. She looked out on the mirror-like waters, her hand pressed convulsively on her heart; but her breathing grew less heavy, and the color came slowly back to her lips. Suddenly she rose, and going to a little pool at the water's edge she bent over it eagerly. A pale ray from the summer sun lay across it, throwing back the girl's face in minute detail. Her brow and mouth had an almost judicial set. Then, with a new hardness about her, she sank down beside the water and clasped her hands about her knees. A heavy tremor shook her, and she threw herself on the sand and writhed in tearless agony.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned, "why can't you love me? I am so ugly, but—if I could be pretty once, and then die! I want to die. They wouldn't care. If I could only be in one of those tableaux! But I'm too ugly, I know. Oh, God, let me die now!"

It was long past tea time when a slender figure walked quickly up the pathway, unheeded in the dusk—or unheeded by all save one. Arthur Dyneton was bending over Esther, listening to her pretty voice, and laughing at her somewhat shallow repartee; but he started as the shabby blue gown touched him, and he bit his lip as he glanced at Esther's face.

"Poor little thing," he thought, "with her selfish mother and sister, and her ugly little face, and her made over gowns." At this point Esther recalled him, but his mind was still on the "ugly little face." He smiled to himself in the twilight.

"Good!" he thought. "Van doesn't care much for the general run of girls, especially just now, but she's interesting, or I'm mistaken. When he comes, I'll ask him to help me give her a show. Meantime—" And smiling grimly, he turned to Esther, saying somewhat abruptly,

"By the way, Miss Symonds, a friend of mine comes tomorrow evening just in time for the house dance—and just in time, perhaps, for the tableaux. He is an artist of some note, and has a positive genius for posing people."

Esther laughed. "A friend in need," she responded lightly. "The tableaux are hereby given over to him. They were get-

ting almost too much for me. But your friend is—?"

"Van Masters of New York. He is, as I said, an artist of some reputation, and is rich enough, too, to indulge every vagary of the artistic temperament. We have been friends from boyhood."

The next afternoon Dyneton was lying in lazy abandon on the sand, just at the western turn of the shore, when Rose appeared. He sprang to his feet immediately, tossing his cigar toward the water, where it fell with a faint sputter.

"Ah, Miss Rose," he said, "started on your daily constitutional? I've seen you disappear behind these rocks every afternoon for a week, until I frankly own I am curious."

Rose flushed as usual, and dropped her eyes in shy confusion.

"Ah!" muttered Dyneton, "she has eyelashes, any way;" for Rose's long black lashes rested on her olive skin and then curled upward.

"Yes, thank you," she stammered; "I mean—that is, I do go every day because the water is so beautiful. Oh," she breathed impulsively, "if mother would only let me row!"

"How often have you been out on the water?" Dyneton asked quickly.

"Just once these four weeks."

"And you love it so? Miss Rose, will you wait here while I get my boat? Your mother can trust me, I think;" and taking her radiant smile as a consent, Dyneton started off at a good pace. She had not long to wait, for in less than fifteen minutes he pushed ashore, and soon had the bewildered girl settled among the cushions of the Lotus.

All morning Rose had heard nothing save theatrical talk, every word of which cut to the quick; and in utter desperation, she had run off after dinner in search of some comfort from the only real mother she had ever known—nature herself. She could not understand, all at once, that she seemed to be really wanted somewhere.

Dyneton's easy manner, together with the feeling that he was so much older than herself—in reality he was but twenty seven—put her more at her ease than she had been throughout the whole month of summer resort life. He treated her more as the child she was than as the young woman her mother would make her; and yet he gave her the courtesy that a gentleman extends to every woman, be she seven or seventy. It was the first time since her father's death, four years before, that Rose

had felt a vital sympathy with any one; and her chilled heart responded with an eager warmth that would have astonished Dyneton not a little could he have realized its intensity.

He exerted his entertaining powers to the utmost that afternoon. Partly by reason of her shyness, but more because of her range of reading and quick sympathies, Rose was a rarely good listener. Dyneton found a strange fascination in watching the dark eyes widen and gleam beneath their lashes, and in following the crimson ebb and flow on her cheek as she listened, spell bound by the vivid art he seldom cared to exercise. He was sincere in thanking her for the pleasant afternoon she had given him. As they walked up from the boat house he alluded to the dance that evening, and asked for the first and fourth numbers. Rose shyly granted them, and Dyneton added,

"I want you to come down for another reason. I'm expecting a friend of mine from New York tonight—a Mr. Van Masters, whom I want to introduce to you. He's a fine fellow, and I'm quite sure you'll like him."

Even as he spoke the evening stage whirled up, and with a hasty "Excuse me," he walked rapidly to the drive.

As Rose dressed hurriedly for tea—the white gown had been laid on her bed—she was not in thought or feeling the same girl who had left the room that afternoon. A sudden glance in the mirror blighted the new emotion, for her little brown face seemed to her all the uglier against the white of her gown; and as she gazed, Rose's eyes filled with tears. It was not from vanity that she longed for beauty; but her morbid brooding had made her feel that it was only fairness of face that could win her any measure of love and liking, and she yearned for it as the alchemist yearns for the magic transmutter. The emotion of healthy self appreciation had gone, and as she slowly descended the stairs she was once more the shy, self repressed girl of old. Dyneton noticed the strained look in her eyes as she entered the room, and as he and his friend were pacing the veranda after tea, he said abruptly,

"Van, old man, do me a favor."

"Name it."

"Did you notice that girl in the white gown who came in late?"

"The girl with the gipsy face?"

"Yes, a Miss Symonds, Rose Symonds," Dyneton said.

"Horrors!" ejaculated the artist. "To

name that sort of a face by a flower when she needs Spain all about her!"

"Look here, Van;" and Dyneton stopped short. "I am sorrier for that little thing than I've been for any one. She's the sister of that pretty girl you noticed when we first went in—a girl who is as selfish as she's pretty. Mrs. Symonds is a widow with a comparatively small income. As Esther is her pride, she gets everything; and the woman seems to hate that poor, ugly little thing for her homeliness. The child has a heart that much more such treatment will turn to stone, and there seems to be no end to it."

He paused and then broke out again. "I tell you, Van, you may laugh at me for a fool, but that girl has in her the making of a grand woman if her heart isn't broken in her girlhood by cursed nonsense. What if she isn't pretty? She's got a mind that's worth any two I can think of. I forgot to tell you that I stopped one of her lonely walks this afternoon, and took her rowing instead. She's shy, but I gathered that she and her father were inseparable. He was evidently a scholar, and, though she was only fourteen when he died, he's left an impress that's been her salvation up to now. Van, you can help me a good deal if you want to, for I tell you that that girl is going to have a decent summer if I can manage it."

Van Masters laughed at his friend's excitement.

"You said something about a house dance this evening. Will she be down?" It was his sole reply, but Dyneton was satisfied.

As the orchestra tuned up for the evening, Dyneton looked around for his protégée, and finally found her, pale and miserable, on a side veranda. Just then the discords melted into a waltz, and drawing her through a low window into the waltz room he glided away with her.

"Point number two!" he thought. "She can dance;" and when the number was over, Waverly Beach boarders had a sensation, for Dyneton walked over to Rose with his distinguished friend, and in another moment Van Masters was waltzing with "that ugly little Symonds girl."

Rose had no lack of attention that evening, for Dyneton and Van Masters exerted themselves; and when her one showy talent was fully recognized, she had plenty of opportunities to exercise it. She herself could not understand it, but with childish gratitude she ascribed everything to Mr. Dyneton. She was not afraid of him now;

and no, she was not afraid of Mr. Van Masters either; and no, she did not like him better than Mr. Dyneton.

Two days later the tableaux came. About five o'clock, Esther joined a group on the shore, made up mostly of the actors of the evening.

"Do you know," she said impatiently, "Janet is too ill to act, and whom we can have for *Carmen* I don't know. She is the only one dark enough. Mr. Van Masters, help me."

Van Masters looked up lazily.

"That isn't hard, Miss Symonds. Have Miss Cardrow's costume sent down to your sister's room, and I'll promise you a *Carmen* that will surprise you."

"What!" Esther exclaimed. "She can't act."

Van Masters smiled reassuringly into Rose's deprecating face.

"You will help us, Miss Rose?" and without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Suppose you dress by seven o'clock, and let me pose you in the music room a few moments alone."

Esther waited to hear no more, but turned in the stately way that Rose understood too well, and went back to the house without speaking.

The parlors were packed that evening, and for amateurs the tableaux were surprisingly good. It was the last one, however, which carried off the honors, and for which Van Masters had reserved *Carmen*. The scene chosen was that of the Spanish girl's seizure by *Don Jose*. As the curtain rose, it disclosed a fairly good soldier in the person of a young college student who belonged to a company encamped near by. He was looking, with a last remnant of sternness, at a girl standing with her back to him. Her red and white gown with its short skirt, showing her small, red slipped feet beneath it; her shorter sleeves, revealing the tapering, olive tinted arms and hands bound loosely behind her; and the red corsage outlining the slender figure, all made a rich study in form and color. But it was the expression and poise of her head which last caught and longest held the eye. It was turned just enough to show the classic profile, a point the artist had made most prominent, while from her eye there gleamed a look so pleading, so coquettish, and so daring, that before the curtain dropped the house broke into involuntary applause.

As Van Masters and Rose were promenading after one of the later dances, he said rather abruptly, "Miss Symonds, I want to

take you out on the lake tomorrow afternoon, incidentally for pleasure, really to talk over the excuse you pleaded for not acting this evening."

Rose colored. "But, Mr. Van Masters, it was quite true," she said hurriedly. "I never dreamed that I could do anything but fail."

Van Masters laughed.

"Miss Symonds, I am going to tell you a little story to dream on tonight; tomorrow we will discuss it. A good many years ago there lived a girl about your age, whose life was a burden to her because of her utter lack of beauty. But one day she made up her mind that she would be ugly no longer, and from that day she studied to be beautiful. She proved to all the world that no woman need be ugly unless she chooses, for she died the 'divine Rachel' of all France."

Rose was staring at him with great, imploring eyes.

"Do you think—I mean, can I—"

But the last waltz had begun, and Van Masters only smiled as he whirled her away.

Ten minutes later Dyneton came upon them in the hall as the artist was bidding Rose good night. Something in the expression of the girl's eyes sent a shock through him as he turned hastily toward the veranda. In a few moments Van Masters joined him, and the two men paced two lengths of the house in silence. Finally, Dyneton said with an effort,

"Van, your confidence of a month ago is not to be divulged until the fall, under any circumstances?"

Van Masters laughed.

"No—under penalty of there being no confidence to divulge."

They separated, and when Dyneton was alone he murmured,

"I hope the cure won't be worse than the disease. Heaven forbid!" And there was a tender look in his eyes as he uttered what was to him a prayer.

Ten days had gone by, and on the morrow Van Masters' visit was to come to an end. On this last afternoon Rose and he walked out to her lonely retreat on the lake shore, and they were standing together by the small pool which not two weeks before had reflected such a sad little face.

"And if it could its secrets unfold," Van Masters quoted gaily. "Here, Miss Rose, bend over here with me. Didn't I tell you the truth? Your face is one of the few faces which, viewed from the front, give no hint of their classic profile. That's why

you must always wear your hair in a Greek knot, instead of so high. Your face is too long to stand it. Then, too, take another look at the eyes. Last time they were so busy picking out defects that they forgot to glance at themselves, whereby they missed something worth looking at."

As they bent together above the pool, he laughing and Rose flushing, a small photograph fell out of his pocket, face up. As Rose involuntarily glanced at it, she saw the picture of a beautiful girl, whose lips and eyes seemed to smile into the face above them as the man lifted it tenderly, carefully, wiped the moist sand from it, and replaced it in his pocket.

Rose had watched him mechanically, with a face that grew whiter every instant. His whole manner had been one impossible to mistake, yet she thrust it all aside with a stubborn fierceness. She fought against the cloudiness around her. She struggled to remember what they had said last. She shuddered from head to foot. In that instant Rose's girlhood departed forever, her woman's soul was born. It seemed hours before she heard an exclamation, then an eager—

"Miss Rose, can that be Dyneton signaling to us?"

She looked toward the lake. Yes, it was Dyneton, in a small boat, close to the shore, but some distance away. He was waving; he evidently wanted them, and they walked down the beach to meet him. In a few moments he landed and walked up to his friend.

"A telegram, Van, marked 'Haste.' I saw you come this way, and rowed after you."

Van Masters tore open the envelope, and read its contents before Dyneton had finished; then he thrust the telegram towards him, with a hand that trembled as he said dully,

"It is Madeline, injured in a runaway." Then, with a sudden passion, he cried, "For God's sake, man, hurry! We may just make the late train." Dyneton made ready to push off while Van Masters turned to Rose. "Madeline and I are engaged," he said simply. "I must go to her. I know your heart is full for us both. Don't forget me, little Rachel;" and he motioned her toward the boat.

"No, no!" Rose cried. "One more makes it all the heavier. Indeed, no! I want to walk back;" and Dyneton, glancing keenly at the girl's face, bowed silently and pulled off.

Her eyes followed the slender boat as it

moved swiftly through the waters, until a turn in the shore line intervened. Yet still she stared with wide, unseeing eyes which the glinting sunlight on the water and the shimmer of the air above the hot, yellow sand failed to dazzle.

Suddenly she started. A butterfly, brilliant with its blue and yellow coloring, had flashed past her, bearing on its azure fans the old soul myth of Psyche and her Cupid. Rose watched it with curious attention as it swung to and fro in the sunshine, now hovering over the shallow water, now far above her head. For an instant it poised itself on the sand almost at her feet. Rose's gaze followed it, and as it fluttered away far down the shore, she raised her head and looked about her with eyes that gleamed and dilated with a swift growing pain. For another moment she stood erect. Then she sank down with a sob, and laid her cheek upon the footprint lying on the sand by the water's edge.

At the hotel tea was over; Van Masters had gone, and Rose had not returned. Dyneton waited, with increasing anxiety, until the sun was almost at its setting; then he took his boat and rowed back to the place where he had found them that afternoon. She was still there, lying face down on the sand.

Dyneton touched her with a woman's tenderness. He had almost decided to take her back in her unconscious state to the house—much as he dreaded possible comment for her—when she stirred, sighed faintly, and then opened her dark eyes full upon him. He bent over her, saying cheerily,

"Well, Miss Rose, that fall was too much for you. Tell me if it is more than the mere stunning."

She stared vaguely for a second, and then, as full consciousness returned, grasped eagerly at the straw he held out.

"Yes," she stammered, "I started to walk, and I—fell. Was I missed? Does any one—"

"No one has missed you," Dyneton answered quickly. "It is hardly sunset. Yet if you are able—" and as Rose assented, Dyneton placed her carefully in the boat, and rowed in almost utter silence toward Waverly Beach. Rose hardly spoke until Dyneton helped her ashore; then she turned to him imperiously.

"Not a word to any one of my—fall," she said. "I am quite strong. I will not have one word said."

Dyneton's heart ached for her as she stood proudly before him, but he answered her as

she wished, and they walked to the house in silence. As soon as they had reached it Rose left him, and ran in feverish haste to her room.

"I can't be alone," she whispered. "I must go down, for he—some one might think——"

She tossed over her box of ribbons hurriedly; then she crossed the hallway to Esther's room.

"Have you some yellow ribbon?" she asked as she entered.

"There's a bolt of it in my tray," Esther answered carelessly. "You may have it if you want it. It doesn't suit me."

Rose took it, and went back to her room, saying softly,

"He said today that deep yellow would suit me."

With fingers tense till they ached she smoothed out the shimmering satin; then she hastily knotted it into bows and ends, and fastened them in the white of her gown. Pausing only to glance at the general effect, she ran swiftly down stairs. When Dyneton entered a few moments later, he was astounded to find her almost the center of a group. She noticed him not at all, but threw herself into the whirling life about her as he never dreamed she could. All evening she talked and laughed, tossed back glittering repartee, and enacted the rôle of a woman of the world. Dyneton was pained by the pity of it, for he understood its true meaning. The rosebud had bloomed, but its leaves were flecked with crimson.

When the girl went up stairs that night her reputation was made. Interest in her had first been aroused by her *Carmen*, but not until tonight had she frankly accepted the many overtures that had been made to her. The tide had turned in her favor. "That ugly little thing" had been miraculously transformed into "that striking girl," and before another week Rose had distanced both her sister and pretty, brown haired Miss Cardrow.

Mrs. Symonds and Esther were annoyed at the transformation, and neither approved of it. But the girl had somewhere found a strange self assertion; and though Esther was still her dearest, the mother was vanquished by the daughter's new born dignity and imperiousness.

Late the following winter Dyneton passed through Chicago on a business trip, and called at Mrs. Symonds' home. Esther and her mother were out, but he was shown into the library, where Rose was sitting. As she came toward him he stood fascinated

by the picture she made in her filmy black gown with its flashes of vivid yellow.

"I've been thinking of last summer all day," she exclaimed in her sweet, clear tones, "ever since the postman came this morning. You know what it was that reminded me about it, of course;" and with a steady hand she held out Van Masters' wedding cards.

As he heard her voice, Dyneton felt a strange exultation. Surely it had been but a fancy after all. As he took the cards he met her eyes, smiling and brilliant; but as he looked he read, with the keenest of all insights, the awful hardness there.

For an hour they talked, Rose in a fever of gaiety, and Dyneton with an aching heart. He gathered that her social successes had been great, yet he could not comprehend that this dark, charming woman had been evolved in six months from the child he had pitied and helped. His eyes dimmed. The child he had helped; the woman he could only pity. His fingers bent and rebent the envelope he still held. No, there was nothing he could do—now; and then, not without reluctance, he rose to go.

"Yes," she replied in answer to a last question. "Mother and Esther will probably go back to the Beach next summer, but I—" and she lifted her eyes to his, full of the laughing, gleaming hardness—"the old time enchantment might rebind me;" and then, with an instant perception of her words' twofold meaning, her eyes fell beneath his gaze, while her fingers nervously folded an end of the yellow ribbon at her waist.

Moved by an impulse too strong to be resisted, Dyneton bent forward and took her other hand.

"Rose"—he spoke her name for the first time—"I want to tell you something, dear. Nothing comes to us save for our good. If it is joy, we must let it humble us; and if it is sorrow—oh, Rose, never let it harden!" He stopped for an instant. "Rose," he went on, "it was the woman hidden in the child that drew me to you last summer. I tried to help the child, and I pray that the woman may help herself by accepting every joy and sorrow as the very best life has for her. I am coming to Chicago next winter, and I shall hope and expect to see you then;" and with a silent hand clasp he was gone.

Rose went slowly back to the library. As she passed the table, she took up the wedding cards that lay there. Walking over to the fireplace, she stood for many

minutes staring into the glowing embers. They had begun to fade before the click of the hall door roused her. Her mother and sister had returned.

Rose drew a sharp breath. For an instant she hesitated. Then, with a quick determination, she threw the envelopes full

upon the coals. In a motionless silence she watched them to the last quiver of the charred papers; but when she lifted her head she murmured softly,

"He helped the child and he has helped the woman;" and her eyes were wet with tears.

Edna B. Kenton.



THE MORNING RIDE.

OFF with the gyves of slumber,
For the beads of night are told !
The east has lost its umber,
And glows with a gleam of gold.

The gray mists rise from the valleys,
And lift from the mountain walls,
And only the dullard dallies
When morn, like a bugler, calls.

A radiant ribbon of amber
The road shall stretch in the sun ;
And whether we coast or clamber
We'll joy till the goal be won.

Not a shred of care or passion
Shall cling to the face of truth ;
We'll speed in a heart free fashion,
A-thrill with the fire of youth.

Drawn to the core of our being,
All beauty shall meet and merge ;
We shall come from our clear eyed seeing
Like a bird to the blue day's verge,

Having held in a priceless vision
The width of the air and earth,
Washed clear of the world's derision,
And filled with a nobler mirth.

So hey ! for the golden weather
And the buoyant bliss we feel !
And ring out a song together
In praise of the steed of steel.

Clinton Scollard.

SARA CREWE'S LITTLE GAME.

ONCE when I was a little girl visiting my grandfather, his barn on the hillside caught fire, and I was the first one who thought of the danger to his beloved carriage. I can see it now, hideous, lumbering old vehicle that it was! I rushed to the barn, tore open the great doors, grasped the shafts, and ran it to the doorway. From there to the bottom of the hill the carriage ran me.

I have never forgotten the sensation when my grandfather died, and the farm fell to Penelope and me. The carriage episode repeated itself. For some weeks we ran the farm; then the farm ran us, until the bottom of the hill, and ruin, stared us in the face.

It was all Uncle John's fault; at least Penelope and I so felt it to be. He knew, and we knew, and all the neighborhood knew, that grandfather had not intended leaving us the farm and no money with which to keep it in order. During the last weeks of his illness, a stock company in which every one had believed failed suddenly. When the will was read our portion proved to be the old home farm and a number of valueless stocks in the ruined company. Everything else went to Uncle John, who already owned a large farm that grandfather had given him on his marriage years before. All the neighborhood thought that Uncle John would make up the value of the useless stocks to his dead brother's children. Penelope thought he would, and Alec, Uncle John's stepson, was sure of it.

I said nothing, for I was sure of the contrary, and I was right. The only move Uncle John made in the matter was to send us a written offer of ten thousand dollars for the farm. Pen sat looking at the letter in dismay. As the elder sister by fifteen years, she opened our joint letters.

"Sara Crewe," she said—she always gave me the benefit of my full name—"Sara Crewe, Uncle John must know that the farm is worth fifteen thousand if it is worth a penny."

I was feeling very guilty.

"Penny," I said, "I must confess something to you. I have done a stupid thing. I should have known better. The day that

the will was read, Uncle John asked me if we should sell the farm, and I said, 'Knowing how grandfather loved it, I should feel it dishonest to sell to any one outside of the family.' Now, you see, Uncle John is the only living relation we have. There is no one to bid against him that we would accept, and he knows it. Penny, I was very stupid, and I beg your pardon for it."

"You needn't feel so badly," said my sister, "for he asked me the same question and got the same answer. But even if he did buy the farm, he has no one to leave it to but Alec, and that would be leaving it out of the family, unless, Sara Crewe——"

"He's not going to buy it at ten thousand dollars," I interrupted. "We will write to him that we hold the farm at fifteen thousand dollars, and see what he does then."

But we did not see; for Uncle John did nothing, not even replying to our letter. Yet we knew he received it, for Alec told us so. Penelope and I talked the situation over, and finally, in the face of advice from all the neighborhood, decided to try making the farm support us, aided by a small yearly income which our father had left us. The result was as I have said: we and the farm ran steadily down the hill.

It was long before Penelope and I would fairly acknowledge to each other that our experiment was a failure, and I don't know how long this reserve would have held if it had not been rudely broken. Open speech between us came about in this way: we were preparing to go into town to make some purchases for the farm—we purchased for nothing else by that time—when Penelope came into my room half dressed, with one shoe on her foot and one in her hand. She said, "Sara Crewe, look at this slit in my shoe."

"Is it on the outside or the inside?" I asked. "If it is on the outside, wear your right shoe on your left foot, and vice versa. I managed my last pair in that way for a week."

"I thought of that, but they are not reversible."

"Then wear them as they are, and when we get into town, we will buy a new pair," I said desperately.

"I'd like to know where the money's to come from, Sara Crewe. We must buy chicken feed today. The hens have almost stopped laying. I won't buy a pair of shoes until they begin again."

Penelope's facts were undeniable. I examined the shoe carefully. "Penny," I said, "snip off those ravelings sticking out of the slit, and black the white lining. Then, if you wear a black stocking, perhaps the hole won't show."

Penny listened, and followed my suggestions. By the aid of several like maneuvers, we really looked so nice that, after our business in town was completed, I proposed a visit to the neighborhood of fashion, where lived a connection of ours, known to Penelope and myself as the "Favored of Fortune."

"We had better go now, Pen," I said; "we may never have another chance. Dear knows what we may look like the next time we come to town!"

Pen dislikes remarks of that kind. She prefers to ignore disagreeable particulars, even in the bosom of the family; but she saw the force of my argument, and assented. Just opposite the home of the Favored of Fortune lies a little park. As we crossed its stone pavement, I heard an exclamation of horror from Pen. I turned to see her extended finger pointing to the ground.

"That," she said in a tragic whisper, "that is *toe*."

I looked. There it was, undeniably. It had punched a way through the black stocking, and was poking out from her black shoe like a little white terrapin head. Its expression was so funny that I sat down on a bench and laughed until the tears ran down my face. A sense of the ridiculous is the little hobby horse that has carried me safely over many a muddy road, but Penelope will rarely mount him behind me.

"Sara Crewe," she said severely, "it is not your toe, or you wouldn't laugh."

I disagreed with her, but it was not the time to say so.

"Pen," I said, "you will have to ask the Favored of Fortune to lend you a pair of shoes."

"I will walk home barefoot first," returned Pen; and I knew she would.

"Pen," I said, "what makes you so proud? I believe the marrow in your bones would stand up alone. If you won't ask help, you must sit down on this bench, and turn your stocking wrong side out. That will throw the hole on the other side."

"And have the police speak to me. Sara Crewe, have you lost your mind?"

"He won't see you. I will hold my skirts before you. You'll have to choose between him and the Favored of Fortune, Pen."

She chose the former.

"Do you know where I am going now?" she said, when the performance was safely over. "I am going straight out into the country to offer the farm to Uncle John for thirteen thousand dollars."

"Agreed," I answered, and we went forthwith. David, our black factotum, was waiting for us with the carriage—the same that ran me. David was a legacy from our grandfather, along with the farm. Penelope reposed an absolute confidence in him and his experience. Mine had received some shocks.

"To Uncle John's, David," said Penelope, with unnecessary decision, as we entered the carriage.

When we reached our uncle's home, Alec came out of the house to receive us. His mother had died years before, not long after her marriage to our Uncle John, and Alec lived alone with his stepfather. Uncle John had not much patience with Alec, who openly believed in theoretical farming, and wore gloves. Uncle John's creed was that a man should advertise his profession by trademarks upon his person.

"When I buy a horse," he would say, "I look at his teeth; with a farmer, I look at his hands." Alec's white hands were as thorns in his stepfather's side.

"Father's on the back porch," said Alec.

"He's buying eggs of a man. Did you ever see father buy eggs? You'd better take a lesson. It's a kind of retroactive thing. The man sells the eggs, and father sells the man."

We found Uncle John on the back porch, with a basket of eggs before him. A wooden ring was in his hand. Any egg which would go through the ring he rejected; only the eggs that stuck came up to his standard for buying. He nodded to us, and went on with his purchasing.

"Penelope," I whispered in her ear, "ask him twelve thousand five hundred for the farm, not thirteen thousand."

"Sara Crewe," Penelope replied, in the same tone, "you said on the way out that you wouldn't come down a single penny."

"I hadn't seen that ring then," I answered. "Pen, I really think you'd better say twelve thousand."

"Very well," she answered; and when Uncle John was ready to give us his attention, that was the offer Pen made him.

Uncle John had one habit of awful fasci-

nation for me. Whenever he talked on business matters, he remodeled his features with his fingers, one after the other, in a kind of innocent, pensive way, not to his personal advantage. On this occasion he remodeled his nose and lips, but not his heart. He would only repeat his offer of ten thousand, which Pen refused as absolutely. The interview was short, and was conducted, on my sister's side, with some asperity, which Uncle John met with forbearance as aggravating as it was unyielding. On these terms we parted.

"Penny," I said, when we reached home, "what on earth are we to do? Of course we can't sell the farm outside of the family, as Uncle John knows too well; but how are we to keep, not rings, but gloves on our fingers, and shoes on our toes—"

"I wish you would not refer to that again, Sara Crewe," said Pen with dignity.

"Very well," I answered, "I won't, but we must have some ready money or starve ourselves and the live stock, too, which is worse. But suppose we reduce the live stock, Penelope?" I went on. "We might sell off half of what we have, and feed the rest on the proceeds. We'll see what Alec thinks of it."

Alec happened in the next day, and not only thought well of it, but offered to be auctioneer for us; so Pen and I decided to have a sale.

"There's a good deal to sell, you see," said Pen. "We don't want all these farming implements; we have about forty head of cattle, plenty of ducks and chickens, and, above all, the Berkshire pig with her nine young ones."

Now this pig and her young ones were the pride of Pen's heart. I believed she prized their pedigree more than her own. Theirs certainly was the longer, and it came more trippingly from her tongue. As the day of sale drew near, she visited the sty daily, lavishing every attention on its inmates. She expected to realize more from them than from anything else. But, alas, it was not to be. One morning she rushed into the house with the announcement that there were but six little Berkshires in the sty.

"In my opinion," said Penelope, "the fox has taken them. It might be possible."

"Are you sure it was not a mink?" I asked satirically. Earlier in the year, Pen, assisted by David, had arrived at the conclusion that it was a mink which nightly entered the chicken house. She persisted in this belief in David and the mink, even when faced by an old almanac found in the

garret, which defined a mink as "a small animal of the weasel species, which sucks the blood of its victim, and leaves the carcass." No carcasses were ever left in our hen house.

But the present fact to face was that by some agency the little pigs were gone also; and the next day three of their brethren followed them. Pen and I stood by the sty, looking sadly at the three remaining relics.

"I am sure it is a fox," said Pen.

"How can you be so foolish?" I replied.

"If it is a fox, it is a two legged one, named David. The little pigs have gone the same way as the chickens. Do you really suppose, Pen, that the old pig would let a fox walk off with her young ones? She has teeth, too, hasn't she?"

Alas! she had. Pen, poking about in the straw with the point of her parasol, found an unexpected answer to my question. The murder was out. David was vindicated, but the cherished Berkshire was a cannibal. Under the straw lay the half eaten scraps of her children. Pen was made ill by this discovery, and not only from a moral point of view.

"She ain't no mo' use as a breeder, Miss Pen," said David. "After they wonst tas'es peeg, they's a-goin' to eat 'em ev'ry time."

I remembered having heard something of the same sort told by missionaries from Africa, and began to say so, when Pen begged me to stop.

"I suppose it's only one of David's lies," I said encouragingly. "You remember the mink—"

"It might be possible," Pen interrupted; and when Alec came to talk over the inventory, he said it was not only possible, but certain.

"Then it would be dishonest not to mention the fact at the sale," said Pen sadly.

"No farmer would buy her if you did," answered Alec.

"It must be mentioned," replied Pen, with the air of a Roman father.

I followed Alec into the hall when he left. "Look here," I said; "about that pig. So long as you mention the fact of the eating it won't matter how you express it, I suppose. If you were to say that part of the litter were killed in the last *snaf*, would that do?"

Alec looked at me, and I looked at Alec. The corners of his mouth approached his ears.

"Yes, Sara," he said, "that will do somebody;" and we parted with a mutual

understanding. Pen is honest always. I am as honest as the times permit.

The morning of the sale came at last, and was like a nightmare. The live stock would not be collected; and when they finally were, they would not stay where we put them. First, the chickens got out. Those for sale had been locked in the night before. In the morning Pen gave the key to David's boy, with repeated instructions to feed the chickens in the hen house. Half an hour later she opened the trap door and peeped in curiously. "Hen, hen, hen," she called. Pen would never say "Chick, chick"; she thought it vulgar. But it made little difference, for there was not a chicken in the hen house.

"Deed, Miss Penelope, you done tol' me ter feed de chickens what was in de hen house, an' I let 'um out an' fed 'um," said David's own son. "I ain' done nothin' but what you said."

Pen admitted that "it might be possible," and for the rest of the morning the little ducky had the delightful and previously forbidden occupation of chasing chickens.

As for the ducks, every one supposed the other had locked them up the night before.

"I seen 'um dis mornin'," said David's own son. "A-headin' up de stream, dey was. Dey's got a feedin' groun' way up de country yander."

To crown these discoveries came another. An Alderney calf, aged twenty four hours, was missing, and the mother was lowing wildly in the stable.

"Hit sartainly was shet up las' night wid de res'," asserted David. "Jes' as sho' as you live, ladies, de bull eat it."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied Pen tentatively. "Did you, Sara Crewe?"

David took serious umbrage at my negative reply.

"Excuse me, miss, I don' like to contradic' you, ma'am, but 'deed, miss, I have known bulls what eat calfs."

"It might be possible," said Pen, and David looked at me reproachfully, supported by her faith. "If he has," Pen went on, "he will be as useless as the Berkshire, I suppose."

"David," I said, "if you are too lazy to hunt the calf yourself, let that poor cow out of the stable, and she'll find it fast enough. It was no more locked up last night than the ducks were."

David departed, swelling with injury.

"Pen," I added, "how can you be such a fool? I wouldn't trust David tied with a string. Who ever heard of a bull eating a calf?"

"Sara Crewe, you know nothing about it. If a pig eats her young, it might be possible to a bull. You hurt David's feelings just now."

A little later David appeared in the doorway. He was rolling a bit of straw about his lips sheepishly. He generally carried a sample of the crop in season in his mouth.

"De calf done foun', Miss Penelope," he said. "Hit's ma went right to hit. Hit were out in de parsture jes' as snug under de bushes where she done hid it las' night. How come I ter fergit it, cos' I bin' combin' my hade at nights here of late. They say if yer combs yer hade at nights, yer fergits. That's what's got ter me."

"Well," I said, "you were very careless, David, but I'm thankful the calf is found and safe."

"'Tain't safe," said David solemnly. "Hit's done foun' dade."

With all my dismay, this was too much. The sublimity of our misfortune rose to the ridiculous, and I laughed until Pen became really angry.

I will not dwell longer on the confusion of that morning. Despite the ill luck which seemed to pursue us, we had everything fairly in order when Alec arrived. Passing it all over into his hands, Pen and I retired to the house, where we awaited results impatiently. When the sale was over, and most of the people gone, Alec came in to tell us that he really thought he had done rather well for us.

"All the farming implements you wanted to sell are gone," he said, "but, best of all, the greater part of the live stock has been bought in by one man, named Smith."

Pen bounded from her chair. "Frank Smith!" she cried. "Did he pay cash? If not, he mustn't have one of them."

Alec said the man gave his note, and added that he thought "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush."

"In the case of Smith, his note represents the bush birds," I replied. "Alec, you can't mean to say you didn't know Smith's reputation in business matters? Well, I see why you irritate your poor father."

I really had reason to feel troubled, for, with Smith refused as a purchaser, when the ducks came back at nightfall, there was almost as much live stock cackling and quacking and lowing about us as there had been before the sale. That evening Pen and I sat alone looking at each other despairingly.

"Pen," I said at last, "this is a crisis. We have been working the farm together. Now

I suggest that you take what small proceeds there are from the sale, wear my shoes into town tomorrow"—she had been wearing rubbers over hers to hide the hole—"and buy yourself a pair of shoes, and the things we must have to live, while I stay here trying to think out a plan."

Pen consented, and went into town the next day. All that morning I sat thinking, and all that afternoon I still thought, seeing before me more and more plainly but one hateful conclusion—to sell the farm to Uncle John for two thirds of its value. But just before Pen came home, something happened.

"Well, Sara Crewe," she said, "has an idea come to you?"

"Yes," I replied. "It didn't come until late this afternoon, Penny, when I was sitting alone on the front porch; then it opened the gate and walked up the path with a bucket of paint in each hand. Now, Penelope, before I tell you anything, I want to make a bargain with you. You know we decided that working together, we made a failure. I want you to promise me that you will not interfere with any of my decisions about the farm for a month. Then, if I have not succeeded, I will turn the farm over to you, and you can do what you like for a month. If we both fail, we will hand it over to Uncle John for his ten thousand dollars. Will you agree?"

"Yes," said my sister; "that seems fair."

"No interference for a month, mind, no matter what I do. Do you promise that?"

"Yes," answered Penelope, and I knew she would keep her word. Then I said:

"I will tell you what I have done. By noon tomorrow, the roof of this house will be crying out in large letters, white upon a red ground, '*Use Camphorated Compound Cramp Cure.*' As we are on a hill, and near the railroad, hundreds of people will have read it before nightfall, and we shall have one hundred dollars in our pockets."

Penny dropped into the nearest chair. She did not speak; but it would have been a waste of breath. Her face was enough.

"I am glad you remember your promise," I said quickly. "I was afraid, for a moment, that you were going to forget it. The man came up the path to say that if I would let him paint his advertisement on the roof of the barn, he would pay me twenty five dollars. I told him no, of course not. He was going away, when a thought struck me, and I called him back."

"What would you pay me," I said, "if I let you paint it on the roof of the house?"

"He looked from one roof to the other,

and said, as they were about equal size, he would pay the same."

"No, you won't," I told him. "You know you never advertised on the roof of a handsome stone house before. You will pay me three times as much as for the barn, or none at all." I wished I had asked more, for he grabbed at it, and the bargain was closed—twenty five dollars for the barn, and seventy five for the house—one hundred dollars in all, where we had nothing."

Penelope burst into tears. "As I promised, of course I can say nothing," she sobbed; "but I shall never forgive you, Sara Crewe, never!"

"I am very sorry you feel so badly about it," I said. "It seems to me best, conscientiously best, Pen. But you know I am to have but thirty days as my share of the management, and so I only rented the roofs for that term. Then you can have them painted over, if you desire."

"The first day," sobbed Pen, "the very first day of my term."

"It may be possible to paint them over before then," I said. "Something may happen." But as Pen would not be comforted, and as I was not moved sufficiently to withdraw from my decision, our relations became a little strained. In fact, I had to stand quite alone in the matter.

The next day, when the white letters glared out on the red roof, and all the neighbors checked their teams at the gate to stare and laugh, Pen shut every window blind, and would not cross the door sill.

"I said I would not interfere, and I will not," she said; "but I feel as if a demon was sitting on the roof—exactly!"

Even Alec saw fit to remonstrate with me on the subject.

"Sara," he said, "upon my word I don't wonder Pen feels badly. I can't think what you're doing this for. It's really not worth it."

"Alec," I replied, "I advise you to go home, and pull your thinkers up by the roots, and plant them again. That's what I did the day Penny went into town. They got a new start that way. What does Uncle John say?"

"He's pretty angry, Sara, and to tell the truth, I don't blame him for it—nor Penelope, either."

This was the first day. On the second, Alec came again to tell me that his stepfather had been to see his lawyer.

"He's come home more outraged than ever," Alec said gravely. Then he began to laugh. "By the way, Sara, last night, after I went home, I did what you told me

to. I pulled up my thinkers by the roots, and planted them again. They are growing very fast now."

"What did you say?" asked Penny, wiping her eyes. She had been wiping one eye or the other ever since the "Compound Cure" had brooded over our roof.

"Nothing important," Alec answered. "All the neighbors called on father today—casually, you know, just to pass the weather. You girls and the roof were mentioned by each one, incidentally." He began to laugh again.

"Alec," I said sharply, "you would better not aggravate your father by coming to see us just now."

Alec shook his head solemnly. "He'll be here himself before long, you see if he isn't. You had better be mixing your war paint and collecting your feathers, Sara."

"I can't think what ailed Alec," said Pen, when he had gone. "He is usually so considerate and sympathetic. He must have seen I was in trouble today, yet he kept bursting out laughing in the oddest way, at nothing at all. It was not like Alec. Do you think Uncle John is really coming here, Sara Crewe?"

On the third day of the reign of the "Compound Cure" on our roof, Pen's question was answered by Uncle John himself. Alec was the first to see him from the window, coming up the path to the house door.

"Sara," he said, "are you ready? He's here now."

Both Penelope and I knew whom he meant. Penny was sewing, and as she dropped her work and her hands together on the table by which she was sitting, her thimble rattled with apprehension.

"Alec," I said, "I don't want Uncle John to find you here. You have just time to slip out of the back door."

Alec shook his head emphatically.

"When I have been hanging about here for three days to see this! No, indeed, Sara, you can't make me go."

"Stay, Alec," pleaded Pen; "I should feel safer. Sara, let him hide in the closet. Do, Alec."

"I will if I may have the door on a crack," said Alec. And to this I had to consent, for Uncle John was already knocking at the front door.

I went to let him in myself, and when I brought him back to our sitting room with me, only Pen was to be seen, sewing at the table, with stitches which had all to be picked out afterwards; but the closet door was ajar.

"Penelope," said Uncle John deliberately, as he entered—he had ignored me, save for a brief greeting in the hall—"Penelope," he repeated, standing accusingly before her, "I have come to speak to you regarding the indecent way you are treating the home of your grandfather and of your own father. Both would turn in their graves—"

"No, Uncle John," I interrupted—Pen was already dissolved in tears—"Penny didn't do it; I did."

Uncle John turned to me. "You, Sara Crewe?"

"Yes," I replied. "Penny is the oldest, of course, but you know how we keep our word when we once give it, and she has promised me that I shall run the farm, and that she will not interfere with anything I do."

"Only for thirty—" Pen began to sob.

"Penny," I cried, "hold your tongue! You agreed not to say one word. Now keep your promise."

And my sister bowed her face into the white work she had been sewing.

"Uncle John," I said, "if you've anything to say, please say it to me. I am in charge. Won't you take a chair?"

Uncle John looked from the seat I offered, to me, and then back again to the chair, into which he finally sank. I sat opposite him, and we looked silently at each other, until he had to begin.

"Sara Crewe," he said, "when you first told me that you would not sell the farm out of the family, I supposed you had some feeling for the old place."

"So I had, Uncle John," I answered, "and so I have. That's why I rented the roof out to the 'Compound Cure' rather than sell it."

My uncle put his hand in his pocket, and drew out his check book. "Now, Sara," he said, "it's not worth while for me to tell you that this is a great personal inconvenience to me, nor to enter into a talk on values. You have one mind as to the price of the farm, and I another. I have offered you ten thousand dollars down for the property; you have offered it to me for twelve thousand. I came over this afternoon prepared to make a compromise. Get me pen and ink. I will write you out a check for eleven thousand, which will precisely split the difference."

He laid his check book on the table, and opened it.

"Uncle John," I said, without moving, "I am very sorry you feel so about the 'Compound Cure.' I had tried every-

thing else to make the farm pay before I came to that. And I am sorry, too, that I must refuse your eleven thousand dollars; but I am in charge of affairs, and I shouldn't feel it just to Penelope."

Penny took her head out of her work to open her mouth, but I frowned, and it shut again.

"I must absolutely refuse, Uncle John?" I said.

"Very well, then," he answered. "If you are so obstinate over one thousand dollars, Sara Crewe, I will yield it."

He got up from his chair, found pen and ink, and brought them back to the table.

"What are you going to do, Uncle John?" I said, as he drew the check book towards him. Uncle John looked up at me, and began to remodel his features.

"I accept your offer," he answered; "but it is a large sum to pay out, Sara Crewe."

"What is a large sum?" I asked.

"Twelve thousand dollars."

I shook my head.

"I can't sell the farm at twelve thousand, Uncle John. I can't conscientiously do that."

Uncle John laid down the pen and stared at me.

"What do you mean, Sara Crewe? That was your own offer. Penel——"

"No, Uncle John," I said; "Pen has promised to leave all this to me, and you know she will. We did offer you the farm at twelve thousand, but that was before we—or rather I—had developed this advertising industry. We can afford to hold the farm now, and I mean to hold it at its actual value—fifteen thousand dollars."

Uncle John closed his check book with a snap which his eyes and mouth seemed to imitate.

"Then you can hold it," he said; "but understand, Sara Crewe, no matter what straits and what disgrace you run yourself and Penelope into, don't look to me for help. I wash my hands of you."

"We won't get into any straits, Uncle John," I answered firmly. "I see plain sailing ahead of me. I have thought out ever so many plans for developing this advertising industry. Our being near the railroad and on a hill is a great deal in our favor. I have decided to run a flagstaff up the side of every chimney we have, and rent out the flags. Of course wooden scantlings set up in the fields are nothing new, but that will yield something. I have a crowning plan of setting a scantling on the top of the house, as high as it is safe. We live on a hill, but we don't have heavy winds. I

mean to create here an advertising farm that people will come from far and near to see. I shall ask fancy prices for the advertisements, and I shall be inventing original and startling methods all the time."

Uncle John lay back in his chair, staring at me. I did not dare to look in Pen's direction just then.

"Sara Crewe," said Uncle John, "do you actually mean to do this disgraceful thing on the old home place?"

"Uncle John," I answered solemnly, "I pledge you my honor I mean every word of it. I am sick of spending every penny we get on the farm. Now the farm has got to do something for us. If you can think of any better paying plan, short of selling the farm out of the family, or selling it for less than fifteen thousand dollars, I should be delighted to hear of it. Otherwise this advertising industry will go on. I can see no help for it."

My uncle forgot to mold his features. He forgot to dip his pen in the ink, until he found it would not write in his check book.

"Here, Sara Crewe," he said, tearing out the check he had drawn up, and laying it loose on the table before me, "do you go and have a deed of this farm made to me. Of all the disgraceful things I ever heard, this is the worst. Get me the deed, I say, and two witnesses."

I looked at the check. It was for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Sara Crewe," said Uncle John, as I took the check, and he rose to go, "I will do you the justice to say that I believe you do not realize what you have done. As a woman you cannot understand how it appears, but if you were a man, Sara Crewe, I should say without a moment's hesitation that you had deliberately played a very close and a—very doubtful game, Sara Crewe."

What my uncle saw written in my face, I am sure I do not know. I opened my reticule quickly, and shut his check inside. When I looked up again, he was vigorously modeling his features, and watching me so curiously that I was glad to glance at Penelope. Pen was also looking at me with an expression of awe. At that point it seemed to me that I heard a distinct but suppressed chuckle. I glanced at the cupboard door anxiously, but the sound did not come from that direction. As it was repeated, I turned involuntarily towards Uncle John. He was no longer modeling his features, but they wore an expression quite new to me.

"Sara Crewe," he said slowly, "you ought to have been a man." When he said

that I knew that he felt himself paying me the highest compliment in his power, and also that in pocketing my uncle's check I had pocketed his respect.

"I am very sorry, Uncle John——" I began, but he stopped me.

"No, you ain't, Sara Crewe. You needn't think I bear you a grudge, though; I don't, my child. Lord, it's a pity you ain't a man. It makes me sick when I see what ought to be a man having to walk about this world in woman's skirts; but it makes me sicker to see what ought to be a woman in man's trousers. Now, there's my wife's Alec——"

The closet door creaked, and I broke in:

"Never mind about Alec, Uncle John. I am glad you don't feel hardly towards me, and we can move away in a week, if that will suit you."

Uncle John held out his hand. There was a curious smile on his face.

"It was a close deal, Sara Crewe," he said, "but as a deal it was square, and I can't complain. I'll tell you what, though. I'd rather have you on my side than on the other. You needn't think of leaving the farm for very long. I look at it this way: it takes two halves to make a whole, but you can make it out of three quarters, and Alec. He—well, I wouldn't take away the big pieces of furniture, Sara Crewe."

Grace Stuart Reid.

HESPERIA.

ACROSS the stretch of southward seas
The zephyr swept Hesperides
Lie smiling, ever smiling;
And there the laughter loving Pan
Leads on his joyous woodland clan
Through halcyon haunts, unknown to man,
With song the hours beguiling.
O fair, far land, thy portals
Swing only to immortals!
Thy scented bowers, thy wondrous flowers,
Thy pleasant ways of ease,
Thy nights dew dipped and breathless,
Thy birds, unwearied, deathless—
These charms untold I'd fain behold,
Fair, far Hesperides!

The dusk with all her wealth of stars,
The dawn, when clouds like crimson bars
Turn all the east to splendor,
Bring roseate dreamings unto me
Of Nereids flashing from the sea,
Who turn their shining eyes to thee,
Thou land of music tender.
But ah, 'tis useless dreaming—
Thy woodland pools that, gleaming
Like bits of sky, unruffled lie,
Are not for eyes like these;
Yet, could my longing vision
Behold thy fields Elysian,
What peace divine I'd claim as mine,
Fair, far Hesperides!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



A Swedish Movement for Developing the Leg and Chest Muscles.

IN A GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THE GROWING POPULARITY OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN—HOW A GYMNASIUM GIRL GETS HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND PLEASURE FROM BARS, BELLS, AND LADDERS.

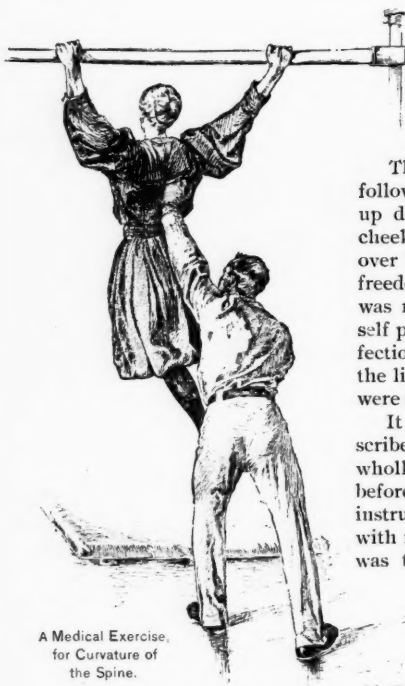


THE hands of the clock were pointing to nine, one morning, a few weeks ago, at a well known gymnasium for women in a New England city. The gallery that runs around the main hall of the building showed here and there the expectant face of a visitor. Below, the janitor was busily arranging dumbbells, flying trapezes, and ungainly wooden horses, while the professors talked over their plans for the day. From an inner room up stairs came the babble of girls' voices. There was a general air of healthful, pleasant activity. Presently a bell sounded, the babble of voices ceased, and a long line of red cheeked, well built young women stepped in single file down the winding stairs. With a courtesy to their instructors they marched into the

training room, and stood there in readiness for their morning's work.

The girls, twenty five in number, were arrayed in typical gymnasium suits—loose blouse waists, low at the throat, and generally finished off with a neat sailor collar, fastened with a knotted bow of ribbon. Their dark blue divided skirts reached only to the knee. The visitor could not but be impressed with the healthy freshness of their faces. It was surprising to learn that several of these plump, round throated, fresh complexioned girls had passed their thirtieth birthday. Their average age was twenty five, but they seemed like school girls, so full were they of good spirits, so enthusiastic was their interest in the exercises that formed their daily routine. They composed the two advanced classes, the "seniors" and "juniors."

"Fall in!" cried the instructor, and in an instant the girls were drawn up in as straight a line as the best drilled veterans ever made. Up went their heads, firm and erect, chests were arched, heels set together, toes pointed at the regulation angle, arms and hands close to the side. This was the beginning of the "setting up drill,"



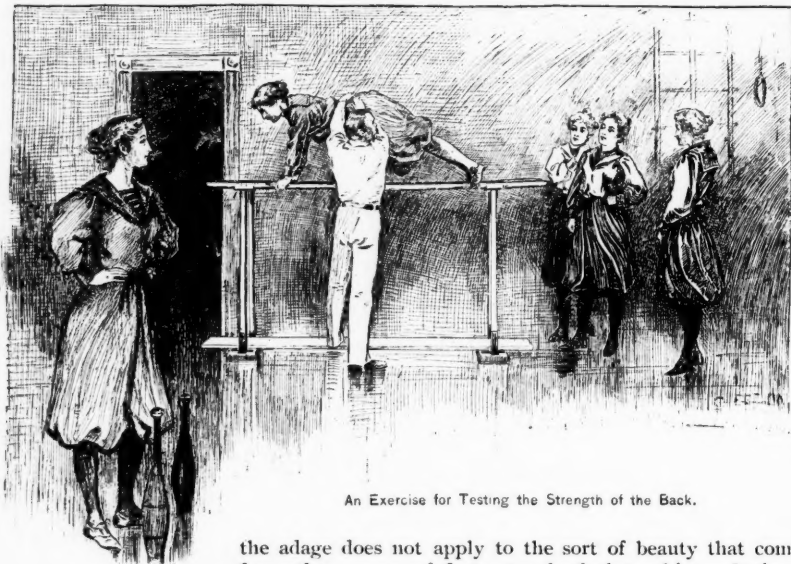
A Medical Exercise,
for Curvature of
the Spine.

as it is called at West Point. As the first note of a lively march sounded on the gymnasium piano, they entered upon a series of military evolutions, making intricate movements with a skill and accuracy that would put to the blush many a body of masculine performers.

These exercises lasted about ten minutes, and were followed by an hour of light gymnastics. The girls took up dumbbells and wands. One golden haired, pink cheeked pupil preferred a pair of clubs, which she swung over her head and about her shoulders with a graceful freedom of movement. Among all the twenty five, there was none that could be called awkward, or lacking in self poise. There were different degrees of physical perfection, of course. At least ten members of the class had the lissome grace of the proverbial young deer; the rest were at least up to a good average standard.

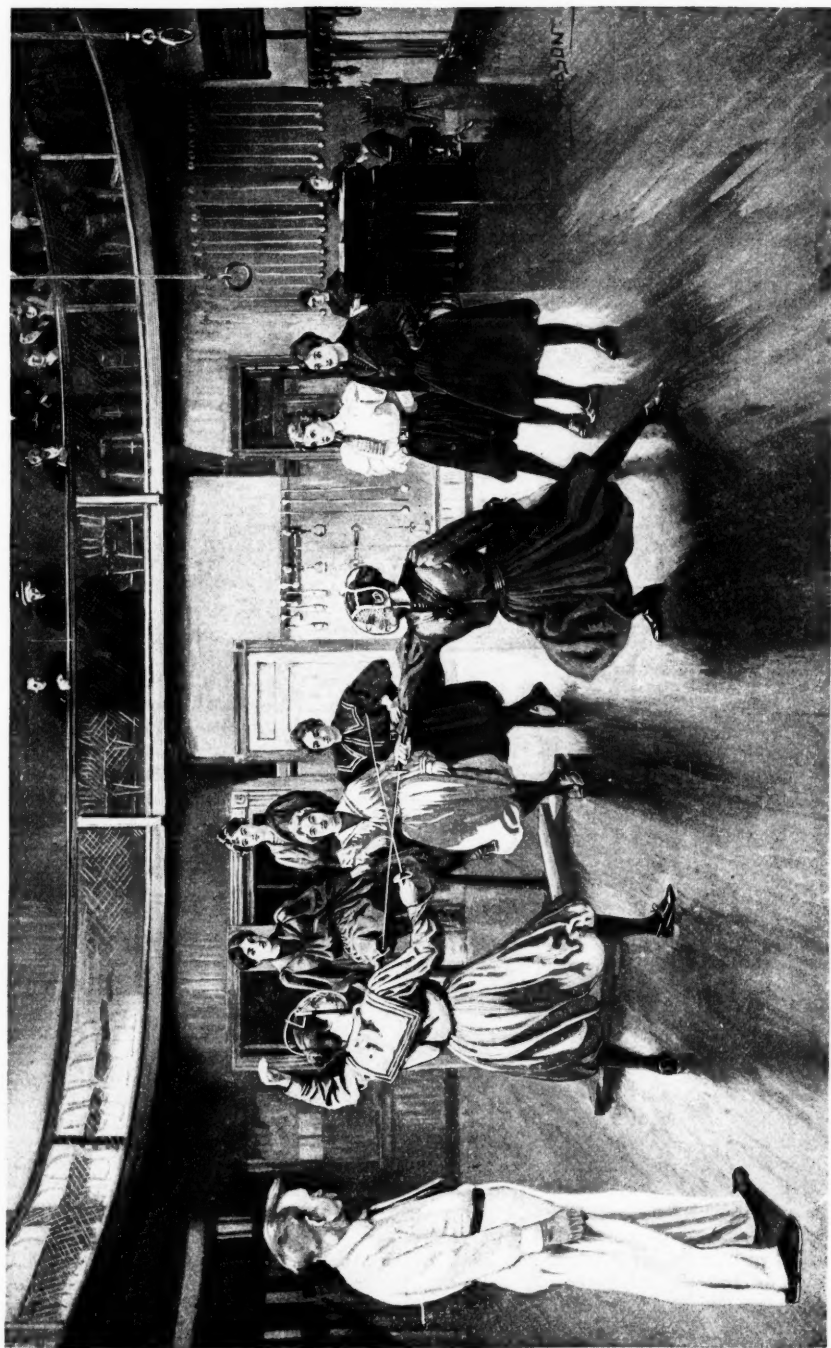
It is claimed that by faithfully carrying out the prescribed course of drill a naturally awkward girl may wholly overcome her defects. A living instance was set before the writer. "You see that girl?" inquired the instructor. "She came here two years ago, pale faced, with no chest at all; her shoulders were bent, her throat was thin, and showed ugly cords; her carriage was exceedingly bad." The change was certainly remarkable, for her chest was arched, her throat round, her bearing erect; and the glow that the morning's exercise had brought to her cheek made her a very pretty girl instead of a "horrible example."

No woman can be beautiful without a good figure; and what woman does not wish to be beautiful? If all American girls knew what a gymnasium course can do for them, how it can strengthen and develop the body, how it can add to their enjoyment of life and their attractiveness, there would not be enough schools in the country to accommodate the throngs that would apply for membership. Beauty is but skin deep, it may be objected; but



An Exercise for Testing the Strength of the Back.

the adage does not apply to the sort of beauty that comes from three years of first rate physical teaching. It is an



The Fencing Exhibition.
Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph.

education that goes far deeper than the skin. It brings health—for a well developed figure means a body with healthy functions; it makes existence a happiness instead of a burden; it touches the moral life, and gives the mental soundness that comes from physical soundness.



The Spiral Ladder.

After the lighter gymnastics came an intermission of ten minutes, during which the girls strolled about, chatting merrily, or sat upon the horses and bucks, their feet swinging back and forth, with the gaiety of school children at recess time. Then came the heavier work, which took another full hour. A showy movement, and one that was a favorite with some of the girls, was a journey around the hall, clinging to iron rings at the end of long ropes that hung down from the ceiling, and swinging from one ring to the next. Ladder climbing was another exercise, and to this the instructors

attach special value as a developer of lungs and muscles.

A back strengthening exercise, which to the spectator seemed almost cruelly taxing, was gone through without the slightest sign of reluctance or fatigue. Each girl in turn was ordered to hold herself up from the parallel bars, supporting herself entirely upon the tips of her toes and the palms of her hands. While in this position, the instructor would test the strength of her muscles, pressing down forcibly upon her shoulders and back. Some of the pupils endured five or six minutes of it with no apparent inconvenience. They seemed as rigid as bars of steel. The bending back exercise, for developing the muscles of the chest, was another movement that looked trying but evidently was thoroughly enjoyed.

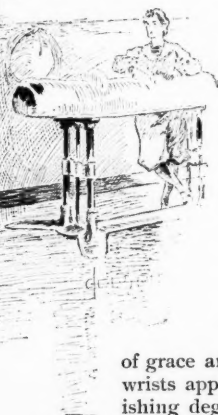
At the close of the regular routine of the morning, two girls were allowed to give an exhibition in fencing.

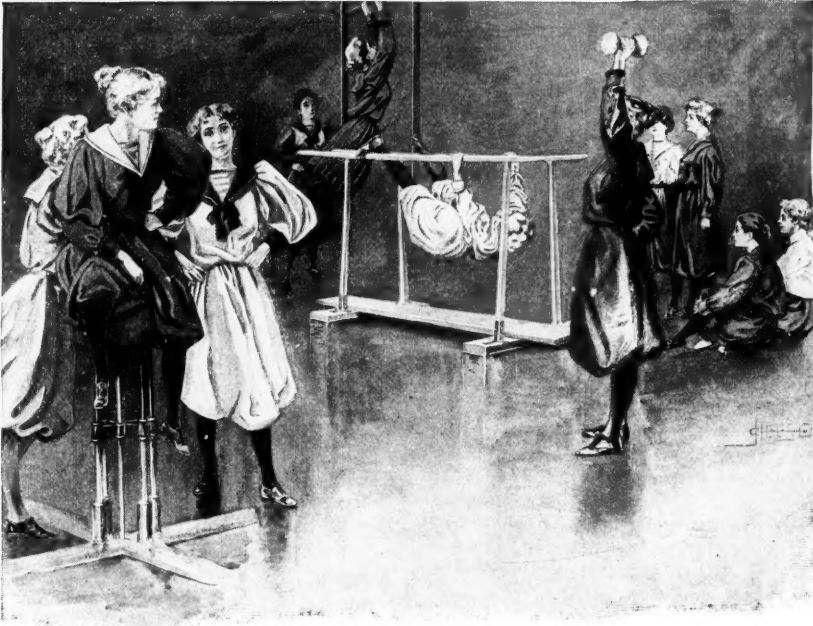
It was a remarkable display of skill and agility; thrust and parry followed each other with almost dazzling speed, the combatants seeming as much in earnest as if they were belted knights fighting upon the field of honor for the favor of some fair lady who stood in the admiring group that surrounded them. The movements of their bodies were the acme

of grace and quickness, and their wrists appeared to have an astonishing degree of strength.

Last of all, the class was marched to the lecture room, where for another hour instruction in anatomy was given. One minor point to which attention was paid was the taking of measurements—of height, girth of chest, and so forth; not that this is of value in itself, but because an understanding of it is needed by those pupils who are fitting themselves to become instructors.

This ended the routine of the morning. On the other days of the week, besides a repetition of many of the same exercises, lessons are given in dancing, both plain and fancy steps; there are lectures on various subjects, and special tasks are set for individual students. There are also classes for the medical students—girls who are being treated for curvature of the spine and similar physical defects. Patients have been





Voluntary Exercises During the Recreation Hour.

brought to the institution by an attendant, and have left it, after two or three years' treatment, entirely cured.

Fashion is not always allied to common sense, but she never was wiser than when she decreed the downfall of the helpless sentimental heroine of a former day, and set up in her place, as the ideal of womanhood, the healthy modern girl who frankly

admits that she has arms and legs, and who knows how to use them. The typical society belle is no longer languid, lily-like, and quickly *passée*. She is a robust, strong limbed girl, who has no idea of fading even when she finds herself surrounded by girls of her own, who will learn to jump bars, swing clubs, and climb ladders, as their mother did before them.

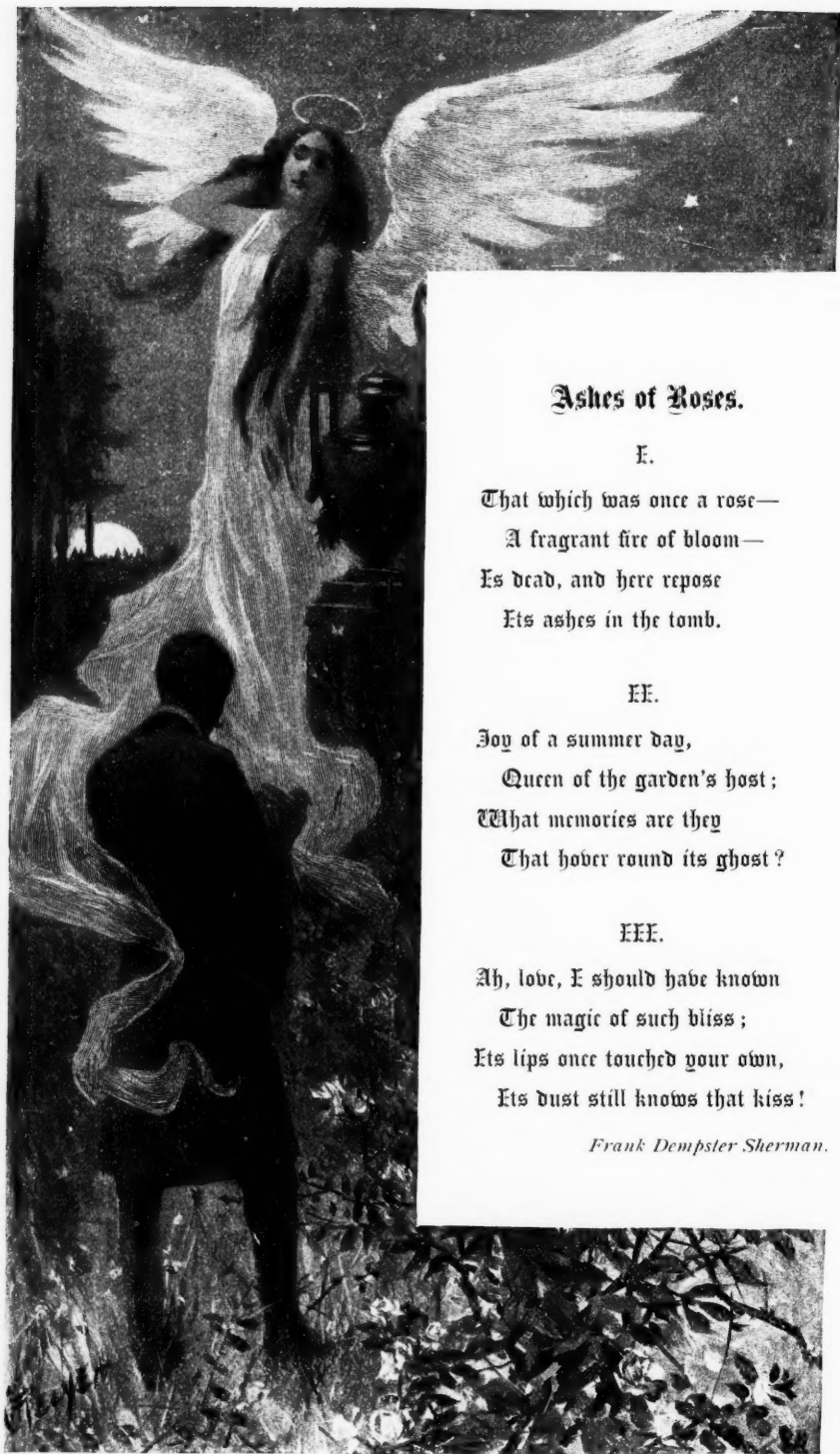
Jean Pardee-Clark.



MOON FLOWERS.

WHEN steps the moon o'er heaven's purple sill,
And, golden shod, the Bear looks through the night,
Do fairies catch the moon rays as they spill,
And twirl them into cups of gleaming white?

Hattie Whitney.



Ashes of Roses.

I.

That which was once a rose—
A fragrant fire of bloom—
Is dead, and here repose
Its ashes in the tomb.

II.

Joy of a summer day,
Queen of the garden's host ;
What memories are they
That hover round its ghost ?

III.

Ah, love, I should have known
The magic of such bliss ;
Its lips once touched your own,
Its dust still knows that kiss !

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE STAGE

A USEFUL MEMBER OF THE FROHMAN FORCES.

It is the fashion to decry monopoly in business, but in the theatrical world the system of one man power redounds to the distinct advantage of public and players. Here is Charles Frohman, with enough people on his roster to muster fifteen companies. When he wishes to make a production, he can fit the man or woman to the part with much more satisfaction to all concerned than if the choice must be made from only a dozen individuals. His Empire stock company is generously expansive in its nature, and it was through drawing from this and from the John Drew forces that Mr. Frohman was enabled to capture the town with "Thoroughbred" last spring.

This system also serves the artist who wishes to escape the hardships of road work. Elsie de Wolfe is among this number.

"No money would induce me to go through the ordeal again," she said to the writer, in alluding to the touring experiences that fell to her lot earlier in her career. "Even at the risk of being known as the governor's (Charles Frohman's) clothes horse, I stay in New York and take a part in any of our companies here where there may chance to be an opening."

The clothes horse allusion was in jocose reference to the remark of one of the critics on the showy gowns Miss de Wolfe is called upon to wear. But she always wears them with the easy grace of a woman accustomed to the good things of life, and the clothes themselves consequently never savor of the property room.

Miss de Wolfe is a graduate of the amateur stage, and possesses a refined intelligence that enables her to give clear cut, truthful portrayals. She is at her best in characters that call for strong, assertive personality or a piquantly original temperament, such as *Kate Ffennell* in "The Bauble Shop," and *Charley W'ishanger* in "The Masqueraders."

This season she will probably spend more time with Drew than with the Empire company.

SUMMER SHOWS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A New York theater goer would have felt himself very much at home in San Francisco during the early part of the present summer. At the Columbia Theater one company, headed by Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing, was



Elsie de Wolfe.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

playing a repertoire containing "The Charity Ball" and "Lord Chumley," while at the Baldwin another stock organization, including Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, was doing in succession two other Lyceum plays, "The Home Secretary" and "The Gray Mare." Both these shows were given at popular prices,

powers in a wider range of parts. She has certainly had her wish, having played with no less than half a dozen different companies in the interim. Of course this is a trying experience, but it is admirable training. Miss Shannon would make an excellent leading woman for a metropolitan company. Her beauty is of a



Effie Shannon.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

and materially injured the business of a star who was in the Golden Gate City at the same time, playing at regular rates.

The journey to California to fill a summer engagement is becoming more and more the fashion with Eastern artists. Of course it breaks in upon their vacation, but as an actor's holiday is invariably without pay—in other words, a "lay off"—there is little grumbling on this account.

One of Miss Shannon's reasons for leaving the Lyceum company, given in these pages two years ago, was that she wished to try her

singularly refined type, and her method is convincingly natural. Her last engagement previous to going to the Pacific Coast was with Olga Nethersole.

LULU GLASER IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

We present this month a portrait of Lulu Glaser as she really is. It has for some time been an open secret that Francis Wilson's popular leading woman possessed a dual identity, so far as her appearance was concerned. She has been almost invariably photographed in the curly wig she wears in all her rôles. Our



Lulu Glaser.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.



Virginia Earle, in "The Lady Slavey."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

picture is proof, however, that the wig is by no means necessary as a beautifier.

Miss Glaser's theatrical history has been a happily uneventful one. She has never been with any other company than Wilson's, which she joined four years ago. There was no vacancy for her at the time, but after hearing her sing the management was enterprising enough to place her on the salary list as understudy to Marie Jansen, and she speedily stepped into the latter's place. Her powers as an actress do not lag behind her ability as a singer, as is so often the case. She throws herself into each part with the vim and dash work of this sort demands, and yet never oversteps the limits of refinement.

She abounds in fun and good spirits, and has confessed that the rather sedate rôle she played last season in "The Chieftain" was somewhat hampering. She is very fond of "The Merry Monarch," to which it is to be hoped Wilson's new opera, "Half a King," to be produced this

month at Hayman's Knickerbocker Theater, will be a wholly worthy repertorial companion.

Miss Glaser is a Pittsburgh girl, and reflects honor on the American training that has fitted her to occupy high rank among light opera singers.

MANAGERS VERSUS MUMMERS.

If any one doubts that vaudeville is still the winning card in the managerial game, he has but to look at the record of "In Gay New York," the Casino's third annual review. Of all kaleidoscopic concoctions this is easily the pearl, having a little of everything in it, from a back somersault off a step ladder to a romanza for the tenor. And the business done has been of proportions to make the critic ask himself, not without disquietude, if this state of things, from a passing fad, is really becoming a permanent foible of public taste.

However that may be, the chronicler must take things as they are. If he sits by and simply

cries, "Turn ye. turn ye back to the good things of the past," I. is apt to waste his breath. Nobody can mold the inclinations of a people; if this were possible we should not hear so often of impecuniosity among managers. No, the breath of favor in the purveying of amusement is as elusive as the fabled will of the wisp, and often leads its pursuers into the same quagmire of disaster. This is why the director of a playhouse may be on the top of

cast in "Gay New York." She was the *Little Billee* in "The Merry World," and also had another minor part in the '95 review. She has played *Tags* in "The County Fair," and filled Della Fox' position in a road company giving "Wang," but it remained for a New York appearance to make her name familiar to theater goers generally.

In Dorothy Sherrod, whose portrait we also present, we have another young actress



Dorothy Sherrod.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

the heap this year and at the bottom next, and marks a notable difference between him and the performer to whom he pays a salary. The latter rises or falls on his own merits, and the movement once begun in either direction is not apt to be retarded or reversed. But the manager cannot rely either on his own judgment or even on that of an audience in another city. The launching of each new production is, in great measure, like starting his whole career afresh.

Sometimes managers and artists rise in popularity together. In that case, the manager is said to have "a run of luck." Virginia Earle, for instance, is now coming to be associated with popular pieces at the Casino. She filled the title rôle in "The Lady Slavey" last winter, and was prominently

whom it may be worth while to watch. She belongs to the army of theatrical aspirants from the South, and for two seasons made an excellent record as *Bossy* in "A Texas Steer," succeeding Flora Walsh in the part. Tim Murphy has engaged her to play lead next season in his new piece, "Old Innocence."

Miss Sherrod belongs to another vast army, besides that of the Southland—players who have been with Mr. Daly. She describes herself as "such a goose" for breaking a three years' contract with him in six weeks.

A DARING VENTURE.

"I know we shall challenge criticism with almost reckless bravery, but we shall work hard in order that we may not fear it."

This is what Miss Brandon Douglas says in

reference to a plan she and her fellow star, Donald Robertson, have in view for the coming season. Although a New York girl, Miss Douglas is known only to audiences "on the road," where she has played for the past year

mind is to come into the metropolis for one week, changing the bill nightly, each part for the stars being as different from the other as possible. As their repertoire is one of serious plays, any one who has observed theatrical



Brandon Douglas.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

in "The Man in the Iron Mask" and "The White Mouse." She studied for the stage under Mme. Janauschek, and filled her first engagement in "The Two Orphans." To escape the monotonous routine of doing the same thing night after night, she found a place with a repertory company. The next step was to join forces with Donald Robertson, and the audacious plan these two have in

happenings of late years with even desultory attentiveness will at once understand why these two young players must be possessed of rare courage.

ONE BIG THEATER HAT THAT FINDS FAVOR.

The hat pin has for several years borne the honor of being known as woman's chief defensive weapon. Last winter it took on a new



Marie Dressler.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

quality, and proved itself the steel pivot pointing out success to a now popular actress who just previously had been associated with a pronounced failure. Marie Dressler worked hard in "The Stag Party," and perhaps, if the revolving hat had been thought of in time, it might have turned the tide at the Garden Theater just as it afterward brought a flood of prosperity to the Casino. But we have to deal with history, not "might have beens," and when Miss Dressler appeared in "The Lady Slavey," with her hat so adjusted that every movement of her head would throw it into a new position, her audiences were immensely amused by her clever management of an original device for fun making. There is at least one big theater hat that is not an object of deadly opprobrium. This summer she was advertised on Koster & Bial's roof garden as "the star obscurer."

Nowadays an appearance in vaudeville

rather adds to a legitimate player's reputation, than detracts from it.

NEW OPERAS ON BROADWAY.

There is nothing like having more than one string to your bow, especially if you are a musician. Ludwig Englander, the composer of "A Daughter of the Revolution," will enjoy this month the unique experience of hearing two of his operas performed simultaneously on Broadway, within three blocks of each other. Jefferson de Angelis makes his début as a star in "The Caliph" at the Broadway on September 3, and on the 14th "Half a King" is brought out by Francis Wilson at the Knickerbocker. At the same period Camille D'Arville, who was heard in "A Daughter of the Revolution" last year, will come forth at the Olympia Theater, at the distance of another three blocks, in a brand new concoction of Oscar Hammerstein, "Santa Maria." Some

people might regard this as a magnificent opportunity to find out whose fault it was that "A Daughter of the Revolution" didn't "go," but it must be remembered, on the one hand, that the librettist is an important factor in the fate of an opera in these days, and on the other that Miss D'Arville is no longer a star but

other hand, provided an artist has real talent, it can scarcely be prevented from receiving, sooner or later, the recognition it deserves. Jessie Busley's first appearance with the Charles Frohman forces was in Augustus Thomas' ill starred "Surrender," but while the play died, the actress survived, and in "Char-



Jessie Busley.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

simply a member of a star stock company. This last project of Mr. Hammerstein's will do much toward reviving the "palmy days" referred to in this place last month, when one payment would entitle a man to hearing from three to five artists of the first rank.

THE STEADY RISE OF A YOUNG ACTRESS.

While the play may be the thing for the audience, it cannot make or mar an actor's career. The best tragedy ever written is, of course, quite powerless to endow with genius the dolt who thinks to lift himself into prominence by playing the principal rôle. On the

ley's Aunt," "The New Boy," "The Fatal Card," and "The Sporting Duchess," she grew constantly in favor. In the spring she played with great cleverness opposite to Fritz Williams in "Thoroughbred."

Miss Busley adopted the stage as a career in 1890, and her first experience was with Robert Mantell's company. Her style is simple and delightfully natural, and she has no trace of a mannerism.

THE DALY DISCOVERIES.

Whatever else may be said of Augustin Daly's judgment, he has excellent taste in

feminine beauty. It was through him that the general public first gained knowledge of the charms of the present Mrs. George Gould; Maxine Elliott received her proper recognition on his stage; and now, in Marie St. Johns, he seems to have added another to the list. Miss St. Johns, who has only recently joined the

it should be writ out in letters as big as those which had heralded the coming of Guilbert and Chevalier. Of course the notice explained that the newcomer would play an entire play all by himself, changing from one character to another with incredible swiftness. But then we had all seen lightning change artists galore



Marie St. Johns.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Alvin Dupont, New York.

company, is a New Yorker of good family, and has acquired a valued reputation as a church choir singer. Her experience in acting was gained in amateur theatricals, and it will be interesting to watch her career when the new Daly season opens, which will be at an earlier date than last year.

MANY MEN IN ONE.

Last spring Mr. Hammerstein posted a big placard in front of Olympia, announcing the advent, some four weeks later, of Fregoli. Now nobody in New York had ever heard the name before, and everybody wondered why

Did not even the song and dance performers rush from one costume into another in the wings while doing their three turns a night? Why, then, should such a fuss be made over this Italian, who had not even a London or Paris visé on his credentials?

Then, when he arrived, and it became known that he did not speak a word of English, heads were again sagely shaken, and "He won't go" was muttered in theater lobbies. But he made a success on the opening night, although there were still those who thought he talked too much, and others who averred that the whole thing was a mere clothes act. After he had



Maurice Barrymore.

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

been for a time at Olympia's roof garden, he changed his bill and gave us in "Eldorado" a startling example of versatility. He performs tricks like Herrmann, rings bells in a manner to recall the famous Swiss, and even dances the skirt dance—all this in addition to assuming the forty odd other characters in the play. At a period when men in all callings are tending towards specialisms, it is not to be wondered at that Fregoli, who is indeed a whole vaudeville show in himself, should have stirred the sluggish tide of summer theatricals in Gotham.

Fregoli has been playing professionally only since 1893, when he appeared at the first music hall opened in Rome, at two dollars a night. His talent was discovered in 1890, when he was in the Italian army, and he performed a whole comedy with five characters to supply the place of a company that had deserted the post at short notice.

One of our American playwrights has now on the stocks a romantic drama of the time of Cromwell, which, while not demanding the skill of a Fregoli in its leading man, will contain situations calling for a dual personation more startling than any the legitimate has ever seen.

LIGHT ON THE ROOF GARDEN MYSTERY.

After two seasons given to careful pondering on the matter, a possible solution of a perplexing problem has occurred to us. Why should the great majority of the acts on a roof garden stage be of such an inferior character? And this being so, why should the attendance appear to be in no wise diminished thereby? One cannot say that the public care not a whit whether the performance be bad or good, and frequent the place solely for the coolness and beer to be found there, for as soon as the final curtain falls there is a general exit, scarcely a corporal's guard remaining for the promenade concert which many of the gardens advertise so prominently. And yet certainly they do not have a high opinion of the show, judging by the indifference with which they allow the various performers to come and go, and by the comments to be heard on their doings as one circulates about among the tables.

The poorness of the entertainment has come to be proverbial; these audiences now recognize that they are the dogs on which is tried the raw material that comes to every manager's mill, and having been transformed into one animal without a "by your leave," they immediately retaliate by "playing horse" with the show. There is no guying, merely a good natured wagering among the various groups as to whether the next comer will be worse than the last. When now and then a really meritorious act is given, an almost reverential awe falls on the assemblage, and some are inclined to feel defrauded of their rights.

Since our last issue went to press, New York has had a seventh roof garden added to its wealth in these resorts—that on the Grand Central Palace, the great building where the electrical show was held. Its elevation exceeds that of any other in the city, and it pos-

sesses one or two features which make it far and away the most attractive spot of the kind in Gotham. In coolness and commodiousness of promenade space it is unsurpassed. It should win great favor for these virtues alone, in spite of a somewhat out of the way location, and an elevator service that appears to carry one purposely through regions of infernal heat in order that the breezes above may be more keenly appreciated.

UNDISCOURAGED BARRYMORE.

Following Georgia Cayvan at Palmer's this fall, Maurice Barrymore will have another try at starring. He can easily attribute his failure some years since in "Reckless Temple" to the play, the rock on which so many capable men and women split. His new piece, "Roaring Dick and Co.," has at least the merit of a catchy title, and is said to be somewhat of the nature of "Captain Swift," in which Barrymore made a big hit at the old Madison Square. Mr. Brady intends to provide "Roaring Dick" with a fine cast, of which not the least conspicuous feature will be W. J. Le Moine.

Mr. Barrymore is of English birth, but he has been identified with theatricals in this country for twenty one years. He is a man with an uncommonly fine stage presence, and has a reputation as a boxer. It was during his first season with "Diplomacy," back in 1879, that he was severely wounded by a desperado named James Currie. The affair took place at the railway station in Marshall, Texas. Ben Porter, an actor, was killed, and great excitement was caused in theatrical circles. But when not long ago a newspaper asked prominent members of the profession to tell of the most awkward situations in which they had ever been placed, Mr. Barrymore made no mention of the Texan episode, but wrote, instead:

What I am going to tell you happened in England a good many years ago. I had been acting at some of the London theaters, and had made a bit of a name for myself. Then I was engaged to appear at the St. James.

The play was a melodrama of a society nature, and Mrs. Kendal was the leading lady. The scenery was very realistic for those days, and among other things was a cataract of real water, which ran down the mountain side, outside the Neapolitan palace. I was to play my strong scene with Mrs. Kendal. It took place in the court yard of a palace open to the sky, with the blue sea on one side, and the mountain previously mentioned on the other. I was to declare my love. Forward I sprang to clasp her hand, and as I did so she drew back. Shall I tell you what happened? I fell flat on my face, and she fell backward, sitting down gracefully on the stage. The cataract had broken loose and made the ground slippery.

Mr. Barrymore's last notable engagement was his playing of the leading male rôle in "The Heart of Maryland." He is fond of books, and is an authority on stage history. He married Georgie Drew in 1876, and is the father of Ethel Barrymore, who promises to be as able an actress as her talented mother, whose early death was such a loss to our stage.

LITERARY CHAT

A SOUTHWESTERN STUDY.

In Owen Wister's "Red Men and White" there is a story called "A Pilgrim on the Gila" which might be used as a striking campaign document just now. It was published almost a year ago, but it could not be more apropos of the present political situation if it had dropped hot from the pen and press within the last few weeks. It attracted so much attention at the time of its publication that the Territorial delegate whom it caricatures under the name of *Luke Jenks* declared that he was going to sue Mr. Wister and his publishers for libel. The statesman thought better of it, however, and went on his way until he became one of the leading supporters of the Bryan boom at the Democratic convention in Chicago.

Mr. Wister's description of the *Boy Orator of the Rio Grande*, and of his speech in favor of the admission of Arizona as a State, is particularly interesting at the moment.

And then the *Boy Orator* of the *Rio Grande* took his good chance. I forgot his sallow face and black, unpleasant hair, and even his single gesture—that straining lift of one hand above the shoulder during the suspense of a sentence, and that cracking it down into the other at full stop, endless as a pile driver.

The *Boy Orator's* style of oratory, as reported by Mr. Wister, recalls speeches we have been hearing lately.

"With her snow clad summits, with the balm of her southern vineyards, she loudly calls for a sister's rights. Not the isles of Greece, nor any cycle of Cathay, can compete with her horticultural resources, her Salt River, her Colorado, her San Pedro, her Gila, her hundred irrigated valleys, each one surpassing the shaded paradise of the Nile, where thousands of noble men and elegantly educated ladies have already located, and to which thousands more, like patient monuments, are waiting breathless to throng when the franchise is proclaimed. And if my death could buy that franchise, I would joyfully boast such martyrdom."

The teller of the story, listening to this burst of eloquence in the House of Representatives, has his ribs jogged by an elbow, and receives a hoarse confidence that "California only holds the record on stoves now." A few months later, when he plows through the dreary Arizona desert, which grows cactus, alkali sand, and stage robbers, he meets the genial old Mormon who made that remark, and asks him what California held the record in before the *Boy Orator* broke it. He gets the answer in the course of a conversation which it is a pity to mutilate. The bishop says:

"I took a look at those buzzards there in Washington, our Senate and Representatives. They were screeching a heap, all about ratios. Now 'ratio' is a good sounding word, too, and I guess that's why they chew on it so con-

stant. Better line of language than they get at home. You can divide them birds in two lots; those who know better, and those who don't. D' you follow me?"

"And which kind is the *Boy Orator*?"

"Oh, he knows better. You see we used to have a saying in Salt Lake that California had the smallest stoves and the biggest liars in the world. Well, there's an old saying busted."

Mr. Wister had very little work for his imagination in getting "A Pilgrim on the Gila" ready for the publisher. The robbing of the paymaster was fact; the Mormon bishop who ruled a large part of the dreary land was fact; and the photograph of the robbers and their counsel, after the trial, was so much a reality that it was printed at the time in an illustrated weekly. But as a brilliant piece of humor, the story has seldom been surpassed.

We praise Rudyard Kipling for his Anglo Indian sketches. His whole collection has not so much of the salt of humor or the spice of sarcasm as Mr. Wister has managed to crowd into this one tale of our own West.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The death of Harriet Beecher Stowe has set the world talking of how "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to be written, and of the reasons for its unprecedented success. It is more than forty four years since its first publication, but the fact that a prominent publishing house found it worth while, only four months ago, to get out a new and elaborate edition, proves how enduring has been its hold. In 1852, the year of its appearance, more than three hundred thousand copies were sold. Since that time the book has been translated into twenty different languages, and competent authorities have estimated the total sales at something approaching three millions.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a red letter event in literary history, beyond a doubt; but the critics are asking why it was so. Certainly there have been hundreds of more ably written books, and hundreds intrinsically more worthy of success, whose fame has been but moderate and whose popularity short lived. Why is it, then, that this story, in whose style and construction it requires no vast discernment to find flaws, has made such a mark? The problem is not hard to solve. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was essentially a human and an opportune book. It told, to be sure, not a whole truth, but it told nothing but the truth. Its episodes were mainly based upon fact, its characters largely drawn from life. Among foreigners but little was known of the negroes, and even the Americans of the North and West had no accurate conception of slavery's darker side; but there was a deep and growing conviction on the subject, and it required merely a leader to set the whole land in a blaze. Thus Mrs.

Stowe's book had the double advantage of being from the standpoint of fiction a novelty, and from the standpoint of morality a crusade.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. It is not for us to disparage "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the ground of literary weakness. No book, however opportune, could attain such popularity unless there was much in it to appeal to the reason and the sentiment of the world. Nor was it the mass of the people alone that felt the importance of Mrs. Stowe's work. Some of the most brilliant men and women in the literary and social world confessed how great an impression the story of *Uncle Tom* had made upon them. Dickens, Macaulay, Sand, Heine, Whittier, Carlisle, Charles Kingsley, and a host of others equally distinguished, sent letters, and Mrs. Stowe's tour through England in 1853 was nothing short of a triumphal progress.

There can be no better eulogium of Mrs. Stowe's life work, and no better epitaph with which to close her life itself, than the words spoken by Jenny Lind over forty years ago :

The writer of this book can fall asleep with the consciousness of having been a powerful means of operating essential good for the welfare of our black brethren.

"SUMMER IN ARCADY"—A PROBLEM NOVEL?

A great babbling of tongues has arisen since the appearance of Mr. James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," and a number of critics have worked themselves up to a high pitch of frenzy, endeavoring to decide whether or not Mr. Allen, who has hitherto been distinguished for the purity of his work, has wandered afield from the straight and narrow path and added another to the over long list of problem novels. No doubt it would gratify certain of these reviewers to be able to prove that such is the case, and possibly they will do so to their own satisfaction before they have finished, for the term "problem novel" has lost much of its original significance, and is freely applied to any sort of fiction dealing with topics of which convention forbids open discussion. Into this dangerous field "Summer in Arcady" admittedly enters, as its author announces in a preface which he calls a "flag of war." It is a study of the animal side of life; a story of a youth and maiden drawn together by the physical impulse implanted in all living things, the force by which nature perpetuates every species, from the yellow butterfly to the human being. It begins with their first awakening of mutual interest, describes the growth of their passion, and ends at the doorway of their bridal chamber. It presents their romance as a natural history exhibit, and treats it with the realism of science.

In the preface, the author makes a vehement onslaught upon the "black, chaotic books of the new fiction"—with which some critics would rank his own latest work. It is not easy to see why "Summer in Arcady" should be set in a wholly different category from such a novel as "Jude the Obscure," which belongs

to the "invasion from the literature of the mother country" that arouses Mr. Allen's ire. The American writer, no doubt, preaches a useful lesson; but so also does Mr. Hardy, and so, in greater or less degree, does any novelist whose purpose is sincere and whose work is true to life. Mr. Allen's handling of his theme is more delicate and graceful, and far less unpleasant, than Mr. Hardy's; but as we have already said, "Summer in Arcady" is a study of the animal side of men and women, no less than is "Jude." The fact that his young peasants are arrested by an accidental interruption at a moment when passion has mastered them, and that same night make a clandestine trip to the "squire's" across the river, made a vast difference, no doubt, in the subsequent lives of these two persons; but as far as the character of Mr. Allen's book is concerned it matters little. The presence or absence of a golden ring upon the third finger of the left hand is not the sole criterion of distinction between ennobling love and debasing lust. For that matter, *Jude* and *Arabella* were married in time to save them in the eyes of the world.

"Summer in Arcady" is a "problem novel," and should be shunned by those who dread a book which, in its author's words, "ventures to lay bare some of the veiled and sacred mysteries of life." To all others we heartily commend it as an interesting little story, charmingly told, thoroughly healthy in purpose, and giving an admirable picture of a characteristic phase of existence in the heart of our own country.

KIPLING AND AMERICA.

The announcement of a novel of American life by Rudyard Kipling recalls the fact that Mr. Kipling does not seem to be able to write a long story. "The Light that Failed" left you feeling indulgent toward an old friend, and the novel which he and the late Wolcott Balestier wrote together was pitifully dull. We must ascribe the dullness to Mr. Balestier, who took himself too seriously. It is not one of Mr. Kipling's faults.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Kipling cannot tell a good American novel, and we are willing to put ourselves on record as prophesying that he will never do so.

His fellow editor in India has just been telling how he studied India. He says that Kipling spared no effort to obtain local color. Night after night, in the hottest weather, he would spend in exploring the dens of vice and opium in his native city of Lahore. He made friends with the natives, as well as with the English who ruled them. He spent weeks and months in the Simla society which he has treated with such satire. His friend says that among the queer colony of mixed European and Asiatic blood which remains an uncared for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, there were many who unburdened their minds and hearts to Kipling. But has he given any such study to America?

He has shut himself up in a Vermont village, and knows no more of our social life than any other stranger. He has thought, apparently, that he was too precious to be freely known of men. He has feared lest the detestable American paragrapher might have something to say about him.

Consequently, we do not know Mr. Kipling, and he does not know us. He may by chance have turned a microscope on village life in Vermont with an idea of usurping Miss Wilkins' field; but that would give him no broad conception of American types. Every country is made up like a human body. It has head, face, hands and arms, stomach, and feet. The stranger who comes here and draws a minute sketch of some isolated part of our people comes no nearer picturing us than the blind man came to describing an elephant when he lifted its trunk and reported that the animal was a huge serpent.

The doors have always been open to Mr. Kipling, but he refused to come through. We gave him all the admiration we had, and a good many of our dollars, but he never came near enough to know us, and it is something of an impertinence for him to write an American story. Penny-a-liners may do that sort of thing, but Mr. Kipling is accepted as writing only of what he understands. He is breaking faith when he does not.

A GIRL'S WAY TO FAME.

Somebody has called attention to the new fashion of making an artistic biography, which seems to be to ignore the hero's early struggles, and to picture him as bounding into fame on the wings of success, as if born full panoplied, Minerva-like. But the humble toilers along the road like to learn of the paths which the successful have trod. They like to see what the pitfalls have been, and how they have been avoided—or jumped.

The story of Sara Jeannette Duncan's life might put cheer into the heart of the most despondent striver who really felt that he or she had a talent for doing something which the world wants. We speak of her as Sara Jeannette Duncan, though she is now Mrs. Cotes. In the old days, if we remember rightly, she was Sarah Jane Duncan.

Almost anybody who reads anything except Rollin's "Ancient History," knows how "*Orthodocia* and I" went around the world in "A Social Departure." That trip was really taken, but not exactly as the clever author told it. Miss Duncan's father was a merchant in Brantford, Ontario, upon whom success never smiled. When his daughter was old enough she taught school, but found it dull, hard work. She determined to take a little trip, describe it, and try to sell the story. Her first sketch was a description of a visit to Loreto, near Quebec. After that she made several little journeys which met with some success, and by and by she drifted to Washington. But she couldn't do good reporting, and she couldn't do good fiction; so she went back to Canada, and did a

"ladies' page" and a "bric-à-brac column" for the Canadian papers.

At last the idea of taking a trip to the Pacific coast came to her. In Montreal she had made a friend of another girl, whose people allowed her to go with the young reporter upon what they all felt was a wild goose chase. The small sum paid her by one Montreal newspaper was the entire capital with which she started; and for that Canadian journal she wrote the letters which have made her famous. When she reached Vancouver a real estate "boom" was in progress, and Miss Duncan made a lucky speculation which enabled her to continue her travels. The *Orthodocia* who had started with her left her here, but the name went on, and was given to any companion of the moment. It gave more continuity to the narrative, and an additional touch of personal interest.

Miss Duncan is charged with one serious offense—inability to keep her pen away from her friends. A well known New York club man, who made it possible for her to visit Agra, in India, was turned into fun as *Rubincundo*. In London both her success and also the foundation of her "An American Girl in London" were given her by two chance acquaintances whom she caricatured as *Lady Torquillin* and *Peter Corke*.

Apparently she did not find matrimony and India entirely sufficient, and she has come back into the world. When Mr. R. Harding Davis was looking at Paris with his American eyes, they were supplemented, upon many occasions, by those of Mrs. Cotes, who seems to possess at least two where most people count only one. Doubtless we owe much of his vision to her, while she probably found him a most suggestive *Orthodocia*.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD LAWYER.

If any one doubts the romance of facts, he should buy Henry L. Clinton's "Extraordinary Cases," and read it when fiction palls. Mr. Clinton was admitted to the New York bar in 1846, and has practised there for fifty years. His book is pressed down and running over with what Jerome K. Jerome would call "Novel Notes."

He has one story of a woman who was tried for murdering her sister in law. Polly Bodine was her name, and she was young and handsome. The first jury wanted to convict her, with the exception of one jurymen, who was for acquittal. He declared that he would not give a verdict on circumstantial evidence unless it was in the fourth degree—"that is," he explained, "with four witnesses ready to swear that they saw the crime committed." They had a new trial and convicted her, and then another when she appealed. About this time Barnum's Museum exhibited a wax figure of the prisoner, making her appear a wrinkled hag of seventy. On the third trial, the jury acquitted her. Up to that time Mrs. Bodine had kept calm, but when she heard that she was free she fell back into her chair and burst into tears. Her counsel leaned over her to

hear what she would say. She managed to choke out,

"Can't I sue Barnum now?"

Mr. Clinton was connected with many of the most famous criminal cases of his day, and he gives their story with a fine understanding of character.

MR. THACKERAY AND MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

It is difficult to say just where plagiarism begins and ends. When Charles Reade took an old French story and used it for the motif of "The Portrait," he justified himself by saying that an author had a right to material wherever he found it, if he could improve upon it. Shakspeare would doubtless have propounded much the same theory. We are waiting to hear what excuse Mrs. Burton Harrison has to offer for her recent use of the late William Makepeace Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Timmins'."

Mrs. Harrison's version of the story is elaborated in some degree, and entirely modernized in its setting. It has an atmosphere of millinery and upholstery which gives it something the air of a fringed Christmas card, and makes it suitable for publication in *Harper's Bazaar*, where it appeared. But as an improvement upon Thackeray, it was hardly a distinct success. Mrs. Harrison is very clever at making character pictures of New York society people, but her originality has never startled us. We would not suggest, however, that she should take it upon herself to use her talents in modernizing the familiar old stories with new padding and tapestries. We prefer them in their original state to the cleverest transformation.

But if a "young writer" wishes a lesson in the gentle art of bringing old stories up to date, we can point him to no better example than Mr. Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Timmins'," and Mrs. Harrison's "A Young Couple."

THE ZANGWILL BROTHERS.

We hear very little concerning Israel Zangwill's brother, although he is his brother's constant companion, and has written a very clever book called "A Drama in Dutch." The two live together, and work at the same table, but with ways which are separately characteristic. Israel Zangwill is anything but methodical, and the board before him is piled with litter until it is impossible to find anything once lost in its depths; while his brother works on a cleared and even space.

These young men were brought up in the ghetto. They understand the peculiarities of their Jewish brethren as few have understood them, because they have come out from it and look upon it with a perspective. They see the Jew with the eyes of a citizen of the world, while fully realizing the meanings of all that passes before their eyes. Both men have the philosophic trend of mind. Metaphysics is their favorite study and topic of conversation, and as they sit at their common table, work-

ing from ten at night often until three in the morning, the shuttle of thoughtful talk flies between them.

No author is more lionized in London society than Israel Zangwill. Not only is he clever in his books and reviews, but he finds it easy to enliven with wit the ways of his daily walk in life. His brother, L. Zangwill, writes over the signature "Z. Z."

TWO NEW "POETS."

There was a wise man once who called attention to the fact that a great many people are ever searching for some new thing. It is easily understood when the new thing happens to be better than the old. But it is hard to explain why a crowd of apparently intelligent persons should consider the discovery of two new "poets" worthy of cablegrams, while men whose genius has been tried by the wear of years lie unread in libraries.

One budding genius has been fostered by Joaquin Miller on this side of the Atlantic. He is a Japanese, and his "poetry" reminds the common, every day reader of those ambitious attempts to rival Mr. Aubrey Beardsley made by students in the art schools. Here is an example:

The brave upright rains come right down like errands from iron bodied yoretime, never looking back; out of the ever tranquil, ocean breasted, far, high heaven—yet as high but as the gum tree at my cabin window. Without hesitation they kill themselves in an instant on the earth, lifting their single noted chants—oh, tragedy! chants? Nay, the clapping sound of earth lips.

The London "poet," Edmund Curtis, is less of a mystic. He is a boy of fifteen, who has been working in a factory and living in poverty. His work shows some thought and a good deal of sentiment. This is not the day of "mute, inglorious Miltons," and already philanthropic people have taken the boy from his home in the slums and sent him to school. It is altogether likely that they have taken the best method of killing his poetry. It sounds like the wail of misery. A warm blanket does not foster the growth of wings. But if his benefactor succeeds in making him a respectable, every day citizen, he will probably be happier than the majority of poets.

To any one who has ever seen much of a girls' school, the verses of young Curtis are more suggestive of the sort of poetry that emanates from a secret diet of pickles and candy than of the genius of a young Chatterton.

I look at the world through the eyes

Of my own misfortunes and see
That sorrow and trouble and wrong underlies
Mirth and life's vanity.

The fact that he can write English is not remarkable, as his father was an educated man, an architect, who fell into poverty. The boy was not born a slum child. Altogether, his present "fame" appears to be due to news-gatherers who had to give something for their money.

LATEST FADS

MY ARTISTIC WIFE.

Her ambition is surprising. She outdoes in early rising

The proverbial expedition of the lark ;
For at art she's a beginner, and she's daily growing thinner ;
It's impossible to win her from her hobby to her dinner—

She is carving, she is starving, till it's dark !
And this art has come between us, for she's sculpturing a Venus,

An Apollo, and a Juno, and a Pan,
And she's planning for a naiad and a six foot hamadryad,

And she says she has no leisure for a man !

She takes lessons from a master in the modeling of plaster,

And is learning from an artist how to paint ;
When he sees her ineffective and irregular perspective,
Then (with epithets invective) he remarks she is neglective,

And would weary out a peri or a saint.
Even this does not dissuade her; she beseeches him to aid her,

And works with double ardor at her craft,
And so great is her delusion that I'm forced to the conclusion

That she's crazy and fanatical and daft.

With her chisel, and her mallet, and her brushes, and her palette,

And her canvas, and her plaster, and her clay;

With her tinting, and her staining, and her shading, and her graining,

Small wonder I'm complaining; for my love she is disdainning,

And she snubs me, and she dubs me "in the way."

All her interest runs to pigments and to callæsthetic figments,

To a dado, or a bas relief, or frieze,
And she begs me to believe her that my pleadings only grieve her,

When she's painting china vases at her ease.

She has decorated all things, both the bulky and the small things,

And put particolored borders on the floors ;
And, returning from her classes, she bedecks the looking glasses.

There are flowers in groups and masses painted everywhere she passes

On the stairs ! On the chairs ! On the doors !
Oh, ye happy hearted spouses, who have plain, prosaic houses,

You may sing and may rejoice and may be glad

That the Fates have blessed your lives by presenting you with wives

Not afflicted with the decorative fad !

POLITICAL FADDISTS.

The first few months of summer have often been called the "silly season." In the years of Presidential elections, at least, autumn is far more deserving of the disparagement. Not alone is this due to the daily newspaper press, which about this time is indulging in pyrotechnics of the most extravagant description. The individual lunatic is as conspicuous as the collective. When we speak of political idiots, it is without partisan reference of any kind, for upon the ground of absurdity men of all parties are equally assailable. The fanatic who has a fad for writing purposeless letters to the newspapers, the crank with a penchant for collecting campaign buttons, the straw vote fiend, and the inventor of the political bet, form a quartet before whom rational people stand aghast.

The first of these is a master illogician. If he endeavors to point out to us the virtues of silver, we are instantly converted to gold, and when he is an advocate of gold he involuntarily becomes an efficient recruiting officer for the silver army. His letters are signed "Citizen," and "16 to 1," and "Goldbug," and no living man can read them, for he is the most futile of living creatures.

The collector of campaign buttons is perhaps no more fanatical than the collector of coins or postage stamps or autographs, but he is infinitely more audacious. No one wearing a political badge is safe from assault in his immediate vicinity. He will seize his best friend by the coat, and, engaging him meanwhile in a rapid conversation, will abstract the little emblem of conviction and make his escape. Worst of all, every visitor to his house is haled into his sanctum and obliged to examine every specimen in his collection.

The straw vote fiend is another nuisance that the law ought to suppress ; but the preëminent and unapproachable idiots known to human experience are the makers of the political bet. Birds of a feather, these flock together joyously. No mere wagering of paltry cash suffices to calm their superabundant enthusiasm. When they lose, they shave off half a mustache, or sacrifice a beard, or wear an 1870 hat on Wall Street for a week, or wheel a perambulator up Fifth Avenue in the prime of the afternoon. When they win, they follow after their victims, gloating like ghouls over these pitiful and purposeless exhibitions of imbecility.

No man may know why, when it becomes necessary to elect a President of the United States, a multitude of lunatics should arise and overflow the land. These epidemics of idiocy come around as regularly as blizzards, and the reason is a veiled mystery. There are asylums for the insane. Pray, are they over-

crowded? Is there no room for the political faddists?

GEMS THAT DO NOT BLUSH UNSEEN.

A woman feels toward her diamonds much as she regards a secret. Neither is of much consequence unless she can let the world know of her possession. Just now it seems as if the average woman spends half her time and energy in devising new and original ways to exhibit such jewels as she is lucky enough to own. Her rings were never so costly and gorgeous. Every heiress appears to carry on her hand a guarantee of what she can bring in it to the man who is lucky enough to win it.

But rings can only be worn at gloveless functions, and every year they seem to become fewer in number. We know that Lord Beaconsfield, in his young days, wore a dozen dazzling rings on the outside of his gloves, and there is a tradition that some American women once followed his example, though none has been found to acknowledge that she ever did so vulgar a thing. The girl of today has learned a new trick. She has her diamonds or pearls sewn along the back seam of her gloves. It is a clumsy, ungraceful fashion, about as artistic as an electric light; but it shows that there was money spent, and that appears to be the object of most fads of feminine adornment. It would be almost as sensible, and still more effective as an advertisement of wealth, to trim a skirt with thousand dollar bills.

THE GOLFING FIEND.

The golf bacillus has not yet been discovered, but there are outward and visible signs which leave no room for doubt as to its existence. In Scotland golf is a recreation, dignified by age; in England and America it is a disease of the most virulent description. The golf fiend is *sui generis*. In his clothes, in his speech, in his manners, he stands revealed, and there is no mistaking him for other than what he is. Not the drink mania nor the bicycle craze marks its victims more plainly.

It is possible to talk with a banker, a lawyer, or a physician for hours at a time and never hear mention made of finance, jurisprudence, or hygiene. Soldiers can converse upon other topics than tactics of assault and defense, and politicians are not hopelessly chained down to discussions of ballot reform; but we have found it quite the opposite with the golf fiend. His immediate endeavor is to direct the conversation toward the links, and to discover whether you, too, ply the driver and the loft. Do what you will, the subject of golf is sooner or later introduced. Do you play? Of course you do not, otherwise you would have been as eager to pursue the question as he. Therefore, whatever your learning and accomplishments, you are a stranger and an outcast, unfit to talk with civilized men.

Golf protrudes from its devotee like spines upon a sea urchin. He is unapproachable, save by other fiends, and he regards the non playing

public as a little lower than lunatics. What is life for if not to play golf, or, if weather and circumstances debar one from the links, to talk about it?

The golf fiend's scarf pin is a miniature ball, his walking stick a driver, and his mouth is full of strange words from the banks and braes. He judges a summer resort by its possession or lack of links, and divides all men into two widely sundered classes—those who play golf and those who do not.

Considering that the game which has been described as "knocking a marble over the landscape" is comparatively a newcomer to American shores, it is hard to imagine what the golf fiend did with himself before he heard of golf. Now he has no other interest in life, and expects, apparently, never to have another. Perhaps he spent the days of his youth hibernating, awaiting the millennium which has now come.

The heads of several London banking houses have recognized that golf is a dangerous and contagious disease, and have refused to employ men who play it. "They will neglect business systematically," said one financial magnate, "to talk over their hobby, and they will invent endless excuses to steal days in the country to pursue it. We are obliged to find out if a man drinks or plays golf, and either practice is sufficient to debar him from our employ."

It now remains for some bacteriologist to discover the microbe that is doing so much damage, and the close of the nineteenth century will have yet another scientific triumph to its credit.

A HIRSUTE FAD.

This is an age of invention. Much that nature formerly managed according to her own sweet will has now been removed from her control, and is regulated by the ingenuity of man. It used to be said that there was no such thing as interference with natural laws; but old maxims lose their force as the star of civilization rises higher, and not only has interference become possible, but even absolute defiance. A daily paper has reported that "red hair is fashionable," and a glance at the passing throng demonstrates that such indeed is the fact.

For five years past it has been the prime ambition of the women of the burlesque stage to possess blond ringlets—an ambition, be it noted, that has often reached the fruition of success. *Rebecca's* raven locks and *Rowena's* ashen tresses have alike undergone magic changes and become as yellow as gold, greatly to the satisfaction of the brains beneath them. Broadway has blazed with the shimmer of blond hair, and the melancholy joke writer has fed his children in peace by dilating more or less humorously upon the fact. And now all is changed, and, allowing a reasonable time for the necessary treatment, we may yet hope for a nation of auburn haired women. Such is evolution.

Now, too, the maker of the guaranteed

"lotion"—never say dye—is rejoicing, and sealing up his concoctions in quart bottles with artistic labels, for while fashion makes the law he makes the profits. And Mrs. Leslie Carter is rendering up a great psalm of thanksgiving, for that the jest of the white horse is laid away to rest and she leads the fashion. Truly, everything comes to her who waits.

There is no longer the slightest excuse for any one to be ugly. We have *coiffeurs* who will change our hair to a fashionable hue, and "professors of dermatology" who will transform a *retroussé* nose to a Roman, and put dimples where before was a barren facial waste. If one does not take advantage of these opportunities, one need not expect commiseration. Possess an infinite lack of beauty if you will, but curse not fate. Until Cuba is at peace and Laura Jean Libbey forswears literature, we have no pity to spare for those who are not in the fashion. He who runs may read, and she who reads may be red.

Strange indeed it is when fads have to do with physical beauty. It may yet be the craze to have small hands or gray eyes. All things are possible, and most things are probable, at the close of this nineteenth century.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF LOUD COLOR.

"The best dressed man is he whose clothes one is unable to remember" was the standard by which, a few years ago, we judged of our neighbor's good taste, or of his lack thereof. Then, to be unassuming in dress was to be utterly swagger, and modesty was as good policy as honesty. But standards change. Today fashion sets her seal of approval upon masculine garb that is like Joseph's coat. An epidemic of gaudy apparel has broken out which renders an unassumingly dressed man a veritable jackdaw among peacocks.

It is possible that that arbiter of our sartorial destinies, the Prince of Wales, may be responsible for this sudden popularity of loud colors, but more probably it is a new device of the autocratic haberdasher and the tyrant tailor to lure our hard earned shekels from our pockets into theirs. With their fiendish ingenuity in accomplishing this transfer we are all too familiar. There is no rest for the weary, no haven for the economical, in the world of fashion; no such thing as making one supply of collars serve for two seasons, or one hat defy the criticism of two summers. Last year's crowns were low and brims broad; this year crowns are high and brims narrow, and all years the hatter smiles, for he knows that whoever would keep up with the procession must come to him for a new top hat, a new straw, and a new derby once in every twelve months, at the very least.

And now, when hard times are upon us and the wolf is growling at the door, and when some of us have been hugging the delicious delusion that perhaps last year's modest tweeds and serges "would do," comes this inundation of glaring plaids, of rainbow shirts, of tartan ties and socks. It is a whole new outfit or

nothing, with the odds against the latter, for is not fashion czar of the world?

In the bygone days of early youth, when we abhorred red stockings and velveteen suits, but had to wear them, nevertheless, we used to look forward to the time when nurses should be no more, and when our own sweet wills and nothing else should dictate what our apparel was to be. But we learn, as we grow older, how truly "men are but children of a larger growth." We never are free entirely from our nurses. These last are transformed somewhat, to be sure. They develop smug faces and stand behind counters and say, "Ah, sir, but this is the latest. You really can't take anything else, you know." And we wear the rainbow shirts, although we abhor them as we abhorred the red stockings, and are slaves to our nurses still.

THE GENEALOGICAL FAD.

Since the first woman who had a great grandfather of the slightest importance took it into her head to find some means of advertising the fact, the country has been overrun with associations of "Daughters" and "Dames" of various descriptions.

Most women whose families are not immigrants can claim "Revolutionary descent." Almost every able bodied American male shouldered a musket in the struggles that heralded the birth of the republic, and it is almost impossible to have four great grandfathers, none of whom took up the ordinary duty of his time.

If these "Dames" and "Daughters" were all women of pure American descent, there might be some reason for their gathering themselves into a society for the preservation of American relics and historical documents; but the sons and daughters of our early heroes married whom they pleased, and we have the spectacle of a Revolutionary society led by a woman who had only one American ancestor. Moreover, an association formed upon such lines can hardly be entirely congenial to those of exclusive tastes, and the "Daughters" and the "Dames" have discovered it. Consequently, they allow themselves the privilege of declining to receive any applicant whom they dislike. The descendants of Benjamin Franklin were rigidly barred out of one such body, because, we were told, Franklin was a self made man.

These organizations—or most of them—are, after all, not much more than gatherings of the usual sort of faddish American women who find it necessary to call attention to the fact that they had great grandfathers. There has been a tremendous multiplication of genealogies, and to prove that no wind can be so erratic that it does not blow good to somebody, an army of people to whom the history of this country and its families is not a new study, are earning their living by hunting up records for ambitious clients. A great grandfather can be skilfully "faked up" by one of these professionals almost as easily as old family portraits can be manufactured.

ETCHINGS

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

As I went down the laneway
Between the crimson haw,
Beyond the winding wain way,
Fair Margery I saw.
Behind the orchard gateway
She caught my peering eye,
And called unto me straightway,
"You are a *Northern Spy*!"

"A *Spy* who seeks a *Sweeting*,"
I gallantly replied,
And at my merry greeting
Her cheeks with rose were dyed.
She laughed a light "How could you?"
Then added roguishly,
"If you should find it, would you
A *Seek-No-Farther* be?"

Clinton Scollard.

GOLDENROD.

When the frost of the autumn was white on the
grass,
And the leaves of the forest were red,
A lover went wooing a sweet little lass
Whose father forbade her to wed.
But he wrapped her about in the cloak that he
wore,
And bore her away on his steed,
From the cabin of logs with its ivy hung door,
And its marigolds going to seed.

The branches were low in the path that they
went;
Through the heart of the wood it was worn;
And though down to the horn of the saddle she
bent
The plume from her bonnet was torn.
The brightest of yellow, behind them 'twas
blown,
And fluttered, a clue, on the trail,
For the father who followed o'er stubble and
stone
In his eagerness, breathless and pale.

But whether the thrush was a wizard in brown,
Or the squirrel a fairy in fur,
When he came to the path turning into the
town
There was only a cricket astir.
Where the feather had fallen a blossom arose
Like gold from the bushes and briers,
And still in the haunts of the aster it blows
When the sumac has kindled its fires.

Minna Irving.

HAPPY.

Two laughing eyes of azure blue
Have come into my life;
Two velvet cheeks of primrose hue—
My friend, I have a wife.

A little, fair, confiding head
Is nestled at my side
Asleep, with tender words half said
In dreaming—"t is my bride.

A wisp of girl, clad daintily,
Well booted and well gloved,
Is waiting at the door for me—
Dear reader, I am loved.

Tom Hall.

FIN DE SIÈCLE.

In crimson rain the roses shower
The velvet lawn. In Sylvia's bower,
At Sylvia's side, I watch the sweet
Red petals falling at her feet.
"See, dear," I say, "they too would greet
Thee with a kiss, and homage pay,
As to their queen. Why not this day
Reward their love, and give to me
Thy little hand to lead through life?"—
Becoming bolder—"Be my wife,
Dear Sylvia!" but she turned away
Her head, and all the world seemed gray
Just for an instant. Then her eyes
Met mine; I saw in them surprise
That quickly turned to radiant joy,
And then, what I shall ne'er forget,
These words from her sweet lips: "You bet.
Why, here are both my hands, dear boy!"

Charles Williams Barnes.

THE BOOKS OF THOMAS HARDY.

They of sad hearts, the toil worn and the poor,
Knowing themselves the buffets of rude fate,
The scorn of wealth, the proud wrongdoer's
hate,
Find here set forth the hardships they endure,
Not native on his English heath or moor
More than in other lands, for, soon or late,
In every zone and land, woe finds the gate
To human hearts, and loss and grief are sure.

True, tear begetting pictures! not the less
Of lofty motive, though they strip life nude;
For who of us, not being saint or brute,
But, reading, longs to lighten life's sad stress
For that "pure woman" he portrayed in *Tess*
Or reach a hand out to some real *Jude*?

Frank Roe Batchelder.

MUTABILITY.

To change her mind! From earliest dawn
Of fair creation's rosy morn,
Howso her pert caprice incline,
She wields this ruthless right divine,
Nor cause nor reason rests it on.

What reck's she that a heart is torn,
Or fair faced Fides grieves forlorn,
If hers the whim or fancy fine
To change her mind?

A name my lips no more may con,
A hope that fed my heart is gone,
O'er vanished visions still I pine;
Untold the joy that would be mine
Could she but be prevailed upon
To change her mind!

Samuel N. Pond.

TO LITTLE MISS COLUMBIA.

DEAR little maid with chestnut tresses,
'Tis not for jeweled toys you care;
'Tis not for gay Parisian dresses,
Nor bonnets small and debonaire;
But, smiling shyly at me there,
You charm as older maidens do,
And bid me notice in your hair
A knot of red and white and blue.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
Where did you learn men's hearts to
snare
With ribbons patriotic?

Dear little maid with curls a-tangle,
I'm grieved (as any man might be)
To find you sly enough to angle
For homage at the age of three;
For ah, the trouble we shall see,
And tears and broken hearts a-plenty,
If you pursue such coquetry
When you have reached the age of twenty.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
You know not all that men will do
For ribbons patriotic!

But when you have escaped the chains
Of spelling books and bibs and nurses,
When you are old enough for swains,
And I too old to write you verses;
I pray the ribbon that coerces
The vassalage of all to you,
And sleep and peace of mind disperses,
May still be red and white and blue.
Oh, little Miss Columbia,
So young and so despotic,
The best of men is he who yields
To ribbons patriotic!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE ILL REGULATED HEART.

My lover asked me for my heart
In words correct and choice;
I thanked him for his courtesy
With cool and tranquil voice.

But first I took it all to bits—
That fond, unruly heart;
I made it beat in perfect time,
And polished every part.

And when it was in order set,
I said to him, "You must,
If you would satisfaction get
From it, be kind and just;

"And do not treat it with neglect,
So shall you know no lack
While it maintains within your home
Its cheerful *click, click, click.*"

My lover's friend knocked at the door,
And ah, how indiscreet!
My foolish heart stopped beating,
And fell down at his feet.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE POSTER FIEND.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To ask for a poster, sir," she said.
"What do you want it for?" queried he.
"Why, I am a poster fiend, you see."
"How did you get to be one, my dear?"
"Oh, I used to scoff and laugh and sneer,
At those who begged or borrowed or stole
The posters they craved with all their soul.
But I chanced to get one, then two, and
then three—
It's catching, like measles, sir, you see—
And now—ah, I never laugh nor sneer,
But gather in posters far and near!
Shall I give you this one, sir?" she said.
The skeptic took it and bowed his head
In gratitude, and the maiden smiled
As she his skeptical soul beguiled.
She knew, as his head on his hand he leaned,
She had made of him, too, a poster fiend.

Mary F. M. Nixon.

THERE'S A LITTLE LANE I KNOW.

THERE'S a little lane I know,
That leads and leads and leads
Down through the dipping meads
Where the golden oxeys grow;
This little lane I know.

There's a little stile I know,
And there's one who stands and stands,
Watching the pasture lands,
In the fading afterglow,
By the little stile I know.

There's a little kiss, I know,
When I come to the little stile,
And a smile—oh, such a smile—
To brighten the dusk. Then ho!
For the stile and the lane I know!

Clinton Scollard.

TO A PORTRAIT.

Mistress Dorothy, gowned so quaintly,
Fashioned sweet and fresh and saintly,
Spinning damask spotless pure
That for ages will endure,
How your gentle soul were shocked,
As your foot the treadle rocked,
Had your sight sped far ahead
Till a century lay dead,
And beheld your cherished wheel
Vanquished by a steed of steel!

Mistress Dorothy, gowned so quaintly,
Fashioned sweet and fresh and saintly,
How your maiden cheek were stained
With hot blushes till it pained,
Had you viewed the bloomer maiden,
Recking not of chests ill laden
With scant store of linen snowy,
Since 'twere fashionable and showy
To spin—not damask pale and sleek—
But warm, rich damask—on the cheek.

Nellie Clare Carroll.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

AMONG the government reports for the official year ending with last June, that of foreign immigration is perhaps the most interesting. The total shows a considerable increase over the unusually low figures of last year, but it is well below the average for the past fifteen years—a fact which few will regret. Unfortunately, the bulk of it continues to come from eastern and southern Europe, from countries that send us the distinctly less desirable type of immigrant. Ellis Island reports 158,389 arrivals from Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, against only 85,434 from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden.

It is satisfactory to know that some, at least, of the most objectionable applicants are denied admission to the United States. But of some three thousand immigrants returned during the year, a large proportion were debarred by the contract labor law, a statute which, though perhaps necessary, operates to exclude the best rather than the worst of the newcomers. Only about one half of one per cent of the total number were refused as paupers. As the average cash possessions of the fifty thousand Hungarians was \$5.89 apiece—which implies that many thousands of them had less than that amount of capital to support them until they found employment—it will be seen that an immigrant must be very poor indeed to be classed as a pauper.

Of twenty four thousand Germans, only four hundred were unable to read and write, but of seventy thousand Italians nearly half were illiterate. To exclude these ignorant and undesirable people a bill was introduced during the last session of Congress, debarring all those over fourteen years of age who cannot read or write some language, except the parents or grandparents of admissible immigrants or of persons already resident here. The bill passed the House, and will come up in the Senate at the next session. It should be sure of enactment into law.

AN OVERPRODUCTION OF IGNORANCE.

ONE of the political bards of the Populist party declares that excessive production is the secret of all the evils of the day, and tells us that we have

An overproduction of ignorance,
A sight too many schools,
Too many poor, too many rich,
And lots too many fools.

There seems to be some sense in this peculiar philosophy. The multiplication of educational agencies is one of the familiar characteristics of the age, and yet the "overproduction of ignorance" seems to continue. The other day, the daily press reported the examination of two hundred and ten citizens who desired

appointment to the metropolitan police force. These applicants, of course, were not the intellectual leaders of the community, but they were at least fair average specimens of the rank and file. Yet just three fifths of them could not name the lawmaking body of the United States. Forty five did not know what the chief executive officer of a State is called. Ninety could not mention any of the Confederate States, while one said that they were "New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont." Forty could not name any New England State, while one declared that New England consists of "Inglen, Irelan, Scotling, Wales, and Cork." Another test was the writing of a brief letter on "The Causes of Crime," and the results are described as surprising. One limited his essay to the incontrovertible though ungrammatical assertion that "Crimes does be done." Another produced more words but less sense, to this effect: "The most of the principles has been drunk, crasy and almost dead from the endurance."

Quotations might be multiplied, but these are enough to show that mere statistics of illiteracy give little idea of the intellectual condition of the mass of the people. The common schools may fill their scholars' heads with facts to little purpose while they fail to impart the training that enables them to understand and retain those facts. We may have, as the Populist poet declares, "a sight too many schools," but it is evident that we also have too many of the article whose name rhymes with schools.

MAKING BOY CITIZENS.

TALK as we will of the selfishness of modern society, there is no lack of men who are willing to give time and money to benefit their fellows. The greatest obstacle that promoters of charitable enterprises have to meet is not the absence of money for charity; it is the distrust of many of the established methods of distributing it. The experienced philanthropist has so often discovered defective methods and disappointing results that he has learned to discriminate carefully, and to judge of new projects with the keen eye of the business man rather than with the enthusiasm of the benevolent optimist. Yet it is safe to say, speaking generally, that any philanthropic scheme that really deserves support is sure to find it. Take the Salvation Army, for instance. The movement met with an incurious ridicule, at first; but when it became clear that its founder was really doing a good work, abundance of financial backing was placed at his command.

The George Junior Republic is another new idea in philanthropy which is attracting favorable attention. A gentleman who had few Uto-

pian theories, but plenty of common sense, took some New York tenement house boys into the country, and gave them a farm to colonize. He made absolutely no rules, but soon showed the boys that, like any other community, they would need protection from each other, and that the way to get it was to make laws of their own and compel their enforcement. A legislature was elected, and life began to be carried on exactly as in the outside world. If a boy would eat, he must work. He might do anything he chose, and be paid in the Republic money by the boy for whom he worked. Some of the boys farm, some keep hotels, some raise chickens.

The scheme has been found to be a success. These tenement children are young enough to learn quickly, and they are receiving a practical training in citizenship which comes to few men of their class. Their little republic is so small that, as in our early colonial days, each one can see the entire machinery of the state, and have a voice in its working. Such a community, where each man depends upon his neighbor, creates a strong and ready race of men, as America can testify.

For this very reason, the effort to increase this colony of boys appears to be a mistake. If there is money to spend, let it be given to form other colonies. There are plenty of farms, all over the country, where they can be established. In a community of fifty or sixty, each boy has a chance of being elected to official station, if he makes himself worthy; he may have any honor that he earns. In a community of a thousand or two, he would be lost. The machine would become so large that the childish mind could not grasp its workings, and the education in citizenship would disappear. The newspapers that are calling for funds for the undertaking would do well to modify their plans.

THE MARRIED GIRL.

ONCE upon a time matrimony meant almost as complete social oblivion to a young American woman as death. She did not blacken her teeth, like the Javanese matron; but old fashion plates show us that she put on a cap as a sign of her withdrawal from girlish gaieties. Old novels tell how wicked and fascinating a life was led, or was supposed to be led, by the French married women, who were actually eligible for dancing and visiting, and as dinner companions. In rural communities, husbands and wives have been sent down to dinner together by decorous hosts within the recollection of the man who is not the oldest inhabitant.

America, whose society Mme. Jerome Bonaparte described as being made up of children, and men who were hunting wives, has been through several stages since that day, but has never reached any so characteristic, and so likely to remain permanent, as that which exhibits the "married girl." This modern type has all the privileges and all the dignity of both estates. She must be young and pretty, and

must have entered matrimony with hosts of friends. Then she has a new way of keeping them. She is so entirely above the reach of small gossip, being a frank, wholesome, clever girl, that she can be the friend and confidant of all the men she might have married. They can, upon occasion, have a ready, clever companion who never is going to misunderstand their attentions. "She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with." She is chaperon, adviser, and peacemaker for all her unmarried girl friends. She has all the gaieties of life without any fears of growing passé and becoming a wallflower. The "married girl" has come very near performing the feat of eating her cake and having it too.

CHAMPIONS OF PERSONAL LIBERTY.

RECENTLY, when a well known New York millionaire was lying dangerously ill, and his physicians declared that absolute quiet was the medicine he most needed, two policemen were stationed near his residence to request drivers of wagons to pass slowly. Ninety nine per cent, probably, had sufficient humanity and courtesy to accede to the suggestion. There were a few wise and gentle individuals, however, who resented this attempted interference with personal liberty by whipping up their teams and clanking past as noisily as possible. It was a glorious vindication of the public's right to a public roadway. If we knew the names of these metropolitan Hampdens, these latter day sons of freedom, we should exalt them with those of the patriots who revolted against the tyranny of George III. Fortunately—or possibly, from their point of view, unfortunately—it appears at the time of writing that they did not succeed in preventing the sick man's recovery.

If crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, so too have despicable follies.

AN "X" RAY REFORM.

THE newspapers report that the Queen of Portugal, who is celebrated as a pursuer of the various fads of the hour, has been experimenting with the so called "X" rays. She has detailed the ladies of her court to serve as subjects, and has been making pictures of their skeletons. It seems that these gave such an alarming insight into the distortion wrought by tight lacing that the female nobility of Portugal rushed to order gowns six or eight inches wider in their belt measure.

It should be remembered that the European correspondents have to earn their salaries, even in the dull season, when news is scarce; and that the alleged eccentricities of royalty provide a boundless stimulus to their imaginations. Yet sometimes their narratives are true. It would be a curious instance of the unexpected turns of human affairs if tight lacing, denounced in vain by medicos and moralists, should finally be suppressed by Dr. Roentgen's invention, and fashion should turn to the Venus de Milo as her ideal of a woman's figure.



"They shall be clothed with linen garments and no wool shall come upon them."

—Ezekiel, 44, 17, 18.

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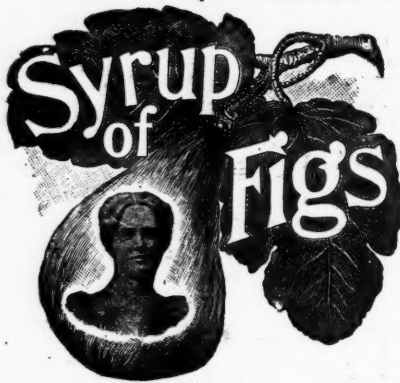
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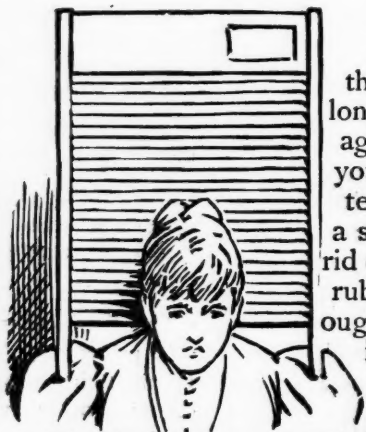


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If in the enjoyment of good health and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most

skillful physicians; but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, Syrup of Figs stands highest.

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the burden of the wash-board any longer. Hasn't it caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get **Pearline**—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that **Pearline's** easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for the clothes and better for you. 518

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WALTHAM on the face or plate of
a movement and you will have a good
watch, one that the American Waltham
Watch Company guarantees to be perfect
in material and construction.

For sale by all retail jewelers.

The New Life Giver. The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment. Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration.



Indisputable Evidence...

DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir: I have investigated some of your testimonials in every part of the country. I intended to establish both the genuineness of the letters and also whether the writers had in anywise changed their opinions as to the merits of your revitalizer. Although some of the testimonials were three and four years old, as published in your pamphlet, I received responses from every party written to, and, without exception, the original testimonial was endorsed. This I consider a very remarkable thing, and apart from the faith I felt roused in me upon reading your words, I became assured that here there must be something true and effective. I made these inquiries with regard to my mother, who has been suffering for some years back, and has been incapacitated from all effort.

Yours truly,

J. DOERNER, C. E.

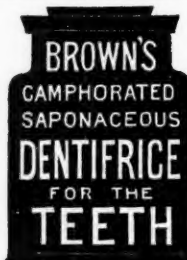
THE ANIMARIUM—an institution for the treatment of the sick by this method—now open for patients. Send for terms.

LARGE BOOK OF INFORMATION AND LATEST PRICE-LIST MAILED FREE.

DR. H. SANCHE, Discoverer and Inventor,
261 Fifth Ave., New York. 61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.



"Blood will tell," in the long run. You may make a "century run" in the race of life if you keep your blood pure by using **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**.



The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the World.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,
To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the Teeth,
To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,

Use **BROWN'S** Camphorated

Saponaceous DENTIFRICE.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A JAR.
For Sale Everywhere.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

**SHAVING UNDER
DIFFICULTIES
WITH**



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

NOTES ON HORSEMANSHIP.

It is related of a prominent citizen of Arizona that he once met a prominent citizen of Montana on the neutral ground of Colorado. The subject of bucking horses coming up, the prominent citizen of Arizona said:

"We have some very skilful riders down in my country. This, of course, shows out particularly when they are breaking wild broncos to ride. When an infuriated mustang, saddled for the first time, and rearing and bucking with all the terrific energy of his savage nature, looks up out of the tail of his eye and watches his rider calmly roll and light a cigarette, it has an excellent effect on him, and usually he cools down, realizing the hopelessness of his task."

Then spoke the prominent citizen of Montana:

"That will do very well, I dare say, for the comparatively mild and inoffensive horses of your southern latitude, but it has been found to have no influence whatever on our fierce and vicious beasts. But when one of our cow-boys mounts a bronco for the first time it helps greatly to subdue the creature when, after he has leaped and pitched for fifteen minutes, he happens to glance back and finds his rider quietly shaving (with Williams' Soap), holding a small mirror in one hand and the razor in the other, with the mug, hot water and hay run in a little basket on his arm. Ah, it's all in knowing how, the subjugating a Montana bronco."

Then the meeting of prominent citizens adjourned.

—Harper's Monthly

SHAVING is not only easy, but a *pleasure*, with **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP**—even under the most difficult circumstances.

THE LATHER, wonderfully *Rich, Cream-like, never drying*—softens the tough, wiry beard, and allows the razor to cut easily and smoothly.

The Medicinal Properties *soothe, heal and refresh* the tender face—and leave the skin soft and velvety.

For Toilet, Bath and Nursery these same delightful, cream-like, soothing, healing qualities make it **Matchless.**

TRIAL SAMPLE for a 2c. stamp, if you want to prove it.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in four principal forms—

are sold by Dealers everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.
Round—just fits the cup.
Delightfully perfumed.



**"Genuine Yankee"
Soap, 10c.**



**Williams' Shaving
Stick, 25c.**

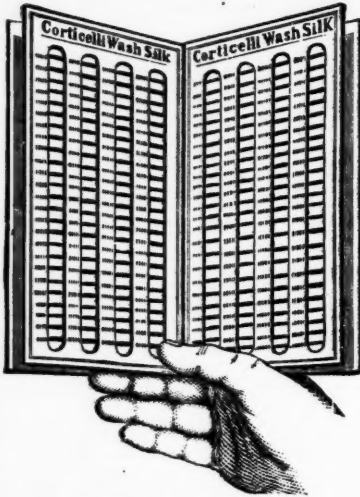


**Williams' Shaving Soap,
(Barbers')
6 Round Cakes, (1 Pound),
in a package, 40c.**

NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for \$1.00 in stamps or currency.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**

LONDON: 64 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W. C.



Keep Your Silk Clean



Your embroidery will be smoother and more lustrous if you use Filo Silk from the spool, which protects it. You can cut off any length conveniently, saving time and money by avoiding waste.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us and we will mail you, postage paid, a trial box (12 spools, 360 yds.) of Corticelli Filo Silk for 50c. Sample spool 5c. We sell Filo Silk on spools or in skeins, as buyers prefer. Ask your dealer for it.

Corticelli Color Card.

Our latest, shows more than 300 colors in which we sell Corticelli Fast Dye Wash Silk in different kinds, including Roman Floss, Persian Floss, Rope Silk, EE Embroidery Silk, Etching Silk, Lace Silk, Filo Silk, Crochet and Knitting Silk. Fifteen Gold Medals have been awarded to Corticelli Silk for superiority. We mail this color card for 12c.

NONOTUCK SILK COMPANY, 27 Bridge St., Florence, Mass.

SEVEN POINTS OF MERIT

1. No Sewing under the bill.
2. Takes one third less sewing. Time is money to some people.
3. Divides strain on cloth.
4. Gives firmer fastening with less sewing.
5. Hooks and unhook easier (No thread to catch on the eye).
6. Has more reliable hump because free from thread under bill.
7. Same price as common safety hooks.



THE "RAPID" HOOK AND EYE

RAPID HOOK AND EYE CO.,
180 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

As Graceful as the New Woman

all the time—at work, a-wheel, in negligee—is she who wears a

G-D Bicycle Waist

Wear a Bicycle Waist and get perfect comfort—a sound pair of lungs—a graceful figure and rosy cheeks. **Price \$1.00**, at leading dealers, or by mail postpaid.

SIZES—18 to 30
Waist Measure.

Booklet
Free!

G-D Chicago Waist

Price, \$1.00.

"Gives Such Comfort"

Allows perfect freedom of movement. Made of Sateen—white, drab or black. At all dealers or by mail postpaid for \$1.00.

GAGE-DOWNS CO.
264 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO





"I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable."
—The Taming of the Shrew.

Even in Shakespeare's time

fashionable gowns were desirable, and in these days our suits and cloaks are popular wherever stylish garments are worn.

Ours are perfect fitting, of splendid quality—excellent styles and the littlest prices at which reliable goods can be sold.

No ready-made goods—but every garment cut and made especially to order by our own method, thus securing that "set" and finish for which our garments are renowned.

We study *your* needs and *your* figure. We prepay the express charges to your very door. Our Catalogue and samples are full of hints for the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$7 up.

Stylish Suits and Cloth Dresses, \$7 up.

Newest Jackets, \$3.50 up.

Jaunty Capes, \$3 up. Plush Capes, \$7 up.

Fur Capes, \$8 up.

Separate Skirts, \$4.50 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.

A few lines from you will bring by return mail our new Fall and Winter Catalogue of suits and cloaks and more than fifty samples of the suitings, cloakings and plushes from which we make our garments. We mail them free, and they will save you many hours of "dressmaker worry."

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,

Ladies' Tailors,

152-154 West 23d St., New York.



? Think of trying
alleged skirt protec-
tors (?) made from
worsted braid? Ask
somebody who's
used them and
you won't. ?

S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDINGS

are clean, durable, economical, elegant,
and don't spoil the shoes or the skirt.

Ask for the Duxbak Rainproof which
sheds water, wears as only an S. H. & M.
can wear, and doesn't turn gray like the
cheap bindings.

See that S. H. & M. is on the label of
every bolt and reel you buy and **refuse**
all others.

**If your dealer will not
supply you we will.**

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page
book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home
Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses
at home without previous training; mailed for 25c.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

BEST & CO



75^c.

For this Nainsook
Dress. Has pointed
yoke of hemstitched
tucks, and one inser-
tion in centre. Full
sleeves and neck trim-
med with ruffle of fine
embroidery. Sizes,
6 months to 2 years.

By mail, postage paid
5 cents extra.



From our Catalogue—so full of
illustrations of

The Best Way to Clothe Children
of all ages, that it almost takes the
place of a visit to our store—for
4 cents postage.

♦ 60-62 West 23d St., N. Y. ♦

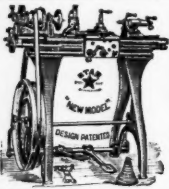
THEATRES OPEN THIS MONTH—GET READY FOR THEM.

ONLY
\$1.50
\$3.50



ANOTHER MAN'S LOSS MAY BE YOUR GAIN

Through the Failure of a Large Importer we are Enabled to Offer **1,000 DOZEN FINE FRENCH OPERA GLASSES** to the readers of this Magazine at a mere give away price. These glasses are carefully ground and polished, with strong defining power. The frames are solid metal, beautifully decorated with enamel, silver and gold. (See cut.) These beautiful glasses have formerly sold for \$3.50, but we can and will send you a pair by mail, post paid, \$1.50. These glasses can be used by Tourists in the same manner as a field glass or telescope and for the same purpose, as well as at the theatre. Excellent for Hunting Bees, Squirrels, Foxes, Coons and Deer, also, Ranchmen and Boatmen will find this a durable and effective glass. They are neatly put up in a nice case. Any smart man or woman can make \$5 to \$10 per day selling these glasses. When seen they will sell for \$3.50 quick. Money refunded if you are not pleased with your bargain. Address, **EXCELSIOR IMPORTING CO., Dept 4, 111 Nassau St., New York City.**



Star ★ Foot power
Lathes Screw cutting
Automatic
Cross feed
9 and 11-inch Swing.
—New and Original Features—
Send for Catalogue B.
SENECA FALLS MFG. COMPANY,
Water St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

EARN A BICYCLE!

We wish to introduce our Teas, Spices, and Baking Powder. Sell 75 lbs. to earn a BICYCLE; 50 lbs. for a WALTHAM GOLD WATCH and CHAIN; 25 lbs. for a SOLID SILVER WATCH AND CHAIN; 10 lbs. for a beautiful GOLD RING; 50 lbs. for a DECORATED DRIVER SET. Express prepaid if cash is sent with order. Send your full address on postal for Catalogue and Order Blank to Dept. L.
W. G. BAKER, Springfield, Mass.

\$1

LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN



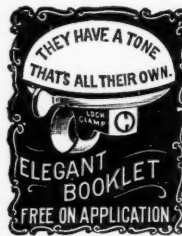
\$1

Solid Gold Pen—Hard Rubber Engraved Holder—Simple Construction—Always Ready—Never blots—No better working pen made—A regular \$2.50 pen.
To introduce, mailed complete, boxed, with filler, for **\$1.00**. Your money back—if you want it. Agents Wanted.
LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN CO., ROOM 19, 108 FULTON ST., NEW YORK



\$40.00 for \$33.25.

Girls' 24 in. wheels, **\$33.25**; Boys' 24 in. wheels, same price. These are first-class wheels, **fully warranted**. Regular price, **\$40**. We have an overstock, and offer these low prices for cash only. 26 in. wheels, **\$43.25**. We also have good 28 in. Gents' and Ladies' wheels for **\$42.50 cash**. Regular price, **\$60**. We sell the wheels at these reduced prices direct to user, and want no agents. We give you benefit of all discounts. Wheels sent C.O.D., with privilege of examination, on receipt of **\$5**. Send stamp for description. **A. H. POMEROY, 98 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.**



"Just hear dem bells a ringing, dey's ringing everywhere."

The Chimes or Normandy could not excel in sweetness and purity of tone

THE "New Departure" BICYCLE BELLS

The standard of excellence the wide world over. In 16 different styles and prices. All dealers sell them.

The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.



Ypsilanti Underwear

DRESS REFORM

adapts true hygienic principles to everyday needs. As comfortable as your skin—and keeping the temperature of the body normal—it induces good health. As durable as it is possible for underwear to be. Endorsed by all physicians. This **Trade Mark**, stamped on every garment, protects you against imitations. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear and How to Wear It"—Free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.



SPAULDING & Co.

(INCORPORATED)

PARIS
36 Ave. de l'Opera.

CHICAGO
State and Jackson Sts.

YOUR JEWELRY AND YOUR GEMS

give an insight into your character, become a part of your personality, and when rightly chosen are an evidence of good taste and appreciation of beautiful adornment.

We have made our stock so varied and complete, that the selection of a distinctive piece—whether the simplest or most elaborate—is an easy matter.

Goods sent on approval to responsible people.
Our new "Suggestion Book" mailed free.

Fine Stationery. Samples of Invitations, Announcement Cards, Etc., worded and engraved in the latest form and style sent on application.

Spaulding & Co., State and Jackson Sts., Chicago.



Money refunded if not all right.

OSTRICH FEATHERS

are the choicest of hat trimmings.

50 CENTS

will buy a half plume, best stock, French lustre, 10 inches long and extra full, or a bunch of three black tips, each 6 inches long, both in black only. Imported before the advance in raw material. Worth \$1.00 the world over. 10 cents extra for mailing. Write for our "Eye-Opener" list of all kinds of millinery that will save you from 50 to 200 per cent. Tell your milliner to write for our wholesale catalogue, as we can save her 25 per cent by buying for cash.

COL. E. BRIGHT, - - COLUMBUS, O.

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COMPANY

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WANTED

competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES. BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad. and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a ½-pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars. **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,** 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York. P. O. Box 289.

The Way You Feel

depends upon whether you have had a cheering cup of

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

or not. It puts you at your best. Your grocer has it in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins. **STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, PHILA.**



This is the Cork on the end of the Wire that is fastened to the Sponge that Ladies use to polish their Shoes with

Brown's French Dressing

This is the Wire that connects the Cork with the Sponge that Ladies

use to polish their Shoes with
Brown's French Dressing
Sold by all
SHOE DEALERS AND DRUGGISTS.



This is the Sponge that is fastened to the Wire that connects with the Cork that Ladies hold when they polish their Shoes with

Brown's French Dressing

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.



JOHNSON FURNACE DRAFT REGULATOR

It is awake while you sleep, and works while you rest. It ensures economy over your coal bins while your neighbor worries over excessive fuel bills. All this may sound like a fairy tale, and yet it is only a simple and sensible device that does it all. A thermostat placed in your room and connected to your furnace, automatically regulates the drafts. An even temperature is maintained and fuel is thus saved. It is specially devised

FOR PRIVATE FAMILIES.

No device or equipment can be placed in a residence that effects so much economy, comfort and health.

THE JOHNSON ELECTRIC SERVICE CO.,

12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. 91 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 25-26 Hodges Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 120 Sycamore Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Johnson Temperature Regulating Co., 240 Fourth Ave., New York City.
 Philadelphia Electric Service Co., 41 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Electric Service Co. of Buffalo, Erie County Bank Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Johnson Temperature Controlling Co., 411 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
 Johnson Heat Regulating Co., 104 N. Tenth St., St. Louis, Mo.

It saves a good sized bag of gold on fuel in a few years.

Price of Complete Equipment, put up, only \$25. Apply to your furnace dealers, or write to any of the companies named in this advertisement.



Got the only Medal

awarded Oil Heaters at the World's Fair.

35,000 Families

Endorse the Ideal as the best at any price.

Don't buy a cheap stove when you can get perfect satisfaction or money refunded.
 No Smoke—No Smell.

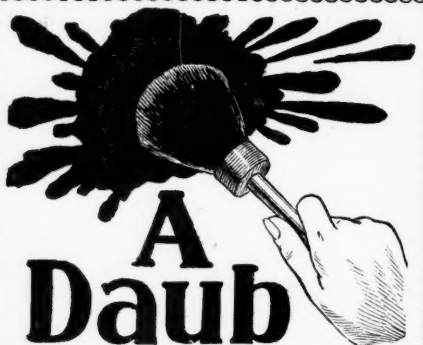


The Reason Why

and testimonials from every State and Canada
 Mailed Free.

Eben E. Rexford's Book About Success with Flowers and Plants mailed for 4 cents.

A. C. Barler Mfg. Co., 100 Lake Street, Chicago.



can be made as well with any kind of paint—^{Even} white lead. But if you have an eye for beauty, a thought for economy, a desire to do the work *right*, you should get

PATTON'S PURE LIQUID PAINT

Prepared on scientific principles in Patton Proportions. Tested for 40 years and durability guaranteed.

Exclusive agency given to one dealer only in a town. If your town has no agent, order direct. \$1.50 per gal., regular house colors. Freight paid to any R. R. station east of Denver. "How to increase the size of your house with paint" free for the asking. 18 combinations of artistic house coloring free of agents, or send us 4 2c. stamps.
JAS. E. PATTON CO., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.
 Also Patton's Paint (White Paste Form) Same Quality.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT

WERE FALLING FAST

When Longfellow wrote the above words,
he did not have in mind the

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

They never fall. Always stay where put,
and keep the shade where you wish. Used
for years. No year passes with out improve-
ments. Ask for the "Improved Hartshorn,"
having holders that prevent the shade tear-
ing from roller.
No tacks.

See that Stewart
Hartshorn's auto-
graph is on the label.



Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co.

Designers and
Makers of
a complete line of

GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES

New and
Artistic Designs
and Finishes.

The "B & H"

Best of all LAMPS
in every respect.

B & H Oil Heaters,
Art Metal Goods,

Tables, Figures,
Candelabras, Vases,
Etc.

Wrought Iron and Brass Grillework and
Railings, Fenders, Andirons, Fire Sets, Etc.

Our Goods can be procured from leading dealers
everywhere and always satisfy the purchaser.

Our Little Book of illustrations with more informa-
tion Free. Correspondence from Architects solicited.

NEW YORK, MERIDEN, CONN. BOSTON,
CHICAGO, PHILA.



"Just Takelt Up To Warm My Room"

ALUMINUM OIL HEATERS

are light as toys but heat like furnaces; odorless and smoke-
less; a child can manage them; two sizes, weighing fourteen
and twenty-three pounds heat a large room and suite of rooms.
We will guarantee them to please and pay the freight on your
order. Write for circular. Novelty Mfg. Co., Jackson, Mich

The sentry always

on guard at your

Coal bin—

Why?

You can save

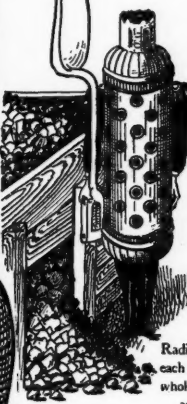
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Your Fuel

By using our (stove-pipe)
Radiator. With its 120
Cross Tubes, one stove or
furnace does the work of
two. Drop postal for
proofs from prominent
men. To introduce our
Radiator, the first order from
each neighborhood filled at
wholesale price, and secures an
agency. Write at once.

Rochester Radiator Co.,

No. 19 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.





Enameline POLISHES

the dingiest stove—gives it a lustrous black. And it doesn't require an athlete to apply it. A few rubs and the work is done—your stove becomes an ornament. Think of it! Dustless and odorless.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



The Little French Cook

who works without wages, is what a famous cooking expert calls the

New Perfection Chopper

Kitchen Knacks (mailed free), with some recipes by MRS. S. T. ROSE, tells all about it.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philada.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

The following works by this Author will be sent postpaid on receipt of price:

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416 pages. Paper cover. 15 cents.

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8vo. 377 pages. 25 cents.

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266 pages. Cloth. 20 cents.

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196 pages. Paper cover. 15 cents.

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253 pages. Paper cover. 15 cents.

Complete descriptive catalogue of Swedenborg's Works sent free on request.

THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING & PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
Room 20, Cooper Institute, New York City.

THE MOST INSURANCE

For the

LEAST MONEY

Is obtained by the

NEW FIFTY-FIVE YEAR TERMINATING LIFE POLICY.

Issued by

The Bay State

SOLID AS
PLYMOUTH ROCK
1620.

Beneficiary Association
INCORPORATED 1881 BOSTON, MASS.

31 State St.,

Boston.

This is the lowest possible Cost Insurance, and is for Business Men and the very best Class of the Insuring Public.

Over 18,000 Policy Holders.

LARGE SURPLUS.

Write for rates and particulars.

F. E. LITCHFIELD, Sec.

The cut forms
of this issue of

Munsey's Magazine

Are printed from
the Ink of the

**W. D. WILSON PRINTING INK CO.,
Limited.**

10 Spruce Street, New York.

Electro Silver Plate

Spoons, Forks,
Knives, etc.

The Original and Genuine

★ **Star Brand**

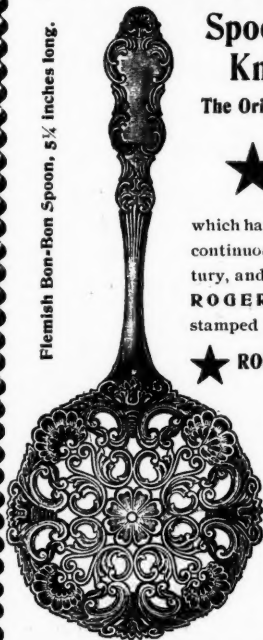
which has been manufactured continuously for half a century, and made the name of **ROGERS** celebrated, is stamped

★ **ROGERS & BRO., A. I.**

If you wish the **Best Goods**, insist upon having those bearing the above trade-mark. They are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. For sale by leading dealers throughout the country, and made only by

ROGERS & BRO.
Waterbury, Conn.
16 Cortlandt St.,
New York.

Flemish Bon-Bon Spoon, 5 1/4 inches long.



He was a lordly clerk,
And she a maiden shy;
"I'd like," she said,
With blushes red,
"A patent Hook and Eye."

"The one they call DeLONG,
That never comes undone."

"Ah," said the clerk,
With bow and smirk,
"Here is another one."

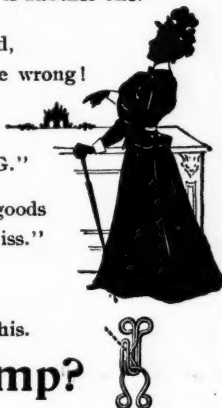
"And it is quite as good,
Moreover"—"Sir, you're wrong!

That will suffice,
Keep your advice,
But give me the DeLONG."

And when she got the goods
He said, "Par-pardon, miss."

And shrivelled to
A midget who
Looked just about like this.

See that **hump?**



THERE ARE
Cameras
AND CAMERAS,
BUT THE

POCO

Was originated for you—
.. and for all purposes. . .

All adjustments and parts
strictly high grade.

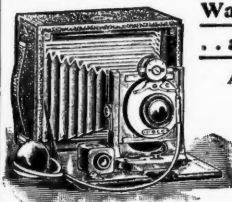
In size the smallest.

Its scope the largest.

POCO takes everything
in sight.

Art Catalogue at your request.

Rochester Camera Co., 7 Elizabeth St.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



THE NEW ROCHESTER

LAMP

FOR LIGHT OR HEAT.

The standard of the world. Other lamps may be "like" or "as good" as **THE ROCHESTER** in appearance, but like all imitations lack the peculiar merits of the genuine. Insist on seeing the **NEW ROCHESTER** stamp on the lamp you buy. **No Smoke, No Smell, No Broken Chimneys.**



This Banquet Lamp complete with Silk Shade, sent anywhere on receipt of **\$4.50**
Height, 30 inches. Base and Head finished in Bright Gilt, with Bronze, Silver or Gilt Figure and shade of any color desired.

This No. 31 OIL HEATER
will heat a room 10x12; neat and attractive in appearance. Well made. Per **\$3.50**
perfect combustion. Sent anywhere for
Other larger Heaters in different styles. Send for our large catalogue.

ADDRESS DEPT. M.
THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,

42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York.



Here's two lives!

DOUBLE WEAR

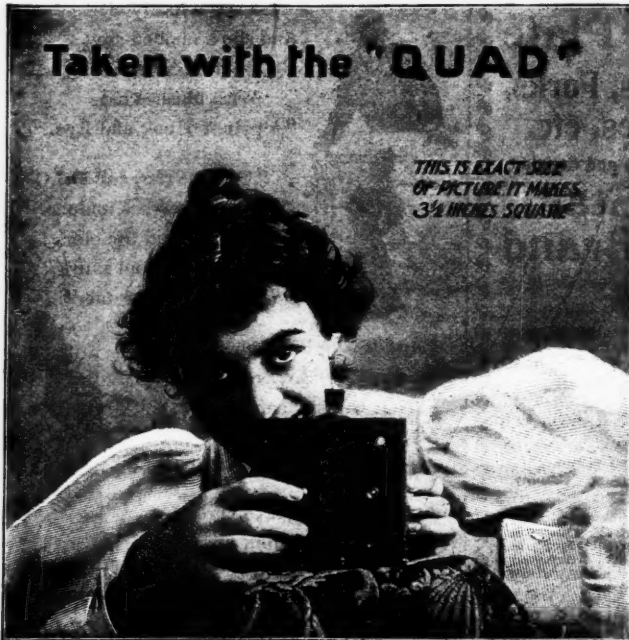
Collars are the **ONLY**
ones made and stamped
both sides alike.

Laundry **EITHER**
SIDE as a right side.

20c. for Sample.
Write for Catalogue.

Wilbur Shirt and Collar Co.,
TROY, N. Y.





Taken with the "QUAD"

THIS IS EXACT SIZE
OF PICTURE IT MAKES
3 1/4 INCHES SQUARE

THE...
"QUAD"
AT CAMERA

\$5.00

is the only practical one at the price, or even three times the amount

The "QUAD" uses the new

**QUADRUPLE
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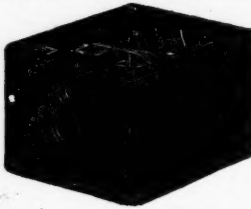
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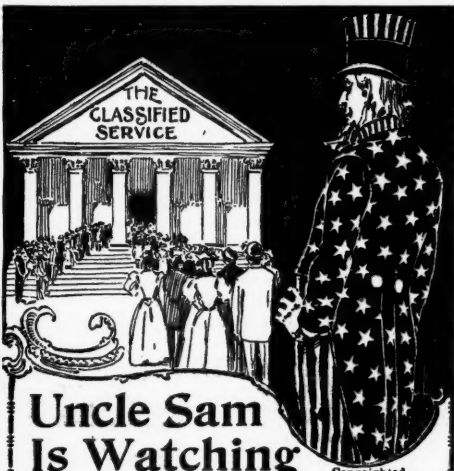
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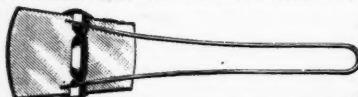
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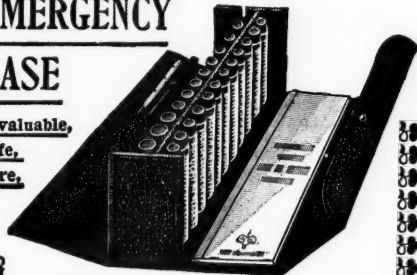
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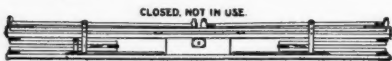
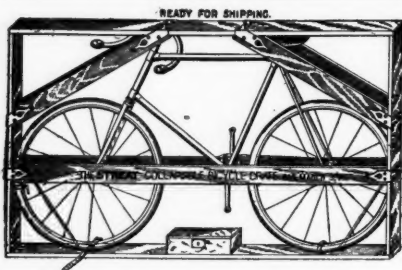
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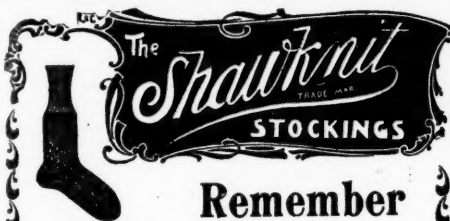
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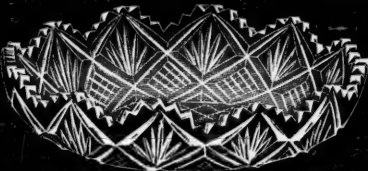
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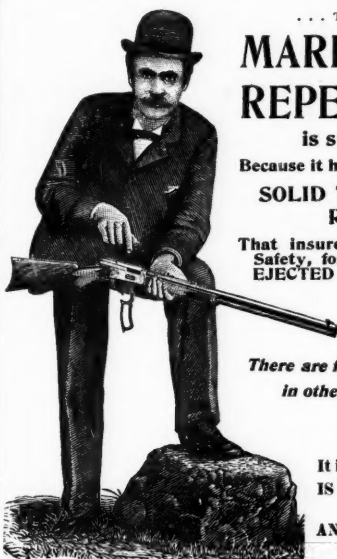
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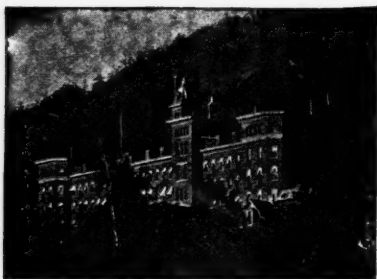
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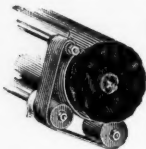
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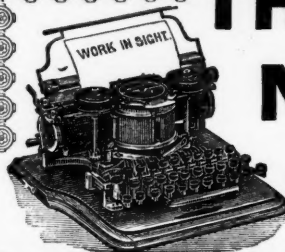
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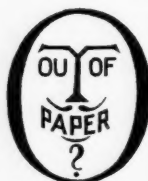
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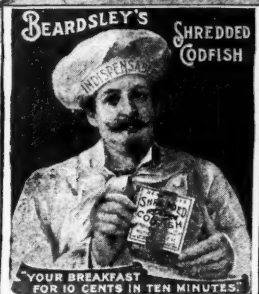
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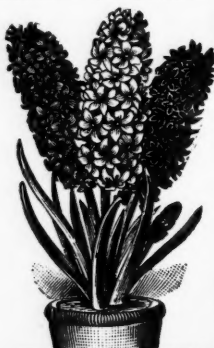
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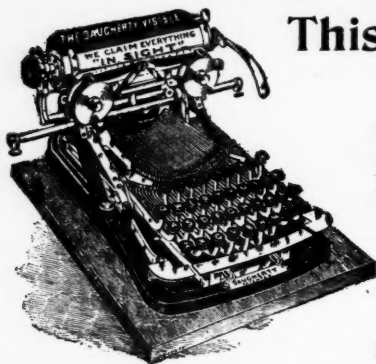
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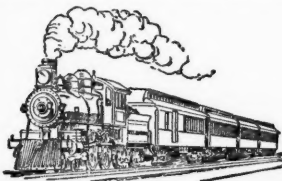


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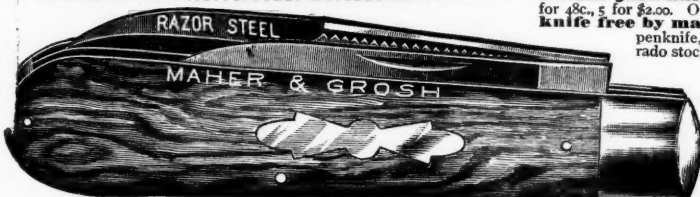
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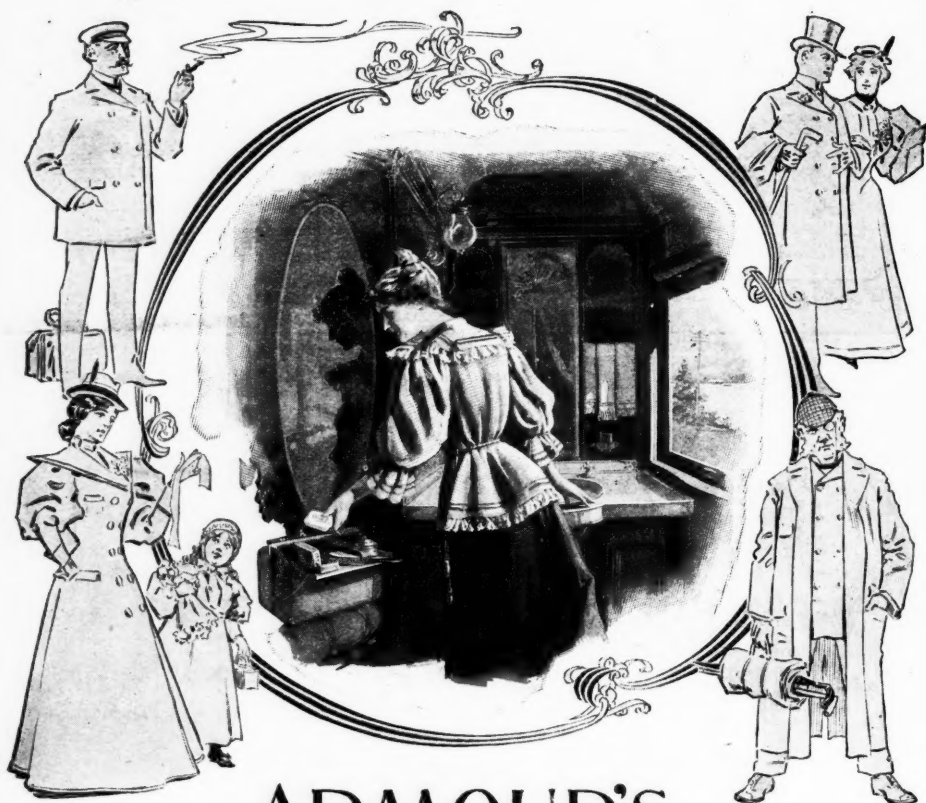
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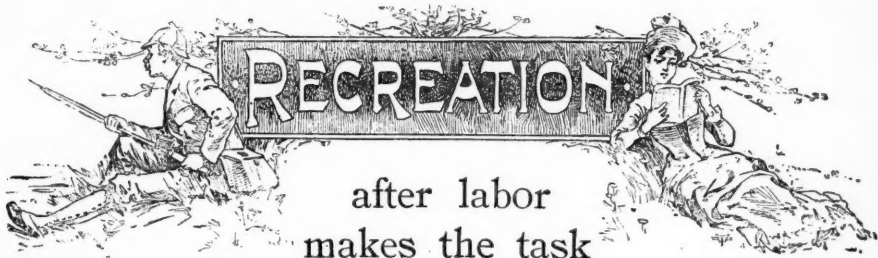
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